# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Beginning **UNEASY MONEY**—By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

*The Background is an actual view of Fifth Avenue, New York City, sketched from life by a W-W-W special artist.*

# When Shopping for Gifts— Think First of *Rings*

Think what you want to express in your giving—the Christmas *sentiment.* Do the gifts on your list *express* it, or are they merely "gifts"?

*Real* gifts are *tokens*—reminders of friendship—*signs* of respect, or love.

And *one* gift for ages has been the true messenger—the gift of a gem-set *ring.*

Some gifts are pretty. Others are useful. But a gem-set ring is *treasured.* The gift ever present, the gift that's remembered, the gift that lasts for years.

Is there anything else that compares with it?

# W-W-W Rings

## *With Stones Guaranteed to Stay*

We are makers of set rings only. And we specialize on rings of exclusive design at $3, $4, $5, $10, $25 and up—all rings solid gold, set with precious or semi-precious stones.

Our designers are artists of rare ability. Their work shows the skill of genius. Design and workmanship stand out.

*Every W-W-W Ring is a safe purchase because the stones are guaranteed secure. If at any time a stone comes out or is broken, we will replace and reset it without any charge whatever.*

### For Men, Women and Children

These rings are made for men, women and children, in appropriate designs. Go see them at your jeweler's. But be sure to see *W-W-W Rings.* Each is stamped inside with the W-W-W mark, and none is genuine without it.

If your jeweler hasn't these beautiful rings write to us and we'll send you the name of a jeweler who has them.

The charm and style of W-W-W Rings will reward you two-fold for your trouble.

### "The Romance of the Ring" —a Beautiful Book Sent Free

Let us send you a charming short story about a gem-set ring—a story written especially for us by an exceptionally talented writer. It describes and pictures a choice selection from the four thousand styles we make. It gives a list of birthstones and tells what each stone means.

This little book is worth reading. It is doubly worth sending for because it points the way to the most appreciated gifts for Christmas. Why make up your list without it?

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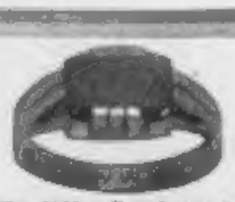
*Makers of solid gold gem-set rings in which the stones do stay*

No. 3860. Lady's solid gold massive ring for little finger, in genuine garnet, amethyst or topaz, price $7.00. In synthetic ruby, pink sapphire or green tourmaline, price $8.00.

No. 3936. Young lady's solid gold fancy little finger ring in three-faceted genuine garnet, amethyst or topaz, price $9.00. In genuine green tourmaline, price $10.00.

No. 4071. Beautiful Heller Oriental Cultured natural pearl, single stone ring, perfectly plain mounting, price $12.00.

No. 4039. Gentleman's solid gold fancy mounting, of good weight, with genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet and genuine cut diamond in center of stone, price $16.50. In synthetic ruby, pink sapphire or tourmaline, price $20.00.



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No. 3982. Young lady's massive solid gold little finger ring with genuine amethyst or topaz, price $6. Same ring with genuine green tourmaline or synthetic ruby, price $7.50.

No. 2893. Lady's solid gold cluster ring with three genuine garnets or any birthstone. Center stone surrounded by six genuine whole pearls, price $8.00.

No. 4061. Handsome solid gold ring, genuine lapis lazuli. Little finger ring for man or woman. This is an unusually attractive ring, price $10.00.

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No. 3570. Lady's solid gold fancy cluster ring with genuine garnet or any birthstone, surrounded by six genuine whole pearls, price $8.00.



No. 4053. Hand-carved, solid gold man's ring with Odd Fellow, Masonic, Elk or other emblem gold incrusted in center, of genuine tourmaline, pink sapphire or synthetic ruby, price $16.50. In genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet, price $15.00. Same ring, plain stone, no emblem, price $10.00.

No. 3822. Solid gold Sunburst birthstone ring. This is an exclusive W-W-W patented design. In all birthstones, price $6.00.

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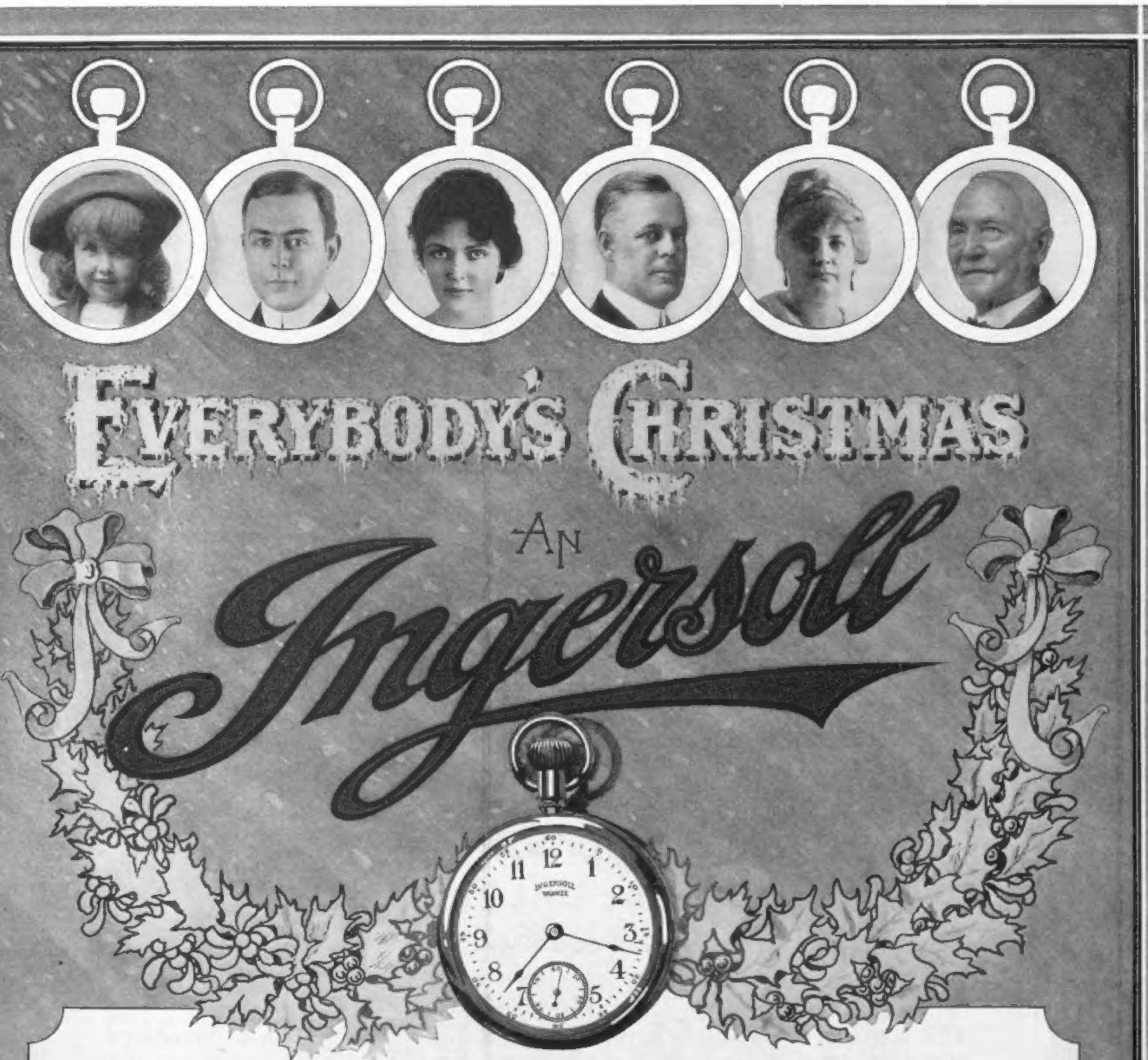
No. 4025. Handsome, solid gold man's ring with square synthetic ruby or genuine garnet, plain shank, price $12.50. In genuine amethyst or topaz, price $10.00.



# EVERYBODY'S CHRISTMAS

AN

# Ingersoll

YOU will be remembering your friends and children at Christmas time. Why not make a gift that will be really worth while? Something that will confer a benefit? Something that will carry its effects permanently into the life of the one to whom you give?

Man or woman, boy or girl, business man or worker, what is the most important thing that he or she can ever learn—something that only few ever do learn? *The value of each minute.*

That is one great lesson of life, to learn how to keep track of time, how to use a whole day of hours, each hour having its full quota of sixty minutes, so that it will be a full day, a useful day, a day of health, a delightful day.

The first step is the possession of a watch by which you can note the passing minutes.

A quarter of an hour of this beautiful thing called "Life" is gone. What have you done with it? The watch keeps on ticking. That quarter of an hour was lost, but the next one must be used. You cannot do this without having your timepiece constantly at hand. Old and young, rich and poor, millions of people are using the Ingersoll watch. Is it not at once the most useful and most satisfactory present you can make—and equally within the reach of rich and poor?

INGERSOLL Watches always have the name "Ingersoll" on the dial. *Look for it!* Be sure it is there! Every watch is fully guaranteed.

THERE are 5 Ingersoll models: the Dollar Watch; the thin model Eclipse, $1.50; the medium size, thin Junior, $2.00; the ladies' model, Midget, $2.00; the Wrist Watch, $2.50.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 315 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY

*Now for a Sane Christmas!*

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## They are guaranteed to wear six months

GIVE HOLEPROOFS to *your* friends and relatives. Let them know what it means to be *free from darning*.

This is going to be a "*utility* Christmas" in many thousands of homes. Holeproofs should head the Sane Christmas list when it comes to *wearing apparel*. For six pairs of these fine looking cotton hose are *guaranteed* to wear without holes for six months. Three pairs of silk Holeproofs are guaranteed for three months. *If any of the pairs fail to wear the full time new pairs are furnished to replace the worn pairs free.*

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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Made for men, women and children in cotton. Also in silk for men and women, three pairs guaranteed three months. Men's 25c per pair and up. Women's and children's 35c per pair and up. Write for names of dealers who sell the genuine. We ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book about Holeproofs.

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# UNEASY MONEY

## By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

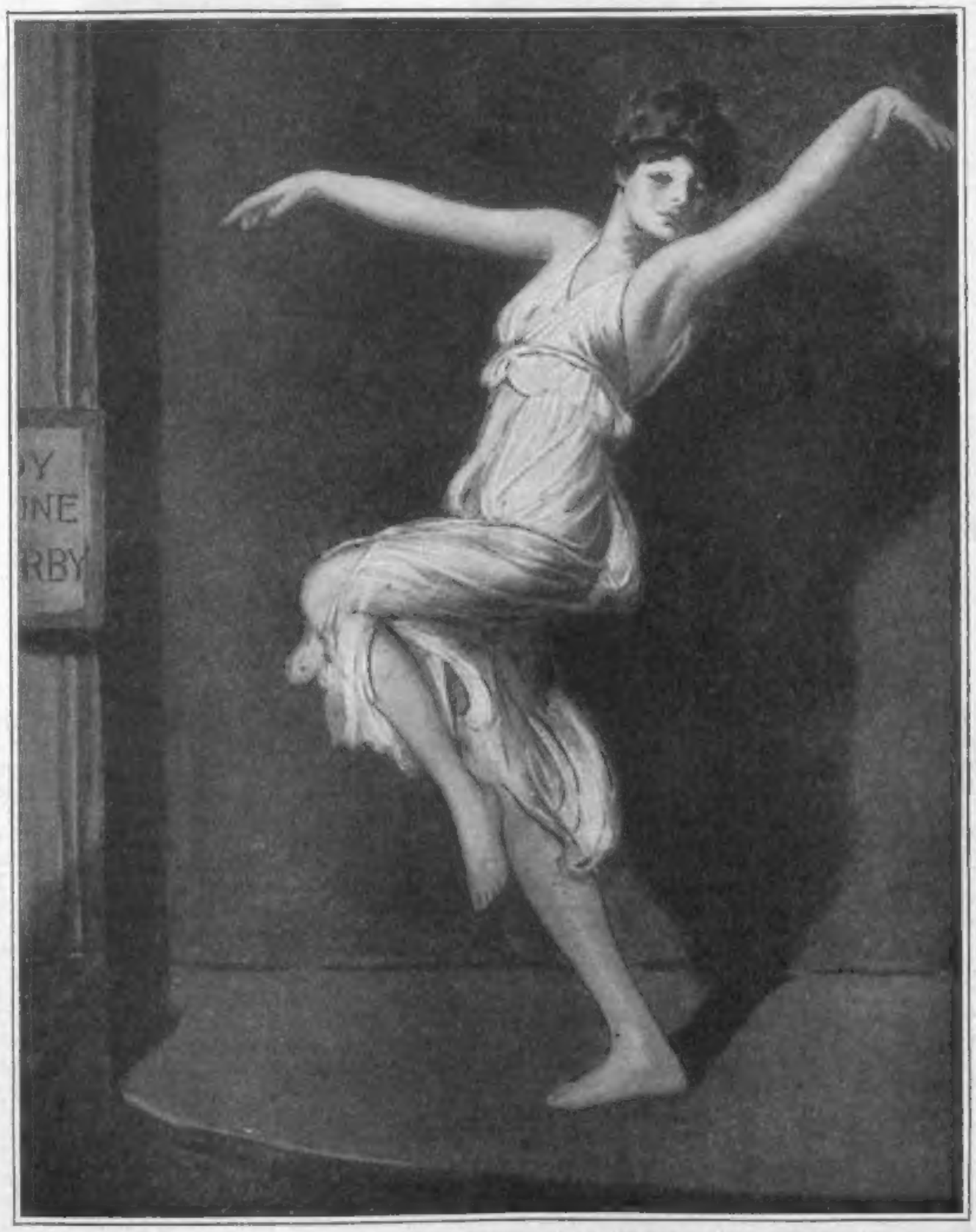
ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

ON A DAY in June, at the hour when London moves abroad in quest of lunch, a young man stood at the entrance of the Bandolero Restaurant looking earnestly up Shaftesbury Avenue: a large young man in excellent condition, with a pleasant, good-humored, brown, clean-cut face. He paid no attention to the stream of humanity that flowed past him. His mouth was set and his eyes wore a serious, almost a wistful expression. He was frowning slightly. One would have said that here was a man with a secret sorrow.

William Fitz William Delamere Chalmers, Lord Dawlish, had no secret sorrow. All that he was thinking of at that moment was the best method of laying a golf ball dead in front of the Palace Theater. It was his habit to pass the time in mental golf when Claire Fenwick was late in keeping her appointments with him. On one occasion she had kept him waiting so long that he had been able to do nine holes, starting at the Savoy Grill and finishing up near Hammersmith. His was a simple mind, able to amuse itself with simple things.

Some men in the circumstances in which Lord Dawlish found himself would have fidgeted and looked at their watches; some would have prowled up and down; others might have sought solace at the excellent bar which the management of the Bandolero maintains for just such emergencies. Lord Dawlish preferred mental golf.

As he stood there, gazing into the middle distance, an individual of disheveled aspect sidled up, a vagrant of almost the maximum seediness, from whose midriff there protruded a trayful of a strange welter of collar studs, shoe laces, rubber rings, buttonhooks and dying roosters. For some minutes he had been eying his lordship appraisingly from the edge of the curb, and now, secure in the fact that there seemed to be no policeman in the immediate vicinity, he anchored himself in front of him and observed that he had a wife and four children at home, all starving.



*"I Dance During Supper, and it Takes Three Vans to Carry My Salary to the Bank"*

This sort of thing was always happening to Lord Dawlish. There was something about him, some atmosphere of unaffected kindliness, that invited it. Total strangers who had made imprudent marriages without asking his advice were forever stopping him in the street and expecting him to finance the ventures. They did it generally with a touch of reproach in their voices, as if they felt a little wounded that he had not done something about it before.

In these days when everything, from the shape of a man's hat to his method of dealing with asparagus, is supposed to be an index to character, it is possible to form some estimate of Lord Dawlish from the fact that his vigil in front of the Bandolero had been expensive, even before the advent of the benedick with the studs and laces. In London, as in New York, there are spots where it is unsafe for a man of yielding disposition to stand still, and the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue and Piccadilly Circus is one of them. Scrubby, impecunious men drift to and fro there, waiting for the gods to provide something easy; and the prudent man, conscious of the possession of loose change, whizzes through the danger zone at his best speed, "like one that on a lonesome road doth walk in fear and dread, and having once turned round walks on, and turns no more his head, because he knows a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread." In the seven minutes he had been waiting two frightful fiends closed in on Lord Dawlish, requesting loans of five shillings till Wednesday week and Saturday week respectively, and he had parted with the money without a murmur.

A further clew to his character is supplied by the fact that both these needy persons seemed to know him intimately and that each called him Bill. All Lord Dawlish's friends called him Bill, and he had a catholic list of them, ranging from men whose names were in Debrett to men whose names were on the notice boards of obscure clubs in connection with the nonpayment of dues. He was the sort of man one instinctively calls Bill.

The anti-race-suicide enthusiast with the rubber rings did not call Lord Dawlish Bill, but otherwise his manner was intimate. His lordship's gaze being a little slow in returning from the middle distance—for it was not a matter to be decided carelessly and without thought, this problem of carrying the length of Shaftesbury Avenue with a single brassy shot—he repeated the gossip from the home. Lord Dawlish regarded him thoughtfully.

"It could be done," he said, "but you'd want a bit of pull on it. I'm sorry; I didn't catch what you said."

The other obliged with his remark for the third time, with increased pathos, for constant repetition was making him almost believe it himself.

"Four starving children?"

"Four, gov'nor, so help me!"

"I suppose you don't get much time for golf then, what?" said Lord Dawlish sympathetically.

It was precisely three days, said the man, mournfully inflating a dying rooster, since his offspring had tasted bread.

This did not touch Lord Dawlish deeply. He was not very fond of bread. But it seemed to be troubling the poor fellow with the studs a great deal, so, realizing that tastes differ and that there is no accounting for them, he looked at him commiseratingly.

"Of course if they like bread—that makes it rather rotten, doesn't it? What are you going to do about it?"

The man permitted the dying rooster to die noisily.

"Buy a dying rooster, gov'nor," he advised. "Causes great fun and laughter."

Lord Dawlish eyed the strange fowl without enthusiasm.

"No," he said with a slight shudder.

"Buy a rubber ring, gov'nor. Always useful about the little home."

"I shouldn't know what to do with it."

"Buy a nice collar stud."

"I've got a nice collar stud."

There was a pause. The situation had the appearance of being at a deadlock.

"I'll tell you what," said Lord Dawlish with the air of one who, having pondered, has been rewarded with a great idea: "The fact is, I really don't want to buy anything.

You seem by bad luck to be stocked up with just the sort of things I wouldn't be seen dead in a ditch with. I can't stand rubber rings—never could. I'm not really keen on buttonhooks. And I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I think that squeaking bird of yours is about the beastliest thing I ever met. So suppose I give you a shilling and call it square, what?"

"Gawd bless yer, gov'nor!"

"Not at all. You'll be able to get those children of yours some bread—I expect you can get a lot of bread for a shilling. Do they really like it? Rum kids!"

And having concluded this delicate financial deal Lord Dawlish turned, it being his intention to inspect the fountain in Piccadilly Circus and estimate whether a suppositious hole beneath it could be reached with a single putt, or whether, as he suspected, a preliminary use of the iron would be necessary. The movement brought him face to face with a tall girl in white.

During the business talk which had just come to an end this girl had been making her way up the side street which forms a short cut between Coventry Street and the Bandolero, and several admirers of feminine beauty who happened to be using the same route had almost dislocated their necks looking after her. She was a strikingly handsome girl. She was tall and willowy. Her eyes, shaded by her hat, were large and gray. Her nose was small and straight, her mouth, though somewhat hard, admirably shaped, and she carried herself magnificently. One cannot blame the policeman on duty in Leicester Square for remarking to a cabman, as she passed, that he envied the bloke that that was going to meet.

Bill Dawlish was this fortunate bloke, but, from the look of him as he caught sight of her, one would have said that he did not appreciate his luck. The fact of the matter was that he had only just finished giving the father of the family his shilling and he was afraid that Claire had seen him doing it. For Claire, dear girl, was apt to be unreasonable about these little generosities of his. He cast a furtive glance behind him in the hope that the disseminator of expiring roosters had vanished, but the man was still at his elbow. Worse, he faced them, and in a hoarse but carrying voice he was instructing heaven to bless his benefactor.

*In a Hoarse Voice He Was Instructing Heaven to Bless His Benefactor*

"Hello, Claire darling," said Lord Dawlish with a sort of sheepish breeziness. "Here you are!"

Claire was looking after the stud merchant, as, grasping his wealth, he scuttled up the avenue.

"Were you giving that man money, Bill?"

"Only a bob," his lordship hastened to say. "Rather a sad case, don't you know. Squads of children at home demanding bread. Didn't want much else apparently, but were frightfully keen on bread."

"He has just gone into a public house."

"He may have gone to telephone or something, what?"

"I wish," said Claire fretfully, leading the way down the grillroom stairs, "that you wouldn't let all London sponge on you like this. I keep telling you not to. I should have thought that if anyone needed to keep what little money he has got, it was you."

Certainly Lord Dawlish would have been more prudent not to have parted with even eleven shillings, for he was not a rich man. Indeed, with the single exception of the Earl of Wetherby, whose finances were so irregular that he could not be said to possess an income at all, he was the poorest man of his rank in the British Isles.

It was in the days of the Regency that the Dawlish coffers first began to show signs of cracking under the strain, in the era of the then celebrated Beau Dawlish. Judging from contemporary portraits of this gentleman, there would seem to be no reason why he should have been given or should have assumed that prenomen. But it is pretty generally recognized now that in the good old days anybody with a hundred and ten suits of clothes, a few pet pugilists, and a taste for high stakes at piquet could call himself "Beau" and get away with it. These qualifications Bill's ancestor had possessed to a remarkable degree.

Nor were his successors backward in the spending art. A breezy disregard for the preservation of the pence was a family trait. Bill was at Cambridge when his predecessor in the title, his Uncle Philip, was performing the concluding exercises of the dissipation of the Dawlish doubloons, a feat which he achieved so neatly that when he died there was just enough cash to pay the doctors, and no more. Bill found himself the possessor of that most ironical thing, a moneyless title. He was then twenty-three.

Until six months before, when he had become engaged to Claire Fenwick, he had found nothing to quarrel with in his lot. He was not the type to waste time in vain regrets. His tastes were simple. As long as he could afford to belong to one or two golf clubs and have something over for those small loans which, in certain of the numerous circles in which he moved, were the inevitable concomitant of popularity, he was satisfied. And this modest ambition had been realized for him by a group of what he was accustomed to refer to as decent old bucks, who had installed him as secretary of that aristocratic and exclusive club, Brown's in St. James Street, at an annual salary of four hundred pounds. With that wealth, added to free lodging at one of the best clubs in London, perfect health, a steadily diminishing golf handicap and a host of friends in every walk of life, Bill had felt that it would be absurd not to be happy and contented.

But Claire had made a difference. There was no question of that. In the first place, she resolutely declined to marry him on four hundred pounds a year. She scoffed at four hundred pounds a year. To hear her talk, you would have supposed that she had been brought up from the cradle to look on four hundred pounds a year as small change to be disposed of in tips and cabfares. That in itself would have been enough to sow doubts in Bill's mind as to whether he had really got all the money that a reasonable man needed; and Claire saw to it that these doubts sprouted, by confining her conversation on the occasions of their meeting almost entirely to the great theme of Money, with its minor subdivisions of How to Get It, Why Don't You Get It? and I'm Sick and Tired of Not Having It.

She developed this theme to-day, not only on the stairs leading to the grillroom, but even after they had seated themselves at their table. It was a relief to Bill when the arrival of the waiter with food caused a break in the conversation and enabled him adroitly to change the subject.

"What have you been doing this morning?" he asked.

"I went to see Maginnis at the theater."

"Oh!"

"I had a wire from him asking me to call. They want me to take up Claudia Winslow's part in the number-one company."

"That's good."

"Why?"

"Well—er—what I mean—well, isn't it? What I mean is, leading part, and so forth."

"In a touring company?"

"Yes, I see what you mean," said Lord Dawlish, who didn't at all. He thought rather highly of the number-one companies that hailed from the theater of which Mr. Maginnis was proprietor.

"And anyhow, I ought to have had the part in the first place instead of when the tour's half over. They are at Southampton this week. He wants me to join them there and go on to Portsmouth with them."

"You'll like Portsmouth."

"Why?"

"Well—er—good links quite near."

"You know I don't play golf."

"Nor do you. I was forgetting. Still, it's quite a jolly place."

"It's a horrible place. I loathe it. I've half a mind not to go."

"Oh, I don't know."

"What do you mean?"

Lord Dawlish was feeling a little sorry for himself. Whatever he said seemed to be the wrong thing. This evidently was one of the days on which Claire was not so sweet-tempered as on some other days. It crossed his mind that of late these irritable moods of hers had grown more frequent. It was not her fault, poor girl, he told himself. She had rather a rotten time.

It was always Lord Dawlish's habit on these occasions to make this excuse for Claire. It was such a satisfactory excuse. It covered everything. But, as a matter of fact, the rather rotten time which she was having was not such a very rotten one. Reducing it to its simplest terms, and forgetting for the moment that she was an extraordinarily beautiful girl—which his lordship found it impossible to do—all that it amounted to was that, her mother having but a small income, and existence in the West Kensington flat being consequently a trifle dull for one with a taste for the luxuries of life, Claire had gone on the stage. By birth she belonged to a class of which the female members are seldom called upon to earn money at all, and that was one count of her grievance against Fate. Another was that she had not done as well on the stage as she had expected to do. When she became engaged to Bill she had reached a point where she could obtain without difficulty good parts in the road companies of London successes, but beyond that, it seemed, it was impossible for her to soar. It was not, perhaps, a very exhilarating life, but, except to the eyes of love, there was nothing tragic about it. It was the cumulative effect of having a mother in reduced circumstances and grumbling about it, of being compelled to work and grumbling about that, and of achieving in her work only a semi-success and grumbling about that also, that—backed by her looks—enabled Claire to give quite a number of people, and Bill Dawlish in particular, the impression that she was a modern martyr, only sustained by her indomitable courage.

So Bill, being requested in a peevish voice to explain what he meant by saying, "Oh, I don't know," condoned the peevishness. He then bent his mind to the task of trying to ascertain what he had meant.

"Well," he said, "what I mean is, if you don't show up won't it be rather a jar for old friend Maginnis? Won't he be apt to foam at the mouth a bit and stop giving you parts in his companies?"

"I'm sick of trying to please Maginnis. What's the good? He never gives me a chance in London. I'm sick of being always on the road. I'm sick of everything."

"It's the heat," said Lord Dawlish most injudiciously.

"It isn't the heat. It's you!"

"Me?"

His lordship choked. This unexpected frontal attack had taken him by surprise and caused him to swallow a chipped potato with less than his usual dexterity. He sipped water, and, when he could speak, spoke plaintively:

"What have I done?"

"It's what you've not done. Why can't you exert yourself and make some money?"

Lord Dawlish groaned a silent groan. By a devious route, but with unfailing precision, they had come homing back to the same old subject.

"We have been engaged for six months, and there seems about as much chance of our ever getting married as of—I can't think of anything unlikely enough. We shall go on like this till we're dead."

"But, my dear girl!"

"I wish you wouldn't talk to me as if you were my grandfather. What were you going to say?"

"Only that we can get married this afternoon, if you'll say the word."

"Oh, don't let us go into all that again! I'm not going to marry on four hundred a year and spend the rest of my life in a poky little flat on the edge of London. Why can't you make more money?"

"I did have a dash at it, you know. I waylaid old Bodger—Colonel Bodger, on the committee of the club, you know—and suggested over a whisky-and-soda that the management of Brown's would be behaving like sportsmen if they bumped my salary up a bit, and the old boy nearly strangled himself trying to suck down Scotch and laugh at the same time. I give you my word he nearly expired on the smoking-room floor. When he came to he said that he wished I wouldn't spring my good things on him so suddenly, as he had a weak heart. He said they were only paying me my present salary because they liked me so much. You know, it was decent of the old boy to say that."

"What is the good of being liked by the men in your club if you won't make any use of it?"

"How do you mean?"

"There are endless things you could do. You could have got Mr. Breitstein elected at Brown's if you had liked. They wouldn't have dreamed of blackballing anyone proposed by a popular man like you, and Mr. Breitstein asked you personally to use your influence—you told me so."

"But, my dear girl—I mean, my darling—Breitstein! He's the limit! He's the worst bounder in London."

"He's also one of the richest men in London. He would have done anything for you. And you let him go! You insulted him!"

"Insulted him?"

"Didn't you send him an admission ticket to the zoo?"

"Oh, well, yes, I did do that. He thanked me and went the following Sunday. Amazing how these rich Johnnies love getting something for nothing. There was that old American I met down at Marvis Bay last year ——"

"You threw away a wonderful chance of making all sorts of money. Why, a single tip from Mr. Breitstein would have made your fortune."

"But, Claire, you know, there are some things—what I mean is, if they like me at Brown's it's awfully decent of them and all that, but I couldn't take advantage of it to plant a fellow like Breitstein on them. It wouldn't be playing the game."

"Oh, nonsense!"

Lord Dawlish looked unhappy, but said nothing. This matter of Mr. Breitstein had been touched upon by Claire in previous conversations, and it was a subject for which he had little liking. Experience had taught him that none of the arguments which seemed so conclusive to him—to wit, that the financier had on two occasions only just escaped imprisonment for fraud, and, what was worse, made a noise, when he drank soup, like water running out of a bathtub—had the least effect upon her. The only thing to do when Mr. Breitstein came up in the course of chitchat over the festive board was to stay quiet until he blew over.

But to-day Claire was waging war with Maxims, not with squirrel guns. She was firing at random into the brown of his shortcomings, and if she missed one she was sure to hit another. And rashly he had himself directed her attention to a misdemeanor only second in importance to the Breitstein sin. He had reminded her of Mr. Ira Nutcombe.

"That old American you met at Marvis Bay," said Claire, her memory flitting back to the remark which she had interrupted; "well, there's another case. You could easily have got him to do something for you."

"Claire, really!" said his goaded lordship protestingly. "How on earth? I only met the man on the links."

"But you were very nice to him. You told me yourself that you spent hours helping him to get rid of his slice, whatever that is."

"We happened to be the only two down there at the time, so I was as civil as I could manage. If you're marooned at a Cornish seaside resort out of the season with a man, you can't spend your time dodging him. And this man had a slice that fascinated me. I felt at the time that it was my mission in life to cure him, so I had a dash at it. But I don't see how on the strength of that I could expect the old boy to adopt me. He probably forgot my existence after I had left."

"You said you met him in London a month or two afterward, and he hadn't forgotten you."

"Well, yes, that's true. He was walking up the Haymarket and I was walking down. I caught his eye, and he nodded and passed on. I don't see how I could construe that into an invitation to go and sit on his lap and help myself out of his pockets."

"You couldn't expect him to go out of his way to help you; but, probably, if you had gone to him he would have done something."

"You haven't the pleasure of Mr. Ira Nutcombe's acquaintance, Claire, or you wouldn't talk like that. He wasn't the sort of man you could get things out of. He didn't even tip the caddie. Besides, can't you see what I mean? I couldn't trade on a chance acquaintance of the golf links to ——"

"That is just what I complain of in you. You're too diffident."

"It isn't diffidence exactly. Talking of old Nutcombe, I was speaking to Gates again the other night. He was telling me about America. There's a lot of money to be made over there, you know, and the committee owes me a vacation. They would give me a few weeks off any time I liked.

"What do you say? Shall I pop over and have a look round? I might happen just to drop into something. Gates was telling me about fellows he knew who had dropped into things in New York."

"What's the good of putting yourself to all the trouble and expense of going to America? You can easily make all you want in London, if you will only try. It isn't as if you had no chances. You have more chances than almost any man in town. With your title you could get all the directorships in the City that you wanted."

"Well, the fact is, this business of taking directorships has never quite appealed to me. I don't know anything about the game and I should probably run up against some wildcat company. I can't say I like the directorship wheeze much. It's the idea of knowing that one's name would be being used as a bait. Every time I saw it on a prospectus I should feel like a trout fly."

Claire bit her lip.

"It's so exasperating!" she broke out. "When I first told my friends that I was engaged to Lord Dawlish they were tremendously impressed. They took it for granted that you must have lots of money. Now I have to keep explaining to them that the reason we don't get married is that we can't afford to. I'm almost as badly off as poor Polly Davis who was in the Heavenly Waltz Company with me when she married that man, Lord Wetherby. A man with a title has no right not to have money. It makes the whole thing farcical.

"If I were in your place I should have tried a hundred things by now, but you always have some silly objection. Why couldn't you, for instance, have taken on the agency of that what-d'you-call-it car?"

"What I called it would have been nothing to what the poor devils who bought it would have called it."

"You could have sold hundreds of them, and the company would have given you any commission you asked. You know just the sort of people they wanted to get in touch with."

"But, darling, how could I? Planting Breitstein on the club would have been nothing compared with sowing these horrors about London. I couldn't go about the place sticking my pals with a car which, I give you my honest word, was stuck together with chewing gum and tied up with string."

"Why not? It would be their fault if they bought a car that wasn't any good. Why should you have to worry once you had it sold?"

It was not Lord Dawlish's lucky afternoon. All through lunch he had been saying the wrong thing, and now he put the coping stone on his misdeeds. Of all the ways in which he could have answered Claire's question he chose the worst.

"Er—well," he said, "*noblesse oblige*, don't you know, what."

*"We Had Got as Far as This When Eustace Suddenly Sprang Onto His Back"*

For a moment Claire did not speak. Then she looked at her watch and got up.

"I must be going," she said coldly.

"But you haven't had your coffee yet."

"I don't want any coffee."

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Nothing is the matter. I have to go home and pack. I'm going to Southampton this afternoon."

She began to move toward the door. Lord Dawlish, anxious to follow, was detained by the fact that he had not yet paid the check. The production and settling of this took time, and when finally he turned in search of Claire she was nowhere visible.

Bounding upstairs on the swift feet of love he reached the street. She had gone.

II

A GRAY sadness surged over Bill Dawlish. The sun hid itself behind a cloud, the sky took on a leaden hue, and a chill wind blew through the world. He scanned Shaftesbury Avenue with a jaundiced eye, and thought that he had never seen a beastlier or more depressing thoroughfare. Piccadilly, however, into which he shortly dragged himself, was even worse. It was full of men and women and other depressing things.

He pitied himself profoundly. It was a rotten world to live in, this, where a fellow couldn't say *Noblesse oblige* without upsetting the universe. Why shouldn't a fellow say *Noblesse oblige?* Why—— At this juncture Lord Dawlish walked into a lamp-post.

The shock changed his mood. Gloom still obsessed him, but blended now with remorse. He began to look at the matter from Claire's viewpoint, and his pity switched from himself to her. In the first place, the poor girl had rather a rotten time. Could she be blamed for wanting him to make money? No. Yet whenever she made suggestions as to how the thing was to be done he snubbed her by saying *Noblesse oblige.* Naturally a refined and sensitive young girl objected to having things like *Noblesse oblige* said to her. Where was the sense in saying *Noblesse oblige?* Such a damn silly thing to say! Only a perfect ass would spend his time rushing about the place saying *Noblesse oblige* to people!

"By Jove!" Lord Dawlish stopped in his stride. He disentangled himself from a pedestrian who had rammed him on the back. "I'll do it!"

He hailed a passing taxi and directed the driver to make for the Pen and Ink Club.

The decision at which Bill had arrived with such dramatic suddenness in the middle of Piccadilly was the same at which some centuries earlier Columbus had arrived in the privacy of his home.

"Damn it!" said Bill to himself in the cab, "I'll go to America!" The exact words probably which Columbus had used, talking the thing over with his wife.

Bill's knowledge of the great republic across the sea was at this period of his life a little sketchy. He knew that there had been unpleasantness between England and the United States in seventeen-something and again in eighteen-something, but that things had eventually been straightened out by Miss Edna May and her fellow missionaries of The Belle of New York Company, since which time there had been no more trouble. Of American cocktails he had a fair working knowledge, and he appreciated ragtime. But of the great American institutions—ice water, direct primaries, New Jersey mosquitoes, the Woolworth Building, George M. Cohan, chop suey, rubberneck wagons, bunts, Matty, silver-tongued orators, Yellowstone Park, the Pennsylvania Station, corn on the cob, and Eva Tanguay—he was completely ignorant. And his natural ignorance had been complicated by the contradictory reports of the country which he had received from exiles of his acquaintance resident in London. His friend Gates, for instance, said that, except for a few scattered hamlets, America ceased at Forty-second Street, New York. Another exile, on the other hand, thought little of New York, but said that Constantinople, Michigan, was God's footstool. A third claimed that the country began only on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. It was confusing for Bill.

He was on his way now to see Gates. Gates was a comparatively recent addition to his list of friends, a New York newspaper man who had come to England a few months before to act as his paper's London correspondent. He was generally to be found at the Pen and Ink Club, an institution affiliated with the New York Players, of which he was a member.

Gates was in. He had just finished lunch.

"What's the trouble, Bill?" he inquired, when he had deposited his lordship in a corner of the reading room, which he had selected because silence was compulsory there, thus rendering it possible for two men to hear each other speak. "What brings you charging in here looking like the Soul's Awakening?"

"I've had an idea, old man."

"Shoot!"

"Eh?"

"Proceed. Continue. Put it over."

(Continued on Page 29)

# SHOESTRINGS—By Edwin Lefèvre

AS FAR as I can make out, the stories are supplying the ammunition that offsets the absence of the manipulative devices of other days in keeping alive interest in the stock market. Everybody follows the donation of a straight tip with half a dozen stories to show that we are living in a remarkable period. They get on your nerves after a while; for it isn't only in Wall Street that you hear them, but in friends' houses, where the narrators as likely as not are women. Of course women are speculating; they do it all their lives, in one way or another, bless 'em! The Stock-Exchange authorities, I understand, compelled a firm last week to give up a branch office because nobody but women made use of it, and the Stock Exchange discourages everything that will tend to discredit not only the reputation but the sagacity of its members.

Time and again women have invaded Wall Street, gone to the main offices, where they knew the head of the firm and the partners in a social way. It is not edifying to see women hanging round a ticker with faces flushed and eyes bright with the fever of gambling, snapping their fingers and laughing a little too loudly because they are winning. You can't keep them away. They swamped the branch offices uptown before the brokers were compelled to discourage their personal presence in the customers' rooms. They like to be where they can see the ticker tape and get the thrill direct. But absence from the race track does not prevent them from placing their bets on the ponies. There is a well-to-do woman in Michigan who became acquainted with a stockbroker and his family at a European spa. That woman for some time past has been trading in that broker's office by telegraph. Where she gets her system the broker does not know, but it consists of buying Bethlehem Steel every morning and selling it out the same day. She has made money twenty-nine times and lost three times.

The curious parallelism of boom stories is found even here. The gossips talk about a singer who has made a great deal of money through the friendly tips of a prominent financier. In 1901 it was a member of a Florodora Sextette who made a half million in U. S. Steel through the advice of her elderly friend, who was on the inside. And people who know assure you that sections of Manhattan are plastered all over with Midvale Steel just as they were plastered with another stock in the 1901 boom.

I was in the office of a stock-exchange firm which has been very successful in Bethlehem Steel. One of the partners said to me: "We were lucky enough while the Exchange was closed to put our customers into Bethlehem Steel in the forties. We had clients who had bought the stock even lower and held it for a long pull. Some were personal friends of Mr. Schwab. Well, when the company began to get contracts we thought we saw good times ahead, and we put many of our customers in. Much of the stock was paid for outright. You know what happened. When the stock was round 125 we thought there should be some profit taking. We advised our customers to that effect, but they laughed at it. When the stock was 200 we

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

*Millions Have Been Made, and Wall Street, After Starving for Years, Is Feasting*

advised them again, but they laughed still more. On the day the stock crossed 300 I pleaded most earnestly with customers who had not been at all prosperous, but now had a competence within their grasp. Well, the usual thing happened."

"They told you to go to blazes?"

"Oh, no; they were very nice about it. They smiled and said: 'You're a very nice fellow; we're very fond of you. We appreciate your good intentions. But you told us to sell out at 125 and at 200 and at 250. We'd have been in a nice fix if we had followed your advice. We'll hold for 500.'"

"But they didn't sell a share at 500, did they?" I asked.

"At 500, when I reminded them of their resolve, they were still nicer. They showed me figures. They proved to me that, on the orders officials of the company admitted having received, the stock was worth $1000 a share. And then they told me that they were willing to bet real money that Charlie Schwab had not told about half of the business he had safe and tight in his vest pocket."

Will they sell out their stock at $1000 a share or at $100? Don't you wish you knew?

"But it isn't only my regular customers," went on the broker. "An old woman came to this office some time ago. I suppose she had read in a Wall Street paragraph that we had been doing a good deal in the stock. She asked for me and was brought in to my private office. She introduced herself to me and told me she wanted me to do her a little favor, to give her advice. She needed it and she felt sure she would get it, and she would be grateful as long as she lived, and she didn't have much longer to live, being an old woman, and so forth. A nice old lady she was, who didn't seem very prosperous. She told me her story. It seems that early in the year she bought forty shares of Bethlehem Steel at 47. She said she had hoped to make $10,000 out of her investment. The stock was then selling at 278, and she wanted me to tell her whether she ought to get out now or not. She had over $9000 profit. I said: 'Yes, by all means!'

"'But I haven't quite got ten thousand.'

"'No, but you have so close to it that you shouldn't wait. Ten thousand dollars is a terrific profit to make on forty shares of stock. You never should have expected to make it. My advice to you now is to get out at once.'

"'Well, it isn't ten thousand yet,' she reminded me.

"'No, but it's practically ten thousand. The stock market is an uncertain thing, madam, and ——'

"She held up her hand to stop my flow of language.

"'Oh, yes, I know all about it,' she said.

"And then she told me how at the time of the Flower Boom she had bought Brooklyn Rapid Transit at 130, and how she was wiped out on the panic that followed Governor Flower's sudden death. She lost all she had—$37,000.

"'Well, with that experience before you, I should think you'd take your profit now and be mighty thankful for it,' I told her.

"'Well, I did want an even ten thousand. It didn't seem very much to ask, after all I lost in 1899.'

"'Well, madam, you asked for my advice and I have given it to you.'

"'Well, I'm sure I am very much obliged. I am very grateful to you.' And she rose to go out. At the door she stopped and said: 'Would you please tell me what the stock is now?'

"I looked at the tape and I told her 279.

"'Oh,' she said, 'that's forty dollars more. I'm so glad I came'; and she went out. I hope she has got it yet, because if she sold it at 300 she probably will sue me for swindling her. What can you do with people like that?"

"Execute their orders," I suggested.

"Yes," he agreed; "it's all I can do." And he didn't look particularly pleased at the thought.

While you don't get many stories of the old-fashioned killings or of the plunging operations of men like Gates and his contemporaries, millions have been made, and Wall Street, after starving for years, is feasting. A broker told me that a year ago he was so hard up that he had to sell his motor. It was a very good one and he had used it very little. He found a chap who took it off his hands for fourteen hundred dollars. Two months after the Stock Exchange resumed business the broker had made enough to justify him in buying an automobile.

"However," he said, "the memory of my hard times was too fresh and I wasn't going to lay out several thousand—in fact, I decided to buy a second-hand car. I looked round and in a garage I found a very good one. The chauffeur, whom I knew well, told me that Mr. Smithers hadn't used it more than half a dozen times since he bought it, but, having just acquired a brand-new and very expensive car, would sell the other very cheap. I hunted up Smithers and bought the car for nine hundred dollars. It was the same car that I had sold to Smithers for fourteen hundred dollars. I knew the game down here and I had piked along and made out reasonably well. But Smithers didn't know anything about stocks and, therefore, he had made $60,000 in one single Curb stock."

They are telling a story in Wall Street which shows that speculation isn't confined to American money grabbers. A musician is the victim. He had always taken an interest in security markets. Well, this man got a tip on Bethlehem Steel in the forties, and plunged, for he was making all kinds of money. He, so some of his friends tell me, made no bones about the fact that he was long of Bethlehem Steel. In fact, he used to laugh about it, saying that here he was making money out of speculating in the stock of a concern that was selling shells to the enemies of his country. When the stock sold at par he received a telegram. Some people say the message came from a high official of his government and others that it came from a compatriot who was a great admirer of the artist. The telegram read: "On next Saturday at noon there will be no more Bethlehem Steel Company." This was on a Thursday. The musician had told so many of his friends that he had a block of the stock that he knew what the warning was meant for. He promptly sold out his holdings, which showed him a profit of more than $100,000. He knew that his government was greatly concerned over our munitions factories and their shipments, and expected that something would be done to check them, which diplomatic protests had not succeeded in doing.

### *The Ups and Downs of Bethlehem*

ALL day Friday he thought about it, and it then occurred to him that if the Bethlehem plant was to be blown up he ought to be short of the stock. It was too late to do anything Friday, but on Saturday he saw in the morning papers that nothing had happened. The stock in the meanwhile had gone up considerably since he had sold out his line, so he went down to his brokers and plunged on the short side. They cautioned him that it was a dangerous thing to do, but he had a very big margin and he was confident of his position. Well, the Bethlehem works did not go up, but the stock did, and he was forced to "buy in" the stock at such a loss that his margin not only was wiped out, but he found himself in debt over $100,000. His affairs are now in the hands of two millionaire admirers who advanced the money he owed the brokers. The story in Wall Street is that an attempt really was made to blow up the Bethlehem plant, but that the detectives found the explosives in time to prevent damage. Obviously nothing was said by the management of the company about the attempt. Personally, I am a great admirer of the artist and I shall hear him every time he plays in public. Think of the passionate grief that he will impart to his interpretations when he thinks of Bethlehem Steel!

The story may or may not be true, but intimate friends of the musician assure me that he did lose a great deal of money on the short side. One version I heard is that he sold it short as a protest against what he considered a violation of neutrality by America.

The artistic temperament is no more immune than any other against the stock-fever microbe. They tell a story about a well-known woman painter who recently did a portrait for which she received $1250. She put $250 in the bank and took the $1000 to the office of a broker who was a friend. She wanted to buy Bethlehem Steel, about which she had read so much in the newspapers. Inasmuch as the stock was at that moment selling at $200 a share, her broker friend told her: "Certainly not. I'm not going to let you buy that stock after it has had such a rise. This is no game for women, anyhow. You go home and put that money in the savings bank. It isn't so long ago that you were telling me that commissions were scarcer with you than with me. And you knew I hadn't made a trade in months."

She was finally persuaded to go away with her money. A little while later she showed up in his office with fire in her eye. Bethlehem Steel was 300. She wanted to buy some. He acknowledged that he had made a mistake, but pointed out that if he had thought it dangerous to buy the stock at 200 it was a crime to let her buy it at 300. She insisted, however, on buying the stock.

"If you were wrong when it was 200 you must be doubly wrong at 300. Will you buy it for me?"

"No," said the broker.

"Then I'll go elsewhere," she said, and left his office.

The broker afterward found out that she did buy the stock at 304. When the price reached 600 he remembered her, and called her on the telephone.

"Have you got your Bethlehem Steel yet?"

"No," she said bitterly. "I sold it at 530. Wasn't I a fool? I wish they would blow up your old Wall Street. Good-by."

They were telling stories of winnings in one of the offices after the close of the Market. Each man there had some yarn that he could vouch for. I whispered to one of the partners that before ten stories had been told the waiter who overheard a tip would make his appearance. The fourth yarn was about a priest he knew. "One evening," the narrator said, "a woman came to the priest's house and told him that she wished he would induce her husband to take the pledge. The priest said he would be only too glad to do so if she could bring her husband round. She said she would that same night. Sure enough, she showed up with her husband in tow. He looked as though he had been on a bat, but he was mild enough and quite docile. He listened to the priest respectfully and signed the pledge never again to fall for John Barleycorn's blandishments. The priest was telling him how much better off he would be without booze, and so forth, when the wife interrupted: 'Why, he never used to drink until last week.'

"'Well, what started him?' asked the priest, who had thought he had to do with a dipsomaniac.

"Thereupon the woman explained that her husband was a waiter at a club, and one night as he was waiting on some members who were Wall Street men he overheard their talk of their big winnings and what 'they' were going to do with a certain stock.

"The waiter was a thrifty chap who had the week before brought his savings in the bank to exactly $3000. The next morning he goes to the bank, takes out every cent, buys the stock that the clubmen had discussed, and in three days he sold it out at a profit of $3200. He said he was satisfied to double his money. Then he went on a toot, his first! He came home that same night with the money in cash. His wife picked out of his clothes over $5500. He confessed that he had been gambling in Wall Street. Next day he went on another toot, and she knew she had overlooked a pocket. His second lasted two days. When he got home she went through his clothes again, but found nothing. Fearing that the Napoleon of Finance was holding out on her, she decided to make him sign the pledge never again to drink.

"The priest then tried to make him sign the pledge never again to speculate. The man was willing, but the woman wasn't. She thanked the priest for the alcohol part, but took John home before he signed too much."

That story was matched by another, of a Greek waiter who worked at a hotel in which is located a branch office of a stock-exchange house. He overheard a patron telling a friend a remarkable story about a certain stock. The waiter got all his savings together, borrowed money, plunged and emerged with $10,000 profit. It all happened so quickly that when he found himself the owner of $10,000 he was frightened to death. He got an opportunity to buy a restaurant, invested his winnings, and assured the man who told me the story that he was clearing a little over $100 a week. The Greek used to be an ardent follower of Venizelos as against King Constantine; but now he is against Venizelos. "If my country goes to war," he says, "then the Greeks go home to fight and I lose my customers. We have no business to fight."

On the day this article is written all the morning newspapers in New York are carrying a story about the head bell-hop at a well-known hotel who ran up a stake of $325 to over $10,000, and has retired from the bell-hopping business. In 1901 any waiter at the Waldorf who was worth less than $100,000 was regarded as an unspeakable piker.

Everybody in Wall Street will tell you that there never was a bull market in which the winnings were so widely distributed. You hear of hundreds of cases of people in moderate circumstances who have trebled or quadrupled their stakes, but the stakes were only a few hundreds or a few thousands at the most. You hear of the waiter that made $3000 and the old widow that won $6500, and now and then of the man who made $100,000. The million winners either are very scarce or have been wise enough to keep their good luck out of the newspapers. During the big Steel Boom of 1901 there were scores of men who made no bones about the size of their winnings. They were so new at the millionaire game that the Pittsburghers and the Chicagoans were as openly pleased as boys with a new toy.

In promotions like the Federal Steel, American Steel and Wire, and Tinplate, to mention only a few, men like John W. Gates, Daniel G. Reid and their associates not only performed the modern miracle of turning water into coined gold, but performed it in the twinkling of an eye, said eye being fixed upon the ticker-tape, also in plain sight of their admiring compatriots.

### *Millions Carnegie Might Have Had*

WHEN the United States Steel Corporation was formed there were dozens of men who had been merely well-to-do superintendents of steel plants or managers of departments who found themselves in possession of blocks of common and preferred stock of the big trust, and when a market was made for the new securities they found no trouble in exchanging their engraved certificates for other certificates engraved at Uncle Sam's expense. In one office, to my own knowledge, one of the prominent figures in the Carnegie Steel Company sold part of his holdings and received for them $52,000,000 in cash! The Moore-Reid-Leeds combination received something like $140,000,000 in United States Steel stocks in exchange for their holdings in subsidiary companies, and everybody knows the story of how Andrew Carnegie said to J. P. Morgan: "I wish I had asked $300,000,000 for my interest instead of the $250,000,000 I got."

"Well," Mr. Morgan is reported to have answered, "I would have given it to you."

You don't hear to-day of stock-market winners whose theory of spending money was that of an inebriated mariner or a Coal Oil Johnny. The nearest approach to the old-time yarns was told me by a friend of the hero.

A young lawyer was asked to call on a well-known financier. It was after the close of the Market. He went into the Wall Street man's office and was told that owing to the nonarrival of certain documents his legal services would not be required that afternoon. There were a couple of men with the financier, and the young lawyer was introduced to them. The telephone rang and the Wall Street man answered it.

"Yes. I'm sorry to hear it. Good-by."

The Wall Street man turned from the telephone and said to his friends: "John can't come; that breaks it up." His eye rested on the young lawyer, who by the way was a member of his favorite club. "Do you play bridge?" he inquired.

PHOTOS. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

"A little," said the young man with the modesty of his profession. As a matter of fact he was a very good player.

"Well," asked the financier, "will you fill in? We expected John—but he can't come. Twenty-five a point."

The young lawyer, who was no Cræsus, thought it was too steep for him, but he considered even if he did lose a few hundred dollars it would pay him to be on friendly terms with high finance. He swears he did not then and there decide to raise his fees, but that he figured out that he probably played as well as these men. Anyhow he decided to take a chance.

They played a couple of hours. When the game broke up the young man, much relieved to find himself ahead, said good-by to his client and the others.

"Hold on," said the banker; "I'll give you a check. We always settle on the spot."

The young lawyer smiled tolerantly, good-naturedly took the check and put it in his pocket without looking at it. In the elevator by himself he examined it. It was for $30,000. The twenty-five a point was not twenty-five cents, as he had thought with misgivings when he was asked to play, but twenty-five dollars a point.

You used to hear how the owner of a small steel plant was waked up in the middle of the night by John W. Gates and asked how much he would take for his plant, and how he replied that he did not wish to sell. Then he was asked if he would accept five millions. He agreed—because at the most his concern was worth one million—and as a result found himself five times a millionaire and minus a business. To-day's stories do not duplicate this one, but the romance of the beneficiaries of the big war has yet to be written. Take one of the big powder companies. Shortly after the war broke out they received orders that necessitated their putting up a new plant in a hurry. Big bonuses were offered to the builders, work was pushed and men worked day and night. Before the plant was half finished the company had started work on nine other plants, three of them larger than the first one, which the company had thought would be large enough to handle the business. Do you wonder that the stock jumped?

A friend was telling me that he was in the office of an official of the company one day when a cablegram was brought in. The official read it, raised his eyebrows, turned to my friend and said:

"Do you know what this telegram is?"

"No."

"It is a repeat order for a shipment of fifteen thousand tons. The ship we sent it on has never been heard from. It probably blew up."

And to this day nobody has heard anything of that ship.

### *Sudden Fortunes in War Stocks*

JUST as Carnegie gave an interest in the business to his bright young men in charge of departments, employees of the big powder company were not only allowed but encouraged to buy its stock. The management considered it not only good investment for their savings but an excellent thing for the company for its stock to be held by men who worked for it. I am assured that many of the employees of the company, men whose salaries ran from two thousand to four thousand dollars a year, are to-day worth, at the current price of the stock, from three million to four million dollars each.

You always hear that there is no romance in business and that a young man to-day cannot do what our grandfathers were able to do in the way of advancement and financial success; that the trusts have killed opportunities, that no clerk becomes president, and so forth. Most of the men who were associated with Mr. Carnegie were young men who had worked up and were merely comfortably off in 1899. They were all multimillionaires in 1901. The same thing is true of D. G. Reid, W. B. Leeds, and others. Pessimists remark that this was in 1901 and the result of a boom that would not be duplicated. Well, there are Harry Davison and Tom Lamont in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company.

You heard about the big rise in Baldwin Locomotive stock, but you didn't hear the romance. A few years ago the man who was the dominant interest in the big powder company happened to be in Dayton, Ohio, on business. He got on a trolley car there and gave the conductor a five-dollar bill. The conductor didn't happen to have the change, as he had just taken in another large bill from a passenger, so he told his fare please to wait until he could make change. The powder man arrived at his corner and got off, forgetting the change that was coming to him.

Several months afterward he again found himself in Dayton on business, and again took a trolley to reach his destination. Before the powder man could find the nickel the conductor said with a pleasant smile: "You're not going to give me another five-dollar bill and forget your change, are you? It's been waiting for you."

The powder man entered into conversation with the conductor, became interested in the young man, and offered to give him a job with the powder company. The conductor accepted. He was young, married and had several children. Also he was a street-car conductor. It isn't very long ago that he was ringing fares on a Dayton trolley car; to-day he is treasurer of the powder company and has put through some of the big deals.

Two or three months ago the company had $23,000,000 in cash, and looked for investments. The directors appointed a committee to invest the money. The treasurer was intrusted by the committee with the job, and bought large blocks of stocks in companies that have been turning out war material. These large investment purchases have so reduced the floating supply of many of these stocks that it is easy to understand why relatively small buying orders can cause fluctuations of thirty and forty points. The former street-car conductor, I am told, is worth to-day $5,000,000. No romance, what!

The first of what I call the "bait yarns" has been printed in one form or another by all the Wall Street reporters. It concerns a broker who had 3000 shares of Bethlehem Steel, for which he gave $39 a share. He heard from a reliable source enough about the magnitude of the orders booked by the company to make him resolve to hold the stock for $500. When the price touched $250 he got nervous. Doubts as to the wisdom of refusing to turn his paper profit into $750,000 cash began to assail him. When the stock sold at $350 the doubts tortured him so that he couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep, because he kept on thinking that he was refusing to put a million dollars cash in the bank.

His wife, they tell me, said to him: "Jack, this thing will drive you crazy. Now, when you bought that stock you thought about it and decided that it would be worth $500 a share some day. You were very cool about it then, and you certainly are not fit to think about business now, the way you've worked yourself up. Let's go away where nobody can talk to you about anything connected with Wall Street. Stick out for the $500!"

He took her advice, went away to the Adirondacks, and gave orders that no New York papers should be brought to the camp. They say he hired a husky to prevent him by main force from leaving the camp unless his wife received a telegram that his stock had been sold at $500 a share. I have reason to suspect that the bodyguard with the wisdom-compelling biceps is an artistic detail of the narrators. But Bethlehem Steel sold at $600 on October twenty-second, and the broker is back in town.

All wives, alas! do not have the same power to influence their husbands. There is a man in Brooklyn who for years has been a small investor in curb stocks. One day somebody gave him a tip on Electric Boat. He thought well of it and decided to buy 100 shares. He telephoned to his broker and asked him what the stock was selling at. It wasn't selling for anything; there hadn't been a sale of the stock in so long that it wasn't quoted. The Brooklynite was very anxious, so the broker went round to various offices and finally, after much snooping round, was able to locate a fellow broker who had 100 shares for sale at round 18. He reported to his customer and was ordered to buy the stock. The broker did so, and the client took the certificate away.

Time passed and nothing happened. One day the broker was startled by hearing a loud-mouthed confrere bellowing his desire to acquire 100 shares of Electric Boat at 40. He got no reply. Five minutes later he was bidding 60.

The broker rushed to his telephone and imparted the glad news to the Brooklyn man, strongly urging his client to take the forty-two-point profit.

"Oh, no," said Brooklyn, "I will hold for 100."

"You are a fool," said the broker, who had known him for many years.

"I know it," replied the man. "That is why I've got only a forty-two-point profit."

When the stock sold at 100, a few days afterward, the broker again talked to his client, and demanded the order to sell. What he heard from Brooklyn was:

"Well, I guess I'll hold for 150."

When the stock got to 150 the broker again made for the telephone.

"Hey, Electric Boat is 150! Bring down your certificate." The broker wasn't going to take any chance of being short of it.

"Oh, I guess I'll hold for 200."

At 200 Brooklyn had his eye fixed on 250, and nothing could budge him.

When the stock sold at 250 the broker went to Brooklyn, after the close of business, to get the certificate. The client refused to sell. He couldn't dope it out why that stock should not sell at 300 or higher.

### *And Still He Wouldn't Sell*

THAT little curb broker, whom I have known and liked for twenty-five years, pleaded with his friend, begged and entreated him to take his profit. He even tried to get his friend to imbibe sufficient joy-juice to hearken to wisdom. Nothing doing! Brooklyn consistently kept fifty points ahead of the quotation.

The broker enlisted the aid of the man's wife, and with tears in her eyes she begged Brooklyn to swap the stock certificate that cost him $1800 for 25,000 genuine iron men. There was an insuperable barrier of fifty points between woman's tears and Brooklyn.

When the stock sold at 500 and the wife learned that a piece of paper in her husband's possession was worth $50,000 in cash, she made one supreme effort. Brooklyn gave up looking fifty measly points ahead. He promised her faithfully that he would sell at 600 instead of 550.

Then she decided to take matters into her own hands. She didn't sleep that night, but thought out a plan that promised to solve the problem. After breakfast the next morning she went down to the broker's office. She told him: "I have tried and tried to get my husband to sell that stock and he won't do it."

The stock was selling at 508.

"He's waiting for 550, I suppose?"

"No," she said bitterly, "it's 600 this time!"

"Well," said the broker, "if it sells at 600 he'll say 1000, and when it goes back to 100 he'll swear I picked his pocket for $50,000."

"No, he won't," said the wife, "because he won't have the stock. Here's what I think we ought to do: Our doctor is a very good friend of mine. He's known us all our lives, and he knows we ought to put this money away for a rainy day. Do you know a good lawyer?"

"Well, I know several lawyers," cautiously answered the broker.

"Now," said Mrs. Brooklyn very earnestly, "the thing to do is to have my husband declared insane, so we can put him away. The lawyer will fix a paper authorizing me to do what I think best with my husband's property. While he is locked up I'll give you the stock to sell. Then when we've got the cash we'll let him out."

She wasn't the kind that would take any advantage of a strait-jacketed husband. However, the broker couldn't

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PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

# THE MAN WHO NEEDED NERVE

By
George Weston
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

The Next Thing I Knew, Sissy Perkins Was on His Feet

A COUNTRY doctor has many curious cases. Sometimes, when I hear steps on my porch, I wonder whether it's a tooth to be pulled, a baby to be born, snakebite, horsekick, sunstroke, measles, mumps or sudden death.

On the whole, though, I think the case of Sissy Perkins is the strangest that ever came into my office—stranger even than the mortal premonition of Miss Welles, or Welcome Howland's request for medicine to give to his own ghost. But of Miss Welles' case I don't like to think too much, because of its ending, and Welcome Howland always was a bit cracked.

Yes; the more I think about it the more inclined I am to give first prize to the case of Sissy Perkins, because—as I think you'll soon agree with me—the patient was peculiar, but not half so peculiar as his own diagnosis; and the diagnosis was not half so extraordinary as the prescription. And as for the manner in which the prescription was taken, and whether or not it effected a cure—well, I'll start at the beginning and you shall judge for yourselves.

Sissy Perkins was a clerk in Deacon Starling's general store; and, so that you may get the proper perspective, I ought to tell you first about the deacon and his store. A shopkeeper in the city is inclined to laugh at a country store, but if the facts were better known I think most of those smiles would turn to groans of envy.

Before the gun factory came to Hoxsie we were a farming community, with a small side line of manufacturing, and had a reputation throughout New England for Ayrshire cattle, web suspenders and mammoth bronze turkeys. A long line of farmers came to Hoxsie every morning to meet the milk train, and took back such grain, groceries, hardware and clothing as the deacon sold. The suspender factory had a weekly pay roll of nearly a thousand dollars, and at least a third of this found its way into the deacon's cash registers. He had a coal and wood yard—which was a business in itself sold grain, meat, cement, ice cream, gasoline, bricks, shoes, soda water, native lumber, and all those other articles that are generally described as being too numerous to mention.

The deacon had been born with money, he had married money, he had made money; and every time one of our young men went to the city to seek his fortune, and got within consulting distance of a commercial register, he would take his pen in his startled fingers and write back home:

"I was looking in Dun—or Bradstreet—the other day, and how do you suppose old Deacon Starling is rated?" And then would follow a line of capital A's and ciphers, almost enough to take the breath away. I think they did produce that effect on some of the old residents of Hoxsie, but they never seemed to bother the deacon at all. Year in and year out he wore the same old hat.

In general appearance he was stout—I might say pyramidal, he gave one such an impression of being strong and "set." He had a fine old face, a polished dome—as pyramidal as his body—and a habit of speaking in grunts which nearly sent the traveling salesmen out of their minds. He also had, at times, a whimsical smile round the corners of his mouth, a smile I never could quite fathom. Perhaps he had a fund of private jokes and enjoyed them in secret; but the only joke I ever knew him to spring was when he hired Sissy Perkins to sell shoes and dry goods, and look after the soda-water fountain in his store.

This was just after the gun company came to Hoxsie and built a factory so long that when you stood at one end of it the other end seemed to vanish in the distance. On each side of the factory, streets were laid out, foundations dug, and a little army of carpenters, working more like conjurers than mechanics, raised row after row of company houses with the same precision and regularity with which a farmer raises shocks in a cornfield.

For the first few years that Sissy worked at Starling's I didn't notice him much. Of course I knew him—everybody knows everybody else in Hoxsie—and I knew he piped his speech in falsetto and was called Sissy by the people. I also have a recollection of hearing that he was "sashaying round" Belle Harricot's daughter, Rosemary, who was lame, having been struck on the leg by a flying hatchet when she was a baby.

On top of that I have another recollection of what Belle said she would do to Sissy if he ever so much as laid eyes on her daughter again. I won't tell you what Belle said—it was terrible and it was unique—and of Belle herself I will only say that she was built like the foundation of a house, had an exterior as grim as a state penitentiary, and was possessed of such a bellicose disposition that everybody in our town walked carefully, looked down their noses and minded their p's and q's when Belle appeared in the offing.

Her husband had disappeared on the same night when the baby was hit by the hatchet, and that was twenty years before my story opens.

One summer evening I was in my office when I heard a light step come tripping along the porch. "I wonder what this girl wants," I thought to myself; and, it being one of the frequent occasions when we were getting along without hired help, I answered the bell. I had my first surprise when I found my visitor was a young man, and I had my second when I saw it was Sissy.

"Are you very busy, doctor?" he inquired in that surprising falsetto of his, and politely took off his hat.

I don't know how it was in the rest of the country—a doctor doesn't travel much—but a male pompadour craze had just struck Hoxsie. Every young man who could grow hair simply let his hair grow and brushed it straight back over the crown of his head. The result was often astonishing and in Sissy's case it was startling. When he freed his head from the confines of his hat his hair sprang up like a jack-in-the-box; and, as though he knew the effect it had on me, he gave me a satisfied little smirk, as much as to say: "How's that, doctor?"

"Come in," I said, and I followed him into my private office, admiring his pompadour from the rear and wondering what was the matter with him. From my position behind I also noticed that he jigged himself from side to side as he walked, with a fetching little wiggle.

He seated himself in the consultation chair, where the electric light shone on him, and while he chatted away in the politest and lightest of small talk about the heat of the summer and the lack of rain I sat back in the shadow of my chair and had a good look at him.

Evidently he wasn't sick and just as evidently he wasn't robust. His state of health can best be described as neutral. He was tall, spindly, had a sallow complexion, long feet, wore a sport shirt—the first I had ever seen—and every time he dabbed his forehead with his handkerchief he dabbed his wrists, too, and hitched up his trousers a little. His socks were white; his handkerchief had a lavender hem; and whenever he cleared his throat—falsetto—he said: "Excuse me, doctor!"

The Major's Gavel Made a Noise Like a Boiler Factory

"Well, what can I do for you, Mr. Perkins?" I asked at last, seeing he was shy about coming to the point.

"Doctor," he said, "I'll tell you. Perhaps you can help me and perhaps you can't, but I want to know whether you can give me something to develop my nerve."

"Feeling nervous?"

"Oh, my nerves are all right—I don't mean it that way. What I want is something for my nerve. If you'll excuse me I'll tell you how it is, doctor."

He hadn't said two words when I saw I was in for the story of his life; but a doctor is more than used to that. It's part of his business. Sissy had been brought up by an old-maid grandaunt. "Meant well, you know; but I think she always had a little grudge against me because I wasn't a girl, you know, and I think she almost tried to make me over. Kept me in petticoats till I was six—wouldn't let me play with little boys—taught me to sew and to tat."

I also gathered that Sissy had worn a lace collar and curls till he was twelve, and had been such a temptation for "rough boys to play coarse tricks" on him that his aunt had been obliged to convoy him to and from the public school in Massachusetts, where he was born. He had never been taught to take his own part; couldn't fight; couldn't even use his tongue except in such a way as to further incite the merriment of his tormentors.

"Do you know, doctor, even if you were to reach over now and strike me I wouldn't know what to do or what to say—unless I cried." By that time, indeed, he was speaking so earnestly that tears were in his eyes.

"She was afraid of the dark," he continued, "and brought me up to be afraid of it too. She was awfully afraid of men, and thunder, and mice—why, doctor, if I saw a mouse run across your office right now, and you were here with me, I should simply have to scream. Isn't that awful? And sometimes, you know, because of the way she brought me up, I've wished I was a girl! And isn't that awful too? Well, anyhow, I haven't felt it so badly till just lately; but just lately—well, here's one of the things that makes me feel so bad."

He showed me a printed report of the Class of 1906 of the Pitman High School—"Where I graduated from, my alma mater, so to speak," he told me, leaning over my elbow and pointing out the two pages that dealt with class history.

"Now here's a boy who sat right in front of me. You see, he's in business for himself—real estate and insurance. And this one is a lawyer. And this an engineer. And this one has gone in the laundry business—see? 'Proprietor Pitman Wet-Wash Laundry.' And so on, and so on. And what am I? Look; here's my name—'Clerk.' Doctor, do you know how much Deacon Starling is paying me for selling dry goods and shoes, and dispensing soda water in his store?"

I had an idea, but I wouldn't name it.

"Seven dollars a week—actually and truly, seven dollars a week; and I'm a man—twenty-five years old!"

For a moment I thought he was going to cry in right good earnest, but he pulled himself together.

"You've no idea," he said, "how this thing has been bothering me lately, and how much better I feel now I've had this talk with you. I've been thinking it over for nearly a year now, and I'm sure my trouble is this: I have no nerve. Twice since I've been here I've asked the deacon for an increase of salary, but he only grunts, if you'll excuse the word, doctor, and walks away. And I haven't the nerve to leave or do anything rash, because I know nobody else wants me in Hoxsie, and I haven't a trade, or anything like that. She wanted me to be a gentleman, you know. Perhaps I'd do better in the city; but, on the other hand, I might do worse, and I haven't the nerve to throw up a sure thing—even if it's only seven dollars a week—for an uncertainty.

"Now take this wet-wash business—there ought to be one in Hoxsie. Or there's room here for a good, live real-estate office—if a man only had the nerve. And that's why I've come to see you to-night, doctor, to see if there's any medicine you can give me—I don't care what it is; or any course of treatment you could recommend—I don't care what, so long as it would give me nerve."

I mulled over that for quite a while, playing with the little bronze stork on my desk while Sissy went on talking. It was a tragic case from the human side of it, and yet it had its comic details too. For instance, all the time I was wondering how I could help him my ideas were cramped, because I couldn't help thinking of the funny way he walked, and how his hair sprang up when his hat came off, like the nap on a piece of plush.

"Medicine wouldn't help you," I told him at last. "The only thing I can think of ——" But I balked at it.

"Yes, yes, doctor? I don't care what it is."

"Of course it's only a chance," I said, getting up and walking round a bit. I don't believe I could have told him if I had sat there and felt him watching me with that wistful look under his pompadour. "But you know the way some timid folks are taught to swim?"

"By throwing them in?"

"That's the idea. Sink or swim! Kill or cure! Hysteria is sometimes cured on the same principle. Well, this is what I was going to say: It seems to me that if you were to pick out two or three things that take more nerve than the average, and do them—simply force yourself to do them—why, after that everything else ought to be easy by comparison. Get the idea?"

"But what would you suggest?" he asked, slowly wagging his head in the affirmative.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. I think his ridiculous pompadour made me peevish for a moment—I haven't much hair myself. "First of all, if I were you, I'd have a haircut; and then—who do you consider the three nerviest young sports in Hoxsie?"

He thought it over conscientiously and named the nervy trio. I remembered later that Woppy Meeker was one of them, but I quite forgot the other two, though at the time I know I was satisfied with the nominations.

"Well, you go to those three," I suggested, "and ask each of them to tell you the nerviest thing he can think of—something, you know, that can be done if you only have the nerve. . . . It'll be like shooting a rifle over a horse's neck till he gets used to it. After that he isn't afraid of firecrackers."

Sissy rose. My outside office had been filling with patients and he knew it.

"Mind now," I told him, "what I've said is only in the nature of a suggestion." And to myself I added: "There's no danger that you'll ever carry it out."

"Thank you, doctor—so much." His gratitude made me feel ashamed of myself. "What do I owe you?"

For reply I shooed him out the side door; and as I watched his funny walk and thought of the self-raising pompadour under his hat, and also thought of what he was and what he wanted to be, I couldn't help thinking of that immortal line of Dickens:

"'God bless us, every one!' said Tiny Tim."

II

THE next day was Fourth of July. I had returned from my calls and was sitting near the front window reading the Norwich paper when I happened to see Sissy tripping down the street toward the station. "Going to Norwich on the next trolley," I thought. "Our Sissy's getting to be quite a sport." But I didn't think any more about it,

"'This!' Says He, and He Lets Me Have It on the Nose"

because Woppy Meeker came to the office just then with the end of his index finger blown off. "Held a dynamite cracker in my hand too long," he said. "I ought to have threw it in the air quicker."

"You shouldn't ought to have threw it at all," I told him; but this was over his head and he only grinned a sheepish grin while I went on cleaning the wound.

A little later my mind turned to Sissy, who had named Woppy as one of the three nerviest young bloods in Hoxsie.

"Seen Sissy Perkins lately?" I asked.

"Seen him last night. Say, he's a funny guy, isn't he, doctor?"

"Funny? Why?"

"Came up to the house last night. Rang the bell and asked for me. 'Oh, Mr. Meeker,' he said, as soon as he seen me, 'what do you think is the nerviest thing that anybody could do?' All of a sudden—just like that. He had to say it twice before I got him. Say, honestly, he is a funny guy!"

"Well, go on. What did you tell him?"

"Say! You know that traffic cop down in Norwich who stands at the corner of Broadway and Main Street? Well, I told Sissy the nerviest thing I could think of would be for anybody to go up to that cop in broad daylight, haul off, and baste him one right square on the nose —— Ouch!"

"Serves you right; glad it hurt you. What did you tell him that for?"

"Well, he asked me, didn't he?"

"That's right. I forgot that. There! . . . Come round to-morrow and I'll take another look at it."

I hadn't finished speaking when I heard the trolley leaving the station. "If Sissy's killed," I thought, "I'll be to blame." And in less than half a minute I was in my car headed for Norwich. In the first place I knew that traffic cop who guarded Norwich's busiest corner, having made his acquaintance when he had frostbitten feet and I was an interne at Backus Hospital. And in the second place that cop's name was Thomas J. O'Hara, and no man with a name like that is going to have his nose basted without getting extremely peevish about it.

My car isn't a heavy one, and because of the treatment I have to give it you can almost hear it rattle at Ekonk when I am coming over Sterling Hill; but as soon as I reached the state road I kept the speedometer trembling between thirty and thirty-five. Of course that may not sound much to people who have flat, straight roads, but in our part of New England the roads go up and down like a scenic railway, and just before you straighten out from one curve you begin to swing round the next. The trolley runs on the railroad track, and once I thought I heard it whistle, but I never caught it. "Sissy'll be dead and buried by the time I get there!" I thought; and when I began to rattle over the bumps on Main Street I felt like a man who was going to a funeral.

At Franklin Square, however, I felt easier to see Officer O'Hara straddling the center of the street like the Colossus of Rhodes and directing the traffic with his customary dignity. The absence of any crowd or clanging ambulance also relieved my mind. I stopped my car in front of the Wauregan House, waved my hand at O'Hara, who gave me the military salute, and began to think what a fool I had been to take that ride for nothing; but all of a sudden—as Woppy Meeker would say—I sat up straight. Sissy Perkins had stepped off from the corner and was picking his dainty way toward the cop.

Of course you'll think I immediately rushed forward and pulled Sissy away, but I hate to say I didn't. To tell the truth, I have a sporting streak in me. I think all country doctors have or they wouldn't be country doctors. I like to hunt and I like to fish, and I like to see a good fight; and when any of the Old Guard in Hoxsie gets married I like to be on hand with a chain of bells to lock on the wheel of the bridal car, and a rubber boot for the bridegroom.

Perhaps it's because of these things that more people in Hoxsie call me "doc" than "doctor." Anyhow, when I saw Sissy, with his sallow complexion and his spindly legs, step off that corner and edge up to that whale of a cop, I felt a surge of sporting blood and I sat tight. "I'll see whether he has any nerve," I thought to myself. "I can jump in and stop it any time. He won't get hurt much."

Sissy had reached the middle of the street and was waiting for O'Hara to straighten out a kink in the southbound traffic. Of course from where I sat I couldn't hear the ensuing conversation, but O'Hara told me about it later.

"There was a fresh car, full, going down to New London," he said, "with one of those horns like a whoop from hell. I gave 'em the cold eye and they cursed their horn at me. Just as they got opposite the Five and Ten a team starts up from the curb and the first thing you know their wheels are locked, and I tell the car what I think about 'em.

"I straighten 'em out and goes back to my post, and there I see one of these queer-looking sissy fellows wearing a sport shirt, and I see he's trembling all over. 'Aha!' says I to meself. 'You're a dope feen', you are, an' you haven't had your hop this morning yet.' Then he up and speaks to me in a squeaky little voice like a pig whistling—and that's a queer thing—and rests the back of his hand on his hip, like a young lady. 'Mr. Officer,' says he, 'I beg your pardon in advance, but I've got to get my nerve.'

"Well, as you know very well, sir, we're up against all sorts of bugs in our business; so I didn't pay much attention to him, but went on directing traffic. 'Will you kindly face me for a moment, sir?' says he, and I hear his teeth chattering something fierce. 'What's the idea?' says I, turning round. 'This!' says he, and he lets me have it, both fists on the nose. Well, of course, I wasn't set or anything, so down I go on the ashfelt and half the population of Norwich rushes up, yourself in the lead. I lep' to me feet, though, and gave him one that made his ears flop; and then you jumps between us."

Taking up the story from there, I tried to get Sissy away from O'Hara; but a Bulletin reporter came edging through the crowd, and after that it was all off.

"I'm sorry, sir," said O'Hara; "but it'll be in the papers now and I'll have to run him in, whether he's a friend of

yours or not. You can take us to the station in your car if you like, and between the two of us I guess we can get him off with a fine."

I nodded to the reporter to jump into the car, too, and while O'Hara was telling his story to Judge Carroll I was telling mine to the Bulletin reporter. May heaven's blessings follow that young scribe and make him rich and famous before his time! In the next day's Bulletin his story was headed: "He Certainly Had Nerve!" And when Sissy went to his work the following morning I noticed, from my window, that, instead of being greeted with the amused toleration which had been his portion in the past, he was hailed as one of Nature's noblemen, and every hand was raised to slap his back.

*Some in the Water, Some on the Bank, Sissy's Audience Stood Spellbound*

### III

BELOW the new arms and ammunition factory a dam has been built, and just below this dam a high steel bridge carries the road over the river. Our river is a busy, brawling sort of stream, racing in and out among its bowlders, and below the dam these bowlders are particularly large and numerous. There is, however, one deep place directly below the bridge, about five yards in diameter, and local tradition has given this pool the rather remarkable quality of having no bottom. It is called Deep Hole.

In Hoxsie we close our stores on Thursday afternoons so the clerks may have a half holiday, and in the summer a good many of them go down to the dam to swim. On the Thursday after the Fourth I had a call to Squaw Rocks, and about three o'clock I cranked the Little Rattler and started from the office.

The road to Squaw Rocks crosses the bridge below the dam, and as I rolled along on the other side of Jerry Downing's birch field I heard a lot of shouting and laughing from the men and boys who were swimming. "Big crowd to-day," I thought. "Wish I could go in too." And then suddenly the laughing and shouting stopped short, as though it had been cut off with a knife. "Somebody drowned?" I uneasily wondered, and putting on more gas I swung round from behind the birches and came in sight of the bridge.

The moment I saw that bridge I knew what the silence meant. Perched on the top rail was a tall, thin figure, already bending its knees preparatory to jumping off into Deep Hole, which lay between the bowlders, black and wicked-looking, a good sixty feet below. "Good Lord!" I groaned as I reached the bridge, "it's Sissy!" And, raising the voice of authority, I shouted: "Hey, there! You come down off that!"

Up by the dam, some half in the water, some on the bank, Sissy's audience stood spellbound, in the same morbid silence that used to fall on a country fair when the aviator started up to loop the loop. "You hear me?" I shouted again. "You come down off that!"

He made no answer and didn't look my way. Indeed, in the state of mind he was, I doubt whether he heard me—all his life and soul must have been centered on his will power, driving it to make him take that really perilous jump. His feet were paddling up and down, as though the bridge were hot, and his hands were joined together in a queer attitude that looked more like praying than diving. "If I shout again," I thought, "I may scare him and make him fall." Whereupon I, too, became one of the gapers, expecting every moment to see him jump.

His thin legs were more than white: they were blue-white—blue-white and hen-fleshed with fear. "Perkins!" I gently called. "Oh, Perkins! Just a moment before you jump! I want to speak to you!" But still he paddled his feet, and crouched, and straightened, and crouched again, his eyes intent on Deep Hole, so far below. Suddenly he jumped. . . . A reassuring splash rose from below and, looking down through the steel framework of the bridge, I saw Sissy's head come bobbing up to the surface of the pool. They pulled him out, crowing over him in bass, tenor and treble; but when I saw he had blood on his face I ran down to see whether he needed help.

"It's all right, doctor," he piped when I reached him. "Only a touch of nosebleed."

"Perkins," I said, taking him to one side, "this is the second fool stunt you've done this week, and I feel responsible for both of them." I checked his polite denials by shaking his shoulders. "Now, look here! Are you through or are there any more?"

"One more," he nodded, the back of his hand against his waist.

"As dangerous as this?"

"Well, not so physically dangerous, thank you, doctor." He looked at me, and for a few seconds I could have sworn that he had something on me—that he patronized me with his eye. "It's all right, doc," he said—not "doctor," mind you, but "doc." "That was a fine prescription you gave me. I guess I'm getting my nerve."

### IV

BY THAT time the gun factory had been in Hoxsie three years; and Major Grindon, its general manager, had apparently made up his mind to control the politics of our township. In Hoxsie's old days we had fallen into the habit of electing the best men we could find who would take the offices, and then reelecting them year after year until they died, or moved away, or proved themselves unfit.

I fear, however, we must have been behind the times, because Major Grindon hadn't been with us very long before "dead rot" and "new blood" were active terms in Hoxsie. Personally I'm free to admit that some of our town officials may have been a bit mossbound, and that a change in politics isn't the worst thing that can overtake a community.

There's Greenfield, the next town to us, for example. They have a cotton mill; and, though the mill company runs the town, it runs it on the same square principles by which it conducts its own business. As a result the town gets more for its taxes than it ever got before. Not only that, but the mill crowd in Greenfield play the game with tact and the old-timers still feel they have a voice in running their town.

In Hoxsie, however, Major Grindon immediately began to govern things with a high hand. We are overwhelmingly Republican in our district and the political game is played at the town caucuses. The major had himself appointed moderator of these caucuses and boosed the whole show.

In appearance he was a tall, stout, ferocious-looking old character, with a color like a brick and jowls like a Newfoundland dog. He was a hard drinker, a hard fighter, a gentleman according to his own standards, and had won the reputation of never losing a strike. Personally I think his men were rather in awe of his loud voice and big fist. Wherever his influence extended, he was either all or nothing; and whatever he ruled, he ruled with a rod of iron.

One by one he had taken for his own nominees nearly all the important offices in Hoxsie, so that at the time I am now writing about he controlled everything but the Board of Education. There are ten members on our board, two of whom are elected every year; and, as the Grindon machine had been running two years, the major had four votes on it and expected, of course, to get two more at the next election. That would give him the board.

Hoxsie is a large township covering nearly thirty square miles. With the exception of the town itself and half a dozen villages, we are a farming community, and for the convenience of the farmers we have nine small schools scattered round the township, where the primary grades are taught to the younger children.

Major Grindon, a staunch believer in the twin theories of centralization and concentration, had declared himself in favor of closing these small schools and putting up a big, modern structure in Hoxsie to take their place. Under his plan the children would be carried to school in floats, and the expense of their transportation offset by the saving in teachers' salaries.

The opposition was led by Deacon Starling, who had been the Republican leader in our town till the gun factory came; and because a fight was always a life-or-death struggle, so far as the major was concerned, he went after the deacon, tooth and nail.

"I'll have his hide!" he exclaimed one night at a meeting in the factory office. "If my politics aren't good enough for him his store isn't good enough for me. He'd better be careful or I'll open a modern store in Hoxsie right next door to him and put him out of business!"

This, of course, was duly reported to the deacon, word for word, with a few words extra. The deacon didn't say anything, but he did a lot of running round in his asthmatic little car, and when caucus night came round the town hall was so full that many of us had to sit on the platform.

Major Grindon was in his glory. He certainly loved a fight; and when he pounded the table with his gavel and called that meeting to order I saw him throw his head up and snort through his nose like an old warhorse champing for the fray.

The deacon had a full slate and we fought the major for assessor, board of relief, selectmen, town clerk and treasurer, grand jurors and constables. He was too much for us, though, and we hadn't gone down the list far before we found we were about thirty votes in the minority. However, we still had hopes that we might win out on the school question; so we stayed in the fight, demanding a rising vote on every motion and making sure that we were getting all the counts that were due us.

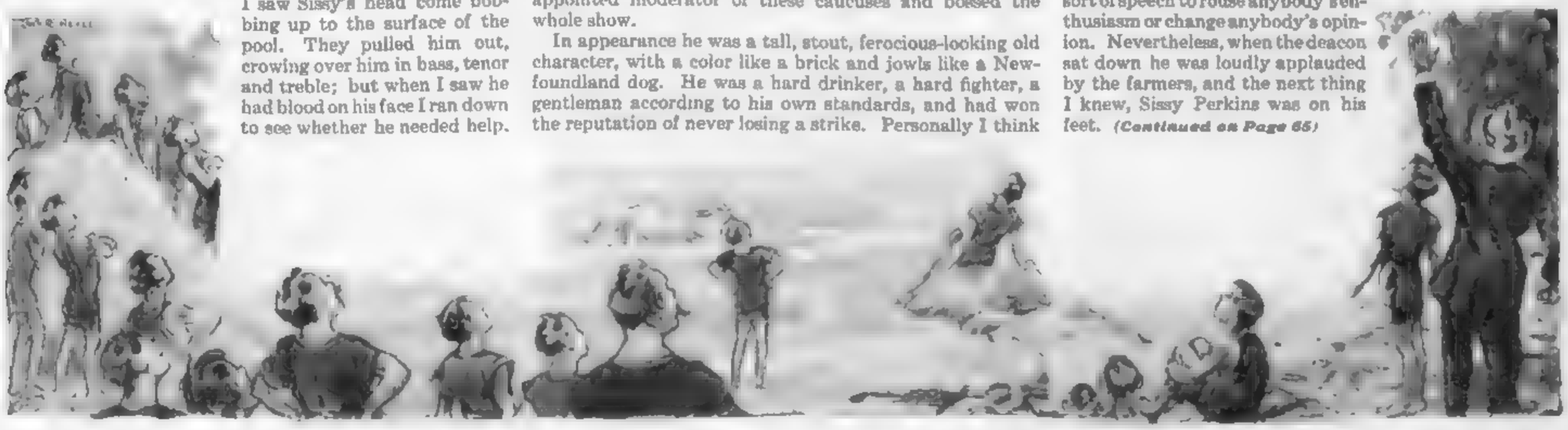
"Now, then!" roared the major when we had finished everything else but the school board. "Next business before the meeting is to nominate two candidates for the school board. Come, gentlemen!"

That peremptory "Come, gentlemen!" will probably give you a better idea than anything else I have said of the masterful way in which the major was running the meeting; and almost as quickly as I can tell it the factory crowd had presented the names of Arthur Matthews and Willard Jameson.

Matthews was assistant superintendent of the factory; Jameson was foreman of the machine shop.

"Any other nominations?" cried the major, frowning till his eyebrows seemed to bristle.

Deacon Starling slowly rose and presented the names of Abner Green and Telley Payson. He also made a short, sensible speech in favor of his candidates, but it wasn't the sort of speech to rouse anybody's enthusiasm or change anybody's opinion. Nevertheless, when the deacon sat down he was loudly applauded by the farmers, and the next thing I knew, Sissy Perkins was on his feet. *(Continued on Page 65)*



# THE PRESAGE OF THE P'S

## By Samuel G. Blythe

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—including suffragists, antis, pacificists, jingoes, wets, drys, hyphenates, inchoates, invertebrates, orators, the safe and sane contingent, the tired business man and others not tabbed: This great, as one might say, but somewhat casual republic, admitted by ourselves to be the greatest the sun shines on, albeit there are many cloudy days—this highly esteemed, except by all the rest of the world, nation is, at the present moment, trembling on the verge of a rush of politics, preparedness, pacificism, proclaimed prosperity, perdition and piffle to its aggregated but somewhat osseous head.

It may be, strictly speaking, that this prognosis is couched in layman's language, for I make no doubt that the condition of trembling on the verge of a rush to the head is not in accord with professional symptomatic description. Nor could one accurately say standing on the brink, both because a rush to the head has no brink, and because we are not standing but running around in circles at said edge. As the poet might have put it, we are hopping with excited feet where the punk and program meet. Between the teeming present, when our Congress is newly assembled to do what it can toward maintaining the Democratic Party in power, or detaining that party from continuing therein, until those heated days next summer when two several of our leading citizens shall be named to carry the standards of our two great parties—mayhap three—possibly four—many things are bound to happen, and not a few things will happen to bound.

A fray is impending—not a frayed fray but a brand-new unfrayed fray, and all will be in it—the high, the middle, and the low. There are signs and portents on every hand. One cannot walk a block in any center of population without seeing either a significant sign or a portly portent, nor ride ten miles in a railroad train, nor enter any place where men or women congregate or confabulate. It is in the air, brethren, and in the conversation—which is somewhat redundant, come to think of it, for the conversation is largely air, and hot at that.

Having these conditions in mind, I have recently made some investigations hither and yon across our continent, and for purposes of telling what these investigations showed it seems practicable to divide the country into two divisions, one west of a line drawn from Chicago southward, and the other east of such a line. Wherefore this first article concerns the territory west of that line.

Naturally the party in power comes first, for that party is doing the performing, while the other party is doing the protesting. I say other party, because it seems more or less a fact that the third party, so gallantly and vociferously led by Mr. Roosevelt, has sort of seeped, or is slowly seeping, back into the original fountain of its being. That is to say, though it would not be exactly just to call the Progressive Party moribund, it is fair enough to remark that it is breathing stertorously and picking at the bedclothes. About the only place it is militant is in California, and that is due to the personality of Johnson. Even there it has its troubles, for late in October the people of California refused quite emphatically to respond to the wish of Hiram that they shall be nonpartisan in state affairs—that is, nonpartisan in a Johnsonian sense. Nevertheless, Hiram has built and maintains a fine, cohesive organization, and he moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, and has excellent moving facilities at all times.

### The Old Guard Prepared to be Progressive

ON SECOND thought, it may be as well to consider the Progressives as a party before passing on to the Democracy. There is a distinction there, for no person must assume that because the Progressive Party, as such, seems to be disintegrating, the spirit and principle of progressivism is in any such condition. There is a vast difference between being a Bull Moose in politics and being a Progressive. One is political thought and conviction; the other is the seizure of that spirit for personal ends. If by any chance the men who will seek to control the nomination for President by the Republicans, for example, try to ignore this real progressivism, they will meet with another rebuke which, though it may not be organized as was the last one, will be quite effective. The fact of it is that the idea of progressivism, real progress, which protests the arbitrary control of our politics by self-constituted authorities, is not dead nor even sleeping. It dominates both the Republican and the Democratic Parties. If the Old Guard tries to put over any such convention as its latest one, in Chicago in 1912, the Old Guard will get its drubbing again. But the Old Guard will not. It will be discovered that the Old Guard will be progressive enough to suit, provided it will have any say in the matter, which is doubtful.

After the ghastly affair of 1912 I said in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that there never would be another convention like that. Recently some facetious writers have remarked, in view of the forthcoming conventions, that I said there would be no more conventions by the Republican Party. There never will be any more conventions like the one of 1912, for even that conservative organization, the Republican National Committee, seeking for light in the darkness, has voluntarily decided that it will not attempt to go behind the returns when delegates are elected at primaries, thus eliminating some six hundred delegates from its consideration when making the temporary roll, save as the returns direct; and the total number of delegates will be nine hundred odd. Now then, it will be reasonably difficult to control, through state bosses or otherwise, six hundred men elected delegates at primaries, although there undoubtedly will be some of them who can be so controlled. However, it is quite certain that the Republicans will be as progressive as is necessary, for they are desperately trying to win, and they want all the Bull Moose to return to the fold, and will offer whatever inducements may be desired.

### Roosevelt Workers in the West

OF THE Progressive Party *per se* one must judge by the results of 1914, the recent results in Massachusetts, and, perhaps as much as anything, by the actions of its leaders. For example, Mr. Victor Murdock, the chairman of the Progressive National Committee, is on his way to Europe to write pieces about the war for his paper. The secretary of the same committee, Mr. O. K. Davis, is writing pieces for his paper in Peking, China, and the leader of it, Mr. Roosevelt, is writing pieces for his paper in Oyster Bay. This sudden turning to literature by the executive heads of this organization, and far-away literature at that, in this crucial time may have its meaning.

There have been frequent stories that ambassadors from Mr. Roosevelt, or for him, whether from him or not, have been working in the West to secure delegates for Mr. Roosevelt for the next Republican convention. This may be true. I didn't find any trace of it, except in the conversation of scary old-line chaps who are afraid such a movement might have success in some measure, and in the hopes of some ardent Bull Moose that this might come to pass. I have no idea what Mr. Roosevelt's personal plans or ambitions are, but most of his former supporters in the West think he has no present desires in that line, and say that if he had, being somewhat of a politician, he would not have been quite so outspoken in his comments on certain phases of the European war.

The general opinion in the West is that the next campaign will be a straight-out fight between the Democrats and the Republicans, each as progressive as circumstances seem to demand. There is a feeling that there may be trouble for the Democrats in the stand taken by Mr. Bryan, a feeling accentuated by Mr. Bryan's manifesto on the day after the President made his speech at the Manhattan Club dinner in New York. Mr. Bryan is not so strong in the West as he was, but he is not so weak as his enemies say he is. If he is so inclined he can make a heap of annoyance for his former chief. Until he left the Cabinet there were many Democrats who were Bryan men before they were anything else. These have decreased in number, but they are not all gone yet. While Mr. Bryan was in the Cabinet his greatest value to the President was this very phase of our politics.

Mr. Bryan could, and did, control a number of senators and representatives on this personal basis, and by that control he helped facilitate the President's legislative program in many instances.

If he still retains control of those or a portion of them, which is to be developed, there will be a grand inside combat in the Democracy which the Republicans will aid and abet in every possible way. Mr. Bryan has other cards to play besides his opposition to the preparedness program of the President. There is that one-term plank in the Baltimore Platform, for example. A very close friend of Mr. Bryan's recently asked him what he intended to do about that. He refused to commit himself.

"That matter was never discussed by the President and myself," he said grimly.

It is a long time between December and midsummer, when presidential nominations will be made, but as things stand at present in the West there is no Democrat who does not concede a renomination to Mr. Wilson, one-term plank or no one-term plank. The situation, so far as the President is concerned, is this: He is personally very strong in the West. He is much stronger than his party. The Democracy depends on him for strength and popularity. He does not depend on the Democracy. That institution is held in no higher regard by the people than ever it was. Its leaders need not delude themselves about that.

Laying all other phases aside, the average man in the West, when discussing Mr. Wilson, is for him because "he kept us out of the war." Hence it is Mr. Wilson's task to continue keeping us out of the war. If this European struggle lasts until the next election the massive element of Mr. Wilson's strength will be the fact that he has kept us out of war, if he has, as is likely, and the disinclination of the people to swap horses when crossing a stream. They all say they are afraid that a new man might embroil us. Mr. Wilson has proved his mettle, and they will vote largely to retain him.

In the Western view, if the war should stop within a short time, say, or before the conventions, or even soon after them, the President, in a way, would cease to have the advantage of this feeling, and the politics of the country and of his campaign would turn on economic questions, on interior problems. If this forthcoming campaign gets on that ground—if the President cannot rely on preparedness and on adequate defense and on a present continuing record of "keeping us out of war"—he will have a much harder fight, its real strenuousness depending, of course, on the man who opposes him. Then, too, if Mr. Bryan should be so ardent in his opposition as to run independently or to put up some man to run independently there would be trouble that would be a pale replica of the Taft-Roosevelt split in 1912.

The war, our attitude toward it and preparedness are the main elements of Mr. Wilson's strength. If the war peters out as a political asset for the Democrats, and Mr. Wilson is obliged to combat the decrease in revenues, and the effect the tariff had before we began to make war munitions, and the sweeping of American ships from the Pacific by the Seamen's Act, and similar economic and interior questions, the West will forget to some extent that Mr. Wilson kept us out of war, which it now remembers so gratefully, and he will have a fight that will tax every resource of himself and his party.

### Which Way Will Mr. Bryan Jump?

THE Democrats realize this, for not a missionary from the Administration who goes West but preaches prosperity to them. They shout "Prosperity is here!" whenever their train stops. They exalt that blessed condition each time they make a speech, and they make speeches at all hours of the day and night. Peripatetic Cabinet members, sashaying back and forth across the continent, smile beatifically and spout glad words concerning the immense revival of business. Every Democratic orator has his cue. We've got to be prosperous whether we want to be or not. They are the apostles of optimism. They exude better times and the joyous tidings of them. They haven't made it stick as yet, except as to war munitions, but they have infinite hope and infinite patience, and they claim everything in sight. They've got to, for that is their only asset in case the war ceases to hold them up.

As the situation was when I was in the West in October and November, there was no thought among the Democrats that any other person besides Mr. Wilson would be even mentioned in the Democratic National Convention. Mr. Bryan's attitude, at last outspoken, may have changed this. It may be that Mr. Bryan, who was largely responsible for the nomination of Mr. Wilson at Baltimore, will oppose him next summer in the convention. That must develop. The people I talked with in all parts of the West did not give serious consideration to this contingency. Personally I do not think it is entitled to much consideration. Mr. Bryan may make some mischief; but, unless there is a most radical change, he cannot defeat the renomination of Mr. Wilson, and many of his closest friends do not think he will try. However, Mr. Bryan is more of an evangelist than he is statesman or politician, and he may feel he has the divine call to do what he can to stop adequate preparedness for war. On a question of that sort, with Mr. Bryan's temperament, there is no telling how he will jump. But he isn't so strong as he was, that is certain. And Mr. Wilson is very strong; that is certain also.

One feature of the situation is that the Republicans, chirked up by the results in 1914, and by the results of the elections this year, are criticizing the President more freely than they did at first. After their defeat in 1912 they were too dazed and despondent to do anything but hatch up plans to keep themselves and their party out of the morgue, and they had little to say concerning the President.

Now they are actively critical, and are seizing on any phase of alleged weakness or political maladroitness to make assaults on the President, and are full of resounding prophecies as to what they will do to him in the elections of 1916. And in some sections of the Democratic Party there is a tendency to be critical also. Spoils have not been distributed as equitably as some hoped, Republicans have been retained in office, and so on.

So far as the West is concerned, the gist of the situation at present is that if the war continues Mr. Wilson will have a large support, not only from his own party but from men of other shades of opinion. If the war stops, and Mr. Wilson's achievements become historical instead of being continuous, the aggregate mind of the people will come back instantly to home problems, largely economic, and the President will find himself in much harder case than is now apparent. The people—as people, and not as partisans—are for him. If it gets to be a partisan question, as the opposition will seek to make it and is now seeking to make it, then there will be more hurdles for the President to jump, both already existent and to be put up by his Congress just assembled, than his close friends think. You understand, of course, that this present Congress, though Democratic, is not so largely Democratic as the latest one was. Instead of a large majority there is a majority of less than thirty. Consequently, to cite only one element of danger, the Tammany Hall Representatives from New York will come mighty close to holding the balance of power, and Tammany Hall has no wild and enthusiastic love for Mr. Wilson, albeit Mr. Wilson is displaying a few symptoms of affection for Tammany Hall, as a recent New York appointment or two would seem to indicate.

At present the West concedes the renomination of Mr. Wilson, and its Democracy is for that renomination. No other person is mentioned. Hence the only vital question out there, so far as the nomination of Democrats is concerned, is who shall be named as vice president. There are two active candidates for this office—that is to say, subactive candidates. One is the present incumbent, the Honorable Thomas Riley Marshall, and the other is Senator James Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois. There was some fugitive statement in the press a time ago to the effect that the President was not desirous of running with Mr. Marshall again, and this brought forth a loud squawk from Mr. Marshall to the broad general effect that he was pained, grieved, astonished and amazed that there should be a hint that the relations between himself and the President were not cordial, even affectionate. The White House was sympathetic but not conclusive on the matter, when asked for an expression of opinion.

### *Wanted: A Good, Strong Man*

INSTANTLY Mr. Lewis cast his toupee into the ring. While, Mr. Lewis said, it was obviously impossible for a man—any man—to be an active candidate for so high and honorable an office, certain of his friends had taken the matter in hand, and it was obviously and equally impossible for him to restrain them. Wherefore he was of necessity impelled to allow the movement to proceed, he being a passive participant, and receptive, and doing nothing save getting as much advertising out of it as possible. Then came a suggestion that Brand Whitlock would be a good ticket companion for the President. His war record as Minister to Belgium, it was pointed out, was excellent. He is a progressive Democrat, and he comes from the right sort of a state geographically—Ohio.

These are about all the candidates at present. No enthusiasm is manifest in the West for any of them. Likely as not the sentimentalists at the Democratic convention will tearfully plead with the delegates to rename "the old ticket." But there is hope.

That completes the Democratic end of the situation as the West sees it, and brings us to the Republicans—and there are a considerable number of Republicans to be brought to. A modicum of patriots are endeavoring to thrill the West into passionate activity for themselves. Thus far the desire of these gentlemen to be nominated is largely confined to the individuals who are making the canvasses. The Republican sentiment in the West has expressed itself not much farther than the hope that the convention will name "some good, strong man." Casually glancing at the good, strong contingent in the Republican Party, it is seen that it is largely restricted—almost nonexistent in fact. Good, strong men in the Republican Party, men fitted for the presidency, are as scarce as can well be imagined. Which is the reason why a couple of men are always returned to when the question of candidates is under consideration. The fact is that if the Republican Party had a really "good, strong man," all would be over but the details at this exact moment. Unfortunately no such person impinges on the political horizon, which is the reason for the hurrying back and forth of various good, weak men who desire to be considered as candidates for the job.

When you approach any Republican leader or politician or former boss or interested Republican bystander in the West, and ask him: "Well, who are you going to nominate?" that person leads you aside and says hopefully:

"Hughes is a strong man."

"Will he run?"

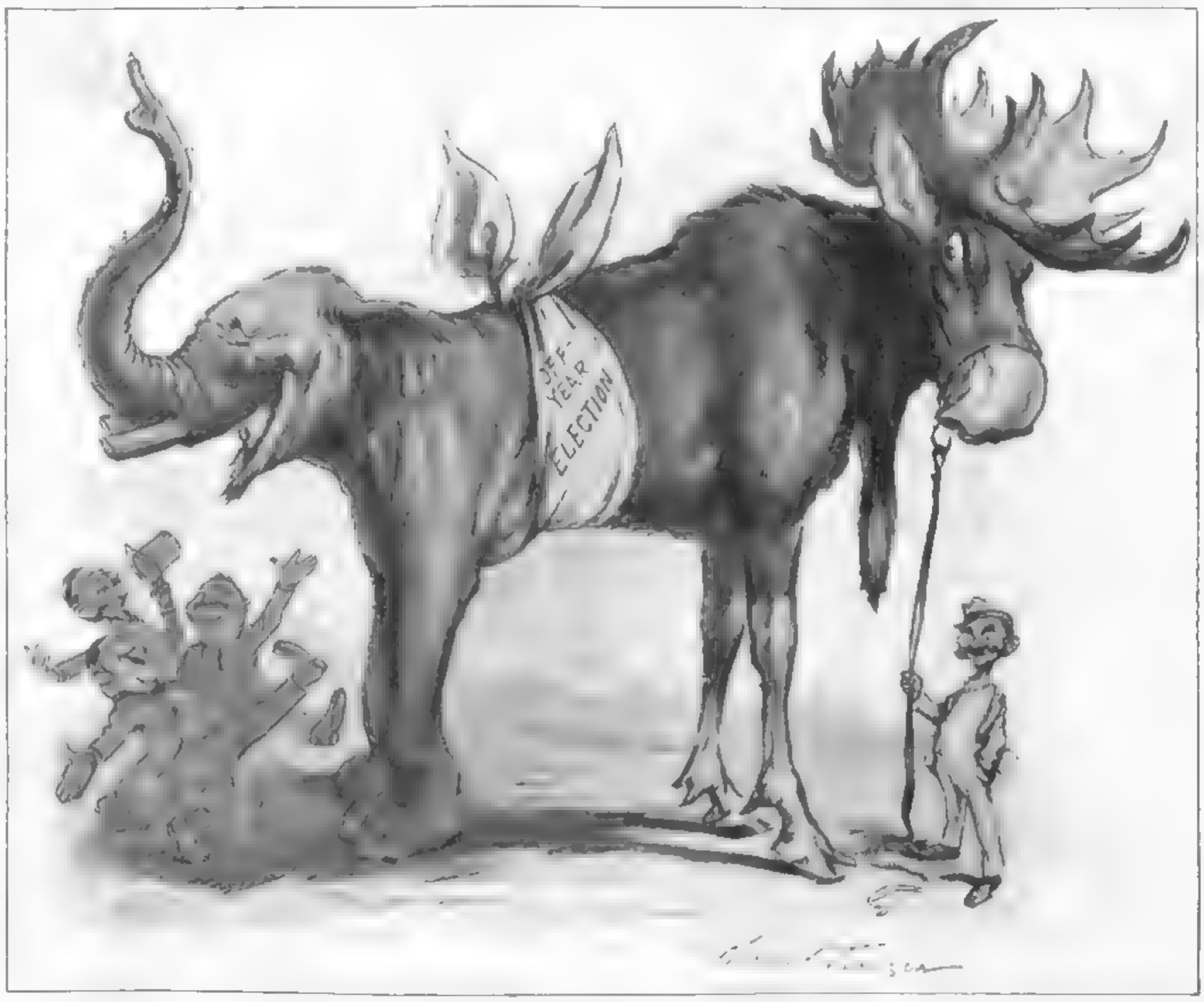
"I dunno, but he is a good, strong man."

One of the most interesting phases of our national politics is the large respect the average Republican voter has for Charles Evans Hughes, at present an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and formerly governor of the state of New York. It is coming to be a fetish; and the chances are that the wise Mr. Hughes intends to allow it to remain in that flattering situation—being always a potentiality but not actually a candidate.

Of course it could not be that a grave and dignified associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States would engage in an unseemly canvass for delegates. Senators and others of high estate can do that, but not an associate justice, and especially not Associate Justice Hughes, who put his great strength with the people to the test only twice, and would not have had the second opportunity had it not been for the friendly assistance of Theodore Roosevelt. It is much better to be a potentiality than an exploded phenom. Still, there are no two ways about it, the Republicans of this country, especially in the West, consider Hughes a Gibraltar of political prowess, and they are largely of the opinion that he is the one man who could give Mr. Wilson a hard fight. If enough of them get into the convention Mr. Hughes may have a chance.

### *What Will the Colonel Do?*

JUSTICE HUGHES has said he is not a candidate, of course, but he has never said he would not consent to be a nominee—that is, never so far as I have heard. Everywhere one goes one hears: "Hughes is a strong man." It is a fixed political principle with the Republicans, like protection. There is no Hughes movement nor any Hughes canvass. It is an imponderable thing, this strength of Hughes. The certainty of it exists, not on any explainable basis but rather as a tradition. Hughes is a strong man. Everybody says so, and sighs. They seem to take a sort of sad pleasure in speaking of his strength and of his unattainableness. They nurse it like a hidden joy. If he'd only run! And when one asks harshly: "Well, if Hughes is so strong, why don't you make him run?" they move away, frightened at the prospect. Make him run! The idea! He is a strong man, but beyond the sphere, in the higher atmosphere—a sort of sacrosanct asset that cannot be utilized. Nevertheless, I fancy Mr. Hughes would run if he were nominated, but there seems to be nothing to him as a prospective candidate but adoration and loyal conviction of his exceeding strength. He certainly has surrounded himself with a penumbra of power, or others have done it for him.




*Perfectly Mended!*

Then comes the question: "What's Teddy going to do?" Well, what is Teddy going to do? That is a query that is beyond the answering power of any person I know save Teddy himself; and I reckon that at this particular juncture he could not answer it to save his life. It is my opinion that Teddy is going to do what he has to do, and the imperativeness has not developed thus far. However, make no mistake about the Colonel, he has a heap of friends yet. And it is quite likely he will do something, even if it is only to spill the beans. Away back yonder, in a moment when his eye was in fine frenzy rolling, he issued a statement that Elihu Root was then the greatest statesman in captivity in our midst. Possibly the position Mr. Root took in that little affair in Chicago in 1912, when they pushed Mr. Taft over on the protesting proletariat, may have revised that opinion, but it is current in the West that Mr. Roosevelt would support Root. Of that later, however. As things stand now, the Colonel is skillfully maintaining himself as an unknown quantity—difficult for him to do, but being done nevertheless.

Hence by this easy progress we arrive at the case of Mr. William Howard Taft. There are certain of our Western seers and wise men who affect to see in the journeyings of Mr. Taft back and forth across our fair land, and his frequent stoppages to emit, in well-chosen words, his opinions on various national topics, a plan in his mind

*(Continued on Page 38)*

# The Last Cruise of the John L.

## By Leavitt Ashley Knight

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SWISH! hissed the cane of Timothy Q. Wiggins on the documents Big Bill Robinson and I were studying in the cool cabin aboard the Uncle Sam boat that had hurried Timothy Q. down to Zamboanga, some two weeks past, to nose into the mysteries of Black Smoke.

Fast and far across Mindanao, Black Smoke had been spreading while Manila scribbled vain edicts against it. Forty of Uncle Sam's two-legged bloodhounds, under James Higgins, alias myself, had worn themselves to skin and bones guarding Mindanao's ten thousand miles of swamp-embroidered coast and a jumble of jungle about the size of Ohio. Somehow we fell down on the job. The datos continued to suck the charred *chandu* under our noses; the Bajaus—sea gypsies—puffed their cheaper *madat;* and coolies incinerated whole mountains of *nai chai*—the opium dirt scraped from the calico filters beyond China Sea.

Where the dope all came from, only Allah knew; so Manila grew peevish and sent down Timothy Q. Timothy Q.'s fat, flabby nose poked about for a fortnight and, discovering nothing new, also grew peevish. Whereupon Timothy Q. doubled his rations of brandy-and-soda, and took to switching his bamboo cane at us Secret Service men.

It gave Big Bill and me the fidgets; for when Timothy Q. grows peevish he is given to doing things that newspapers back in God's Country would love to print but seldom get the chance to. This pig-eyed special agent was the last of the rotten old crowd that hit the Philippines like a plague of locusts away back in the days of Aguinaldo. A camp follower he was; and then an underground man picking up rewards for trapping rebel chiefs and bandits by trickery. Somewhere he got a pull, and Manila set him at fatter jobs, such as nipping young insurrections, which same Timothy Q. managed in his own private way, with water and funnels, and monkey wrenches slowly screwed on wrists until the object of his attention turned black.

Of late he had been hanging on to his job by the teeth. His methods are not stylish any more, you see, even among the *ladrones.* So he had been growing more cunning and more subtly cruel, men said.

"Pack of blockheads!" screamed Timothy Q. out of the fullness of his brandy-and-soda breakfast. And down swished his cane again. "I'm through with you! I leave for Manila on Friday. And the opium peddler goes with me—see? If you don't nail him within two days I'll pick up the first bad looker who crosses my trail. And he'll do his twenty years! I'm not the man to fall down on a big job because of a pack of Secret Service fools. It's a ——"

His rage was cut short by the most preposterous racket that ever shook the lazy air round Sulu Sea. It came from near at hand—three hideous sirens whistling a wild trio.

"What the devil ——" I blurted.

The sirens ceased sharply. And then came the earsplitting tumult of a steam calliope. Yes, sir! The old-fashioned calliope I used to follow down Main Street on circus day in old Vermont! Lordy, but it almost brought back a whiff of the elephants and hot pop corn! And what was the contraption tooting? A Hot Time in the Old Town! Yes, sir! The very tune the newsboys were whistling the day I climbed aboard the transport, fourteen years ago, and left God's Country for this Uplift job. 'Twas like a voice from the tomb, that tune!

"Haw!" Big Bill Robinson guffawed, and then muzzled himself out of regard for Timothy Q.'s bad grouch; for Big Bill is a gentleman from a fine old Pennsylvania family, with money and brains; and he won't be a cub under me long, for he's headed up the ladder fast, seeing that his family has political pull strong enough to swing the German vote for prohibition.

"Haw, haw, haw! Whoop 'er up, boys! And don't feed the elephant red pepper! This way to the side show!" I cackled, being no gentleman but a mere truckman who's worked up through khaki to Secret Service.

"Shut up, you hunk of dirt!" Timothy Q. screamed. "Go stop that infernal noise! Damn it! It drives me mad! I'll horsewhip those niggers."

I scuttled out, glad to escape; for I've seen white men in the tropics blow up like a firecracker, after two brandy-and-sodas, and shoot a Negrito dead because he wore a yellow feather in his hair. I wasn't going to take any chances with Timothy Q.—not I!

Big Bill followed me out on the dock; and what did we see? Toward us, over the planks blistered by the morning sun, came running all yellow and brown Zamboanga, like ten thousand small boys after a hand organ and monkey. And plump across the dock from Timothy Q.'s boat lay a strange, shiny tramp steamer barely big enough to snout through head seas and barely small enough to squirm between our coral reefs. In big gilt letters at the bow we read its name, John L.

*Bill Handed Him the Dispatch*

Amidships, near the funnel and shaded by a green awning, stood the wonderful calliope. Under the awning a slim girl sat, pressing the keys of the toot factory. Marching down a gangplank were some fifteen coolies, bearing big boxes on their heads; and at the foot of the gangplank a sedate gentleman, checking off the boxes.

The sedate gentleman struck me as being a retired Scotch missionary. A fine head he had, with close-cropped iron-gray hair, smallish ears, and a firm, heavy jaw. He carried himself like a man accustomed to appearing before the public—erect and at ease, and not the least flustered by the mob his tooting had drawn.

"Huh! Some more Uplift!" howled Big Bill above the din. "'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.' This missionary's trying toots instead of tracts. Good idea!"

We marched up and introduced ourselves as local dignitaries. Inside of ten minutes we learned that we were speaking with one Thaddeus Macfarlane, lately of God's Country and now on a cruise round the archipelago for his nerves. He was paying his way by peddling mouth organs, banjos, mandolins, guitars and other harmonious supplies. It was a very profitable business, said he; the natives were music-mad, as we all know; and the minute they set eyes on his beautiful Yankee instruments they clean forgot the difference between a dime and a dollar.

"And when Polly plays the guitar"—he smiled—"they forget the difference between a dime and ten dollars. Polly's sold eighty guitars in two months. Polly's my daughter, gentlemen." And he waved proudly at the white figure at the calliope.

"She's a smart girl. That steam organ is her idea. It brings out the crowds every time. At the small islands it saves us the trouble of docking and handling goods ashore. Polly draws the population out to us in their boats."

"What's the idea? Landing all this stuff?" asked Big Bill politely.

"I'm opening a shop in Zamboanga," Mr. Macfarlane explained. "It's a trade center, your town is. And I may as well tell you I'm thinking seriously of taking a bungalow here—for a year or so. Polly ought to have a home ashore. Tripping round is all right for a while, you know; but a girl who is twenty-two and pretty, and full of life, mustn't be cut off from her kind."

"Very true, sir," said I. "Zamboanga will welcome her. We need somebody fresh from God's Country to perk us up."

And I began to enumerate the advantages of Zamboanga as a residential town, when—swish! swish!—over the dock came hissing my temporary boss, Timothy Q., and his overworked cane, just as the calliope monster started the Angel's Serenade.

"Stop that accursed racket!" screamed Timothy Q., and flashed his cane under the music peddler's nose. "I'll give you one minute."

"And then?" Mr. Macfarlane inquired pleasantly.

"I'll smash you and your rotten machine if you don't shut up!" Timothy Q. foamed, like an overdriven horse.

"Gentlemen"—Mr. Macfarlane turned to Big Bill and me—"who is this person?"

And the Scotch missionary we had seen vanished. In his place stood a giant, taller than Big Bill, who grazes six foot two; a giant with a neck thicker than mine, which would fetch a pretty penny in any Igorot butcher's shop; a giant bubbling over with energy such as you seldom see beneath gray hairs.

"Man!" I almost cried aloud. "What did you say? That you were traveling for your nerves? If ever you had them you must have lost them overboard in a storm."

Bill beat me out, for he's a gentleman who remembers his manners.

"Mr. Macfarlane, Mr. Wiggins!" he introduced the pair graciously. "Mr. Wiggins has nerves, same as you. The noise disturbs him—and he has some hard work this morning."

"I beg your pardon, sir." Mr. Macfarlane bowed deeply. "Polly! Polly, my dear! Please stop!"

The girl looked round in surprise, regretfully left the keys and came down to the dock, where her father introduced her with a fine flutter of pride. And well he might, for she was the sweetest lass my old eyes had looked on in many a day. She swept up to us with a long, free stride, and looked us over through calm, brave, well-mannered blue eyes.

Big Bill tried to monopolize those eyes, but failed. The girl no sooner spied Timothy Q. than she fixed her shrewd gaze immovably on his fat, flabby nose, his wry mug and his pig eyes. Timothy Q. missed her attentions, for the special agent was staring hard at her father—so hard, in fact, that he forgot his rage.

"What's your game now?" he demanded of the toot merchant.

"Game? Now?" Mr. Macfarlane frowned coldly. "I've no game. I don't approve of slick business, sir. I'm selling honest banjos and honest mandolins, and ——"

"Pah!" sneered Timothy Q. "Higgins, I want to see you." And he swung on his heel back to his boat, I following.

"What did that crook tell you before I came out?" Timothy Q. demanded, once we were within his cabin. "I've seen that fellow—somewhere. It was back in the States, I think. But where? And what the devil was he doing? I know that mug of his well. He's a crook, sure as shooting—and the crook we're looking for."

"Now see here!" I blurted.

"Blind! Blind as Palawan cave bats, all you Secret Service!" Timothy Q. bubbled as he sipped his brandy-and-soda. "The whole layout is as plain as day. He's got a fast little coaster. He has a legitimate business—that's a blind as usual. It's a business that keeps him cruising—that's right too. The woman does the regular China Coast trick—shoves the paste to the swells in hotel lobbies and drives in her glad rags through the parks. But the smoothest article is that horrible calliope. That's the touch of a master hand, Higgins. You don't see through it, you poor fool, do you? Why, it's a signal to the crook's confederates ashore! He plays A Hot Time!—and that'll mean, let us say, that there are officers round and nobody is to come for Black Smoke. He plays Hail, Columbia!—and that'll mean: 'Come at midnight, with two red lights at your bow.' And so on."

"Mr. Wiggins," I broke in, "no dope peddler would tie up fifty feet from your boat ——"

"Fool! Fool!" Timothy Q. cackled, and wigwagged his glass with a mildly drunken lurch. "The smart ones always go where Secret Service idiots least expect them. Now listen to orders, Huh-huh-Higgins! Trail that pair. They'll prob'ly go uptown. Stick by 'em! Hear me?"

"And then ——"

"Come back to me. I'll catch 'em with the goods then. Red-handed! I'll find a case of paste on the John L., or my name's not Wiggins. The John L. has gone on her last cruise! She—she'll—er—make a lov'ly little fishing steamer for me. Get out o' here, Higgins!"

I got—seeing red, as I ran onto the dock, too; for I saw through Timothy Q.'s program. It was an old program—as old as Asia. Down in the bottom of his storeroom lay three chests of prime India excise opium, which my bloodhounds had seized in a raid. Fifty feet away lay the unguarded gangplank of the John L. Timothy Q. was going to slip the Black Smoke aboard the toot ship, discover the stuff later with proper witnesses and hullabaloo, and sail back to Manila with Macfarlane in irons and the fame of Timothy Q. considerably refurbished. It was all too easy and too much like Timothy Q.!

On the dock I found only Big Bill. The Macfarlanes had gone to town, trailing all Zamboanga behind them; so I told my cub about the impending frame-up. "Higgins"—Big Bill slapped me a wicked one—"put some of your Moro friends under the dock on guard. If there's a frame-up coming we want witnesses."

*Came Running All Yellow and Brown Zamboanga*

"Good boy!" said I. And in a whisk I had ten trusty brown pals of mine who live in the warm blue harbor water. The little imps took their orders with glee and swore they'd watch all sides of the John L., including the keel, until I returned. Then Big Bill and I set off for the new music store.

"Now why," asked my cub on the way, "should a fine gentleman like Mr. Macfarlane be peddling mouth organs to Moros? And why should he drag that pretty daughter along with him?"

"Infant"—I touched his arm earnestly—"never ask that of any white man in this particular section of God's green pasture. It's best unanswered. Why is fat Jimmie Fagan keeping books in the old hemp warehouse when, so far as learning and wit goes, he might be lecturing at Harvard on Greek art? Why did Redhead Bowen, of the constabulary, who knows admiralty law backward and forward, ask to be sent to the Manobos, in the wildest mountains of the island? Why is Timothy Q. out here, when he might be running a gold-dollar saloon in San Francisco? Don't pry, boy! There must be graveyards for the living as well as for the dead. And Mindanao is a mighty good one."

"You don't think ——" Big Bill paled.

"No, sir! I quit thinking years ago," said I. "But when I make a guess about these Macfarlanes I want some stout props under it. You and I've got to pump them, Bill. That's the surest way to find out something that'll foil old Timothy Q. There's nothing like an alibi. Let's find out where they've been during the past six months. You take the old gentleman out to tiffin and pump him dry. I'll do the same with Polly."

"You?" Big Bill eyed me mournfully. "You're too raw to eat curry with a nice girl. You're a Moro! You'd forget and stick your fingers into the chutney bottle, and you'd drink *cha* out of a saucer. No, Higgins; you take her father."

"How thoughtful of you!" was all I said; but I did considerable thinking all the way to the music store.

Polly, in a blue apron, was dusting off shelves while her father passed up accordions to her. The girl's eyes ate Bill alive as he swung in. You don't understand that? Well, that's because you've never come, as I have, on a white man far back in the jungle who hasn't seen a white face for a year. The poor girl was starving for the mere sight of her own kind. She wouldn't hold those pretty eyes in check at all!

Big Bill was the most willing lamb ever led to slaughter. I had to mention tiffin four times as loudly as Polly's calliope before he quit chatting with the girl and got down to the business of asking her over to the Empire Club for curry and tea.

The old gentleman came along, too, of course. We couldn't pry him loose from the girl. He watched her as a nursemaid watches a millionaire kid in the park.

When Bill tried to draw her aside to a tête-à-tête the father blocked him with the skill of a French diplomat. It wasn't until after tiffin that I found the wit to say that Big Bill was our tennis champion, and wouldn't Polly like a go on our shaded court while her father read our old newspapers?

"I haven't seen a sheet for five months!" Mr. Macfarlane cried hungrily. "You really have some? Are the Cubs leading? Does Matty still hold out?"

Well, I gathered all the old journals into his lap, and for an hour he quite forgot that he was a mother hen whose chick had scampered out of sight. Only once did he open his mouth, and then it was to ask me who was the fellow named Willard who had beaten Jack Johnson in Havana.

"Dear me!" He smiled sadly after I had told what little I knew of the White Hope. "I'm getting old and out of the race of life. Think of it! Not even knowing this Willard boy by name! Why, sir, ten years ago I could have named offhand ——" Right there he stopped short and buried himself in the paper.

While I smoked away, wondering whether Timothy Q. had slipped that case of opium aboard the John L. yet,

in strolled a lieutenant and his wife—I won't do them the honor to mention their names. After introductions I said: "Mr. Macfarlane is to join our colony. He's opening a music store."

"Oh! The man who tooted that calliope and marched the coolies through the street a while ago?" The lieutenant's wife lifted her eyebrows in polite horror.

"The same," I piped up cheerily. "And how his daughter Polly can rip off the old tunes on that darned thing! And sell guitars too! How many guitars did you say she sold, Mr. Macfarlane?"

But the lady didn't wait to hear. She swept her husband to the farthest table at the farthest end of the veranda and sat down with her back toward us. It was the first time in my life that I'd ever been party of the second part in a snubbing affray; and—believe me—the frost was thick enough to scrape with a snow plow!

Now, as Big Bill admits, I'm no gentleman of manners; so what did I do but blurt out at high temperature:

"For a first-class snob give me an officer's wife in a small garrison! She thinks the whole world of mere business people is a rug for her to walk on. Somebody ought to make her stand in the corner and go to bed without supper!"

"This brings me to a question I've been wanting to ask," Mr. Macfarlane spoke up, as unruffled and as pleasant as a head waiter. "Are there nice folks in Zamboanga? Men and women who will treat my Polly like a lady? And who won't turn up their noses at her because her dad isn't the Governor-General?"

"Plenty of them," I assured him. "Some of the army folks can see beyond their sleevebands. Our doctors and nurses in the big hospital are pure gold. There's a bunch of teachers who are real humans. Megga, the missionary, and his crowd always have glad hands out to welcome the newcomer. All they ask is that the newcomer won't stick a kris between their ribs or run off with the church collection."

"That's good!" The music peddler smiled with gravity. "It's not for myself that I care. It's for Polly. Polly must have a fair chance in life. People must be decent to her."

"They can't help being that. She's a mighty nice girl, as anybody can see."

"Can't they help it?" A change came over my companion's whole body. He threw down his paper and thrust his heavy jaw outward as he leaned toward me, a savage, bitter glint in his steady, swift eyes. "Mr. Higgins! I left the States because people did to Polly what that silly woman just did to me. Polly doesn't worry about it—she's too young and too jolly; but I know what it means to a young girl! It got on my nerves—it did!"

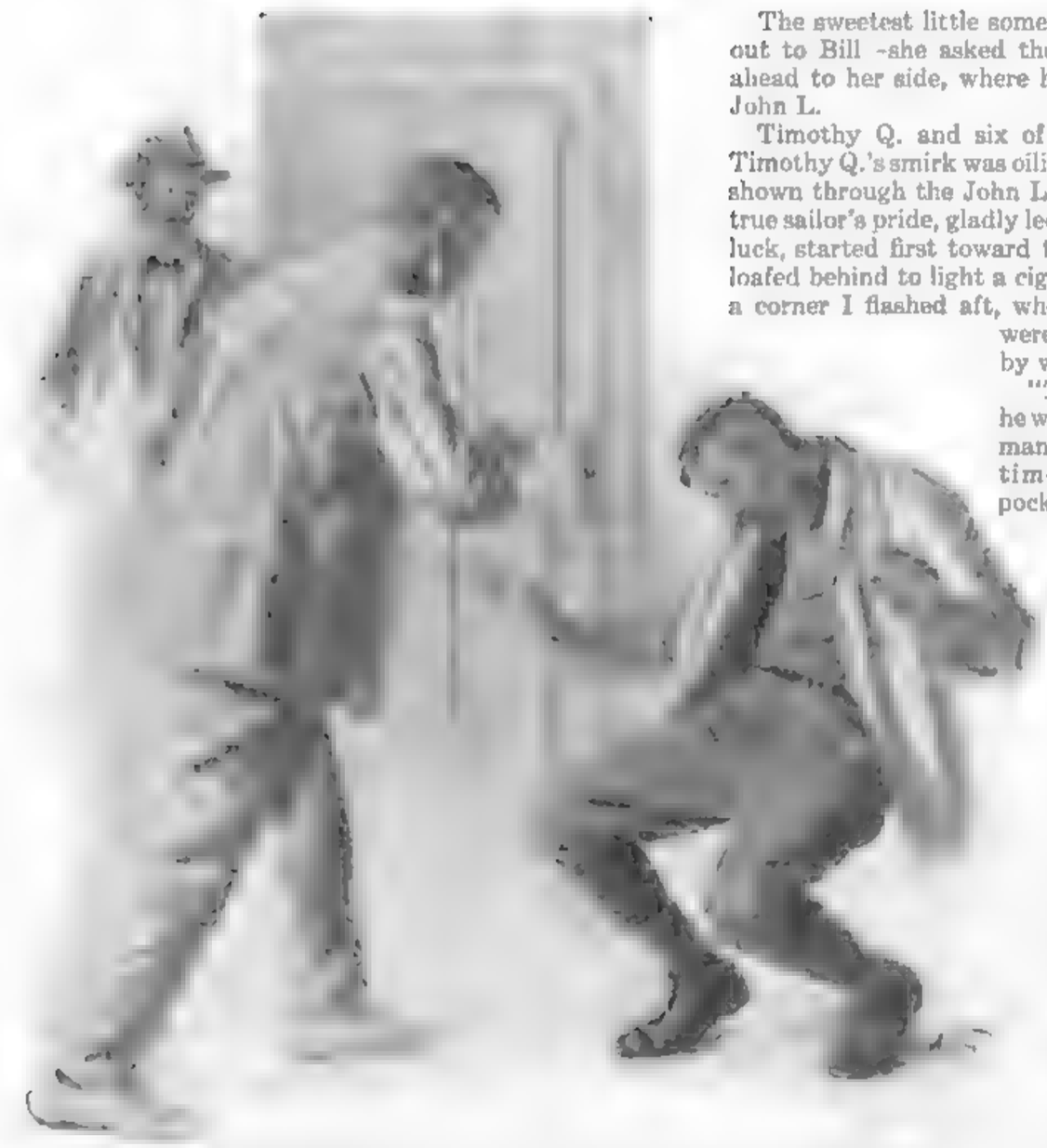
"Huh!" I mused, hiding my interest as best I could. "Why should anybody snub Polly? Must be a case of envy. She's a beauty, your little girl, if I may say so."

He dodged my question smoothly.

"The women back in the States are a pack of stuck-ups!" he growled, less like a gentleman than ever before. "They've a lot of wishy-washy notions in their empty heads. And the men—most of the younger ones—are quite as bad. But, forgive me, sir; I didn't mean to bore you with my favorite grouch. You honestly think, though, that some people might receive Polly as nicely as this Mr. Robinson has?" The old fellow actually blushed.

"As surely as Big Bill's a gentleman," I vowed.

"By the way, who is he?" The toot peddler ill concealed his eagerness.



*Then Something Happened—It Began in Mr. Macfarlane's Right Arm*

"Old Pennsy! Sound sense, thrift, brains, money—and pull," I explained. "Pull enough to compel W. J. Bryan to drink absinth at a W. C. T. U. convention. He'll be in Manila some fine day. And he'll ——"

Right there in blew Big Bill himself and Polly; so I shut up, and soon the four of us headed for the John L., Big Bill and I managing for a little distance to walk behind.

"Bill," said I, "I'm worried. He's been cussing out God's Country. And never yet did I hear a man do that but that God's Country had cursed him out first—with an indictment or a foreclosure, or at least a noisy first-page story in the yellow journals. Also, he dodged telling me the fuss Polly got into back there."

"Polly in a fuss?" Big Bill scowled at me. "What you giving us?"

"She doesn't look like a shoplifter"—I shook my head—"or like a divorcée."

"Cut that talk out!" Big Bill nearly lost his temper. "He's been stuffing you, the old codger has! It's he who's been doing dark things—I got it out of her. She was as innocent and pure as—as ——"

"Call it driven snow." I grinned at his flushed face. "Or as pure as certified milk. Now go ahead, cub! You worked the pump after priming it with hot tea. And what came out?"

"She says he's shifted her for the last five years," said Big Bill worriedly, "from town to town on a day's notice. It began soon after her mother died. He said he had nerves—got tired of staying put and simply had to have a change of scene."

"Nerves! Rot!" I broke in softly. "That man is made of iron. Haven't you noticed his neck? And the way he carries himself?"

"Of course it's a lie!" Big Bill groaned in genuine misery. "The last town they were in was St. Louis. Polly was just beginning to make friends and feel at home. Home he came, late one night, and began packing up. He didn't know where he was going. He seemed angry, she said. They drifted down to New Orleans and bought their boat, which he rechristened; and for nearly a year they've been afloat. Now what do you make of that?"

"I'm beginning to fear," I groaned, "that Timothy Q. Wiggins was telling the truth when he said he'd seen Mr. Macfarlane somewhere. No man of his cast and quality peddles mouth organs to savages without a reason—and a scorching hot one!"

"Higgins," Big Bill snarled, using his paw as a muffler over his hot-air exhaust, "we've got to get that girl away from him. It's wicked, the way he's dragging her round these God-forsaken, fever-stung islands—making her play that calliope and ——"

"You feel sure, then," I asked solemnly, "that she isn't an escaped shoplifter?"

"I'd swat you for that if I didn't know you were a natural-born jackass!" The youth showed his teeth dog-fashion. "She's the sweetest little ——"

The sweetest little something broke in there by calling out to Bill—she asked the way, I think. And Bill ran ahead to her side, where he stayed until we reached the John L.

Timothy Q. and six of his constabulary awaited us. Timothy Q.'s smirk was oilier than usual as he begged to be shown through the John L. Mr. Macfarlane, aglow with true sailor's pride, gladly led the party aboard and, by pure luck, started first toward the engine room. As for me, I loafed behind to light a cigar; and as soon as they turned a corner I flashed aft, where two of my Moro watchers were complacently shooting craps by way of uplift.

"*Tuan*," said they, "the *pegawei*—he with the long soft nose—did bring many little packages aboard. Six times he came with bulging pockets and six times he left with empty ones. Come this way, *Tuan*."

They led me stealthily to a small storeroom. They pointed to a tarpaulin. I lifted it and dragged forth six sizable boxes packed to the brim with the familiar one-pound cakes, smothered in powdered poppy leaves. The next minute about two thousand dollars' worth of Black Smoke sailed down through forty feet of crystal-blue water and lodged along a coral ledge, where a party of dogfish investigated it. What they decided about it I don't know, for I hurried back to Mr. Macfarlane's party, which I managed to rejoin without Timothy Q.'s noting my brief absence.

In time we came to the storeroom on our tour.

"What funny little boxes!" observed Timothy Q. as his cane flipped aside the tarpaulin. "What's in them?"

"Huh! I don't recall those!" Mr. Macfarlane exclaimed. And he threw off their covers. "They're empty. Some of the crew must have left them here. Now we'll go up to the officers' deck."

Timothy Q. went black as a typhoon sky, but he was too dumfounded to say a word. In a stupor of rage he trailed along, the top of his ugly nose twitching, while Mr. Macfarlane pointed out the fine features of the John L.

"Show us what's in here!" Timothy Q. roused as his guide led us past a closed door.

"That, sir, is my own room. There's nothing to see in there." Mr. Macfarlane spoke sharply and moved along.

"Open up!" roared Timothy Q.

"Excuse me, but is this a visit or a search?"

Mr. Macfarlane whirled at the special agent with the speed of a top and something of a top's hum in his voice.

"It's a search," Timothy Q. began, and ripped out a sulphurous oath.

"Allow me to warn you, sir"—the toot merchant darkened—"that my daughter is present. You will use the language of a gentleman, please. Now what manner of search is this?"

"I'm here after sea gyps like you," snarled Timothy Q. "Hand over your keys—fast!"

"That's right, sir," I spoke up, to save trouble; and I told all about the big opium investigation and Timothy Q.'s powers.

"I beg your pardon, sir." Mr. Macfarlane bowed stiffly to Timothy Q. as he passed over a great bunch of keys. "But you might have gained your end more agreeably."

"To hell with agreeable!" Timothy Q. exploded as he opened Mr. Macfarlane's door.

"Polly, my dear"—the father slipped her arm through his and moved away—"I think this gentleman has something to say that you shouldn't hear."

"Halt, you!" yelled Timothy Q. "Pretty slick! While I'm searching here you'll sneak off and chuck the paste overboard. Heh! Robinson!" He snapped his fingers at Big Bill, who was shaking with rage. "Stand guard over these crooks! If they move off, shoot!" And into Mr. Macfarlane's room he strode.

"Never mind!" Big Bill muttered to Polly, who stared after Timothy Q. with troubled eyes. "He'll find nothing—and then he'll have to leave. Please stand still. 'Twill make things easier."

"Here, you! Which key opens this door?" shouted Timothy Q.

And, peering in, we saw him rattling the knob of a door that led off the main room.

"For that door," said Mr. Macfarlane quietly, "there is no key."

"That's dad's dry-storage room," Polly called out nervously. "He keeps violin strings and some fine instruments in there—the damp mustn't get at them. There's nothing else there, Mr. Wiggins."

For answer the special agent flung his heavy bulk against the barred entrance, and the hinges creaked for about one-ten-thousandth of a second. Then something happened—what, I don't know; but it began in Mr. Macfarlane's right arm as he flashed into his cabin; and it ended, perhaps a hundredth of a second later, with Timothy Q. in a huddle on the floor, his jaw shattered as with a sledge hammer.

A nasty lump stuck out, hard and bluish, beside his left ear, while his wicked throat went blub-blub-blub—for all the world like a soda bottle being emptied. He lay there, more like an armful of old clothes than like a man. And above him, his back against the locked door, Mr. Macfarlane contemplated his handiwork ruefully.

"I regret this exceedingly, gentlemen," he said to us; "but my rare violins simply cannot be exposed to this Philippine air. I give you my word of honor, there is neither opium nor any other contraband in ——"

The six men of the constabulary leaped on him. The first two he hurled back with the most terrible full-arm smashes I ever saw. The poor soldiers, who were only doing their duty, dropped, stunned and stiff; but the next two grappled—one high, one low. And the last pair flung themselves clean through the door, ripping it off its hinges. Corking teamwork—the real Mindanao stuff—that was!

Into the forbidden room I leaped, while its owner and his two assailants grunted and writhed like *carabaos* caught by a python.

And what did I see? A row of bookcases full of Shakspere, Thackeray, and a lot of other serious stuff; above the cases four walls solid with pictures and curios; a whopping photo of John L. Sullivan, peerless pug of the old days, and across it the words: "To Friend Tad"; another photo—I think it was of Corbett—he who took the belt from John L.; and on the bottom of it: "To the finest gentleman who ever left the ring unbeaten"; a frame inclosing a pink newspaper sheet showing two huskies thumping each other before a hilarious multitude—"Terrible Tad trimming Klondike Charley. Denver. July 14"; three gilt frames, in each a belt with an engraved gold buckle; three pictures of Polly: Polly, a little girl, wistfully hugging a kitten; Polly, a lanky high-school miss, haughtily holding a book; and Polly, the bursting blossom of beauty, peeking over an armful of chrysanthemums with dream-drenched eyes.

In each upper corner of the room was a pair of hard little boxing gloves, one of them stained an ugly black; and over a small desk a faded photo of a sweet, wide-eyed woman, plainly Polly's mother; and, beside it, another faded one of a

*Six Sizable Boxes Packed With One-Pound Cakes, Smothered in Powdered Poppy Leaves*

burly giant in black trunks, his bare arms folded so as to bulge the biceps, and his head flung back in defiance to all comers. Across the bottom of this picture was pasted a yellowed newspaper headline: "Terrible Tad Retires From Ring. All Lovers of the Manly Art Mourn."

The burly giant was my friend, the toot merchant—ten years younger, ten years bolder; but unmistakably Mr. Macfarlane.

"Well, I'll be ——"

The words died on my lips, for up to the door came Polly, crying to us:

"Oh, please get out! You're only spoiling all of dad's——" She stopped as she looked round. "Why, dad, you said it was dry storage! Where are the violins?"

One grasshopper jump I made and rudely shoved her out.

"Excuse me, miss!" I stuck my face into hers. "Orders are orders. We can't allow you in here while we are searching." And I slammed the door in her face.

Then I turned to the soldiers and told them it was plain the old gentleman had been hiding his past from the girl, and that we had no right to spoil his deceit, as he probably had good reason for it. I made them promise to keep their fool mouths shut; and then I ripped those telltale pictures off the wall and hid them in a clothes closet.

Well, we lugged Timothy Q. to his cabin and put him to bed, where Polly insisted on nursing the scoundrel. Big Bill also did some insisting. He said he had orders to guard her and he couldn't leave until Timothy Q. said so—and T. Q. was under an opiate.

"You old humbug!" I cackled at him. And then, to make sure the girl hadn't seen too much, I said to her: "That was a good joke about that dry-storage room, wasn't it? A man loves to have a den where womenfolks can't intrude."

"Funny old dad!" she laughed. "He's always been afraid I'd lose his old books."

Back to the John L. I hurried, where the soldiers had the once Terrible Tad in irons, and ordered them to set him free, I being now in command of affairs until Timothy Q. came to. Then I took him aside and told him the girl hadn't seen anything.

"What of it?" he said bitterly. "The news will get round. It always does, sooner or later."

"Oh, no, it won't," I cheered him; "but, even if it should, what's the harm?"

"For me, none," he answered. "But, Polly! What's the daughter of an old pug to do? Who'll take her to dances? Bartenders and bookies! Who'll marry her? A bartender or a bookie! They may be good-enough men, but Polly's educated above them. I've sent her to the best schools. She's well read. She has taste. She plays beautifully. I want to see her break into the right crowd. My old crowd—the ringside boys—aren't for her. I've headed Polly uphill. I want her to live as her mother and father couldn't. She must have the best there is."

"Well, don't come to Zamboanga for it," I laughed. "Go back to God's Country."

"I'm in her way back there, Mr. Higgins." The man's voice shook. "All the policemen remember Terrible Tad. Every bartender knows him. I can't go to a ball game without somebody spying me. You see, I made the mistake of always doing my best to be as good a gentleman as I was a fighter, and it brought me too many friends. They don't mean to harm me, but they do. They're always bobbing up—asking me to referee an amateur bout, or to appear at a benefit, or to coach a new White Hope, or to speak at a dinner. Then it gets round that Polly is the daughter of a notorious old pug—and slam! go the doors of the best homes in her face.

"I've been through hell these past five years!" The man set his teeth hard together. "I couldn't tell Polly. And I couldn't say to my old pals: 'You're queering me, boys. Get out and stay out!' So I've had to grin and bear it. I'd rather have taken ten years of body blows, Mr. Higgins! I've moved from town to town—but what's the use? It's only a matter of months before somebody bumps into me on the street and yells: 'Well, what do you know about this? If here ain't our old Tad!' I try to duck without being rude—but it never works. They drag me out to a dinner or they come round and call—and then the jig's up once more."

"Mr. Terrible Tad," I observed, "the moral of all this seems to be that you're too much of a gentleman. Why didn't you up and biff the blokes in the soft spots when they butted in?

"I guess they'd have kept their distance then."

"But a man can't hand a rough one to a friend," he protested angrily, "especially to a friend who's only showing he's glad to see you."

"Well, cheer up!" I shifted, seeing that argument was useless with the finest gentleman who ever left the ring unbeaten. "No friend will bother you here. I've sewed up those soldiers, and I advise you to burn those pictures I jammed into your closet."

"I was foolish to bring them along," said he; "but it's very hard for a man to cut himself off altogether from his past."

"Well, you've got to do it from now on," I retorted. "You and your Polly are coming with us to the club for dinner to-night, and to a band concert afterward. And, don't forget—there may be a few stiffs there who'll stick up their noses at a music dealer, but the bunch will come round when they see that Big Bill is sponsor for Polly. Big Bill's uncle is a United States senator. His father owns twenty-nine coal mines and six congressmen. His cousin is on the Strategy Board of the Navy. And his mother is chief of the Social Strategy Board of Philadelphia. By the

(Continued on Page 35)

# SEA-GULLIBLES

By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

IN THIS age of prose, when men's hearts turn point-blank from blank verse to the business of chaining two worlds by cable and of daring to fly with birds; when scholars, ever busy with the dead, are suffering crick in the neck from looking backward to the good old days when Romance wore a tin helmet on his head or lace in his sleeves—in such an age Simon Binswanger first beheld the high-flung torch of Goddess Liberty from the fore of the steerage deck of a wooden ship, his small body huddled in the sag of calico skirt between his mother's knees, and the sky line and clotheslines of the Lower East Side dawning upon his uncomprehending eyes.

Some decades later, and with an endurance stroke that far outclassed classic Leander's, Simon Binswanger had swum the great Hellespont that surged between the Lower East Side and the Upper West Side, and, trolling his family after, landed them in one of those stucco-fronted, elevator-service apartment houses where home life is lived on the layer, and the sins of the extension-sole and the self-playing piano are visited upon the neighbor below. Landed them four stories high and dry in a strictly modern apartment house of three dark, square bedrooms, a square dining room ventilated by an air shaft, and a square pocket of a kitchen that looked out upon a zigzag of fire-escape. And last a square front-room-de-résistance, with a bay of four windows overlooking a distant segment of Hudson River, an imitation stucco mantelpiece, a crystal chandelier and an air of complete detachment from its curtailed rear.

But even among the false creations of exterior architects and interior decorators, home can find a way. Despite the square dining room with the stag-and-tree wall-paper design above the plate rack and a gilded radiator that hissed loudest at mealtime, when Simon Binswanger and his family relaxed round their after-dinner table the invisible cricket on the invisible hearth fell to whirring.

With the oldest gesture of the shod age Mrs. Binswanger dived into her workbasket, withdrew with a sock, inserted her five fingers into the foot, and fell to scanning it this way and that with a furrow between her eyes.

"Ray, go in and tell your sister she should come out of her room and stop that crying nonsense. I tell you it's easier we should all go to Europe, even if we have to swim across, than every evening we should have spoilt for us."

Ray Binswanger rose out of her shoulders, her eyes dazed with print, then collapsed again to the pages of her book.

"Let her cry, mamma."

"It's not so nice, Ray, you should treat your sister like that."

"Can I help it, mamma, that all of a sudden she gets Europe on the brain? You never heard me even holler for Averne, much less Europe, as long as the boats were running for Brighton, did you, mom?"

"Simon, I Got Here That Red Woolen Undershirt"

"She thinks, Ray, in Europe it's a finer education for you both. She ain't all wrong the way she hates you should run to Brighton with them little snips."

"Just the same you never heard me nag for tripe. The going's too good at home. Did you, pop, ever hear me nag?"

"*Ja*, it's a lot your papa worries about what's what! Look at him there behind his paper, like it was a law he had to read every word! Ray, go get me my glasses under the clock and call in your sister. Them novels will keep. Mind me when I talk, Ray!"

The girl rose reluctantly, placing the book face downward on the blue-and-white table coverlet. It was as if seventeen Indian summers had laid their golden blush upon her. Imperceptibly, too, the lanky, prankish years were folding back like petals, revealing the first bloom of her, a suddenly cleared complexion and eyes that had newly learned to drop upon occasion.

"Honest, mamma, do you think it would hurt Izzy to make a move once in a while? He was the one made her cry anyway, guying her about spaghetti on the brain."

"Sure I did; wasn't she running down my profesh? She's got to go to Europe for the summer, because the traveling salesmen she meets at home ain't good enough for her. Well, of all the nerve!"

"Just look at him, mamma, stretched out on the sofa there like he was a king!"

Full flung and from a tufted leather couch Isadore Binswanger turned on his pillow, flashing his dark eyes and white teeth full upon her.

"Go chase yourself, Blackey!"

"Blackey! Let me just tell you, Mr. Smarty, that alongside of you I'm so blond I'm dizzy."

"Come and give your big brother a French kiss, Blackey."

"Like fun I will!"

"Do what I say or I'll ——"

Mrs. Binswanger rapped her darning ball with a thimbled finger.

"Izzy, stop teasing your sister."

"You just ask me to press your white-flannel pants for you the next time you want to play Palm Beach with yourself, and see if I do it or not. You just ask me!"

He made a great feint of lunging after her, and she dodged behind her mother's rocking-chair, tilting it sharply.

"Children!"

"Mamma, don't you let him touch me!"

"You—you little imp, you!"

"Children!"

"I tell you, ma, that kid's getting too fresh."

"You spoil her, Izzy, more as anyone."

"It's those yellow novels, and that gang of drug-store snips you let her run with will be her ruination. If she was my kid I bet I'd have kept her in school another year."

"You shut up, Izzy Binswanger, and mind your own business. You never even went as long as me."

"With a boy it's different."

"You better lay pretty low, Izzy Binswanger, or I can tell a few tales. I guess I didn't see you the night after you got in from your last trip, in your white-flannel pants I pressed, dancing on the Brighton boat with that peroxide queen alrighty."

This time his face darkened with the blood of anger.

"You little imp, I'll ——"

"Children! Stop it, do you hear! Ray, go right this minute and call Miriam and bring me my glasses. Izzy, do you think it's so nice that a grown man should tease his little sister?"

"I'll be glad when he goes out on his Western trip next week."

"Skidoo, you little imp!"

She tossed her head in high-spirited distemper and flounced through the doorway. He rose from his mound of pillows, jerking his daring waistcoat into place, flinging each knee outward to adjust the knifelike trouser creases, swept backward a black, pomaded forelock and straightened an accurate and vivid cravat.

"She's getting too fresh, I tell you, ma. If I catch her up round the White Front drug store with that fresh crowd of kids I'll slap her face right there before them."

"*Ach*, at her age, Izzy, Miriam was just the same way, and now look how fine a boy has got to be before that girl will look at him. Too fine, I say!"

"Where's my hat, ma, I laid it here on the sewing machine? Gee, the only way for a fellow to keep his hat round this joint is to sit on it!"

A quick frown sprang between Mrs. Binswanger's eyes and she glanced at her husband, hidden behind his barricade of newspaper. Her brow knotted and her wide, uncorseted figure half rose toward him.

"Izzy, one night can't you stay at home and ——"

"I ain't gone yet, am I, ma? Don't holler before you're hurt. There's a fellow going to call for me at eight and we're going to a show—a good fellow for me to know, Irving Shapiro, city salesman for the Empire Waist Company. I ain't still in bibs, ma, that I got to be bossed where I go nights."

"*Ach*, Izzy, for why can't you stay home this evening? Stay home and you and Miriam and your friend sing songs together, and later I fix for you some sandwiches—not, Izzy? A young man like Irving Shapiro I bet likes it if you stay home with him once. Nice it will be for your sister, too—eh, Izzy?"

"*Mamma? Papa? Haven't You Got Nothing to Say to Your Miriam?*"

Mrs. Binswanger's face, slightly sagging at the mouth from the ravages of two recently extracted molars, broke into an invitational smile.

"Eh, Izzy?"

He found and withdrew his hat from behind a newspaper rack and cast a quick glance toward the form of his father, whose nether half, ending in a pair of carpet slippers dangling free from his balbriggan heels, protruded from the barricade of newspaper.

"That's right, just get the old man started on me, ma, too. When a fellow travels six months out of the year in every two-by-four burg in the Middle West, nagging like this is just what he needs when he gets home."

"You know, Izzy, I'm the last one to start something."

"Then don't always ask a fellow where he's going, ma, and get pa started too."

"You know that not one thing that goes on does papa hear when he reads his paper, Izzy. Never one word do I say to him how I feel when you go, only I—I don't like you should run out nights so late, Izzy. Next week again already you go out on your trip and ——"

"Now, ma, just—just you begin if you want to make me sore."

"I tell you, Izzy, I worry enough that you should be on the road so much. And ain't it natural, Izzy, when you ain't away I—I should like it that you stay by home a lots? Sit down anyway a while yet till the Shapiro boy comes."

"Sure I will, ma."

"If I take a trip away from you this summer I worry, Izzy, and if I stay home I worry. Anyway I fix it I worry."

"Now, ma!"

"Only sometimes I feel if your papa feels like he wants to spend the money—— Well, anything is better as that girl should feel so bad that we don't take her to Europe."

He jingled a handful of loose coins from his pocket to his palm.

"Cheer up, ma; if the old man will raise my salary I'll blow you to a wheelbarrow trip through Europe myself."

"Sh-h-h-h, Izzy, here comes Miriam. I don't want you should tease her one more word to make her mad. You hear?"

In the frame of the doorway, quiescent as an odalisque and with the golden tinge of a sunflower lighting her darkness, Miriam Binswanger held the picture for a moment, her brother greeting her with bow and banter.

"Well, little red-eyes!"

"Izzy, what did I just tell you!"

His sister flashed him a dark glance, reflexly her hand darting upward to her face.

"You!"

"Now, now, children, why don't you and Miriam go in the parlor, Izzy, and sing songs?"

"What you all so cooped up in here for, mamma? Open the window, Ray, it's as hot as summer outside."

"Say, who was your maid this time last year, Miriam?"

"Mamma, you going to let her talk that way to me?"

"Ray, will it hurt you to put up the window like your sister asks?"

"Well, I'm doing it, ain't I?"

"Now, Miriam, you and Izzy go in the parlor and sing for mamma a little."

Miriam's small teeth met in a small click, her voice lay under careful control and as if each nerve was twanging like a plucked violin string.

"Please, mamma, please! I just can't sing to-night!"

She was like a Jacques rose, dark and swaying, her little bosom beneath the sheer blouse rising higher than its wont.

"Please, mamma!"

"*Ach*, now, Miriam!"

"Where's those steamship pamphlets, mamma, I left laying here on the table?"

"Right here where you left them, Miriam."

Mr. Isadore Binswanger executed a two-stride dash for the couch, plunging into a nest of pillows and piling them high about his head and ears.

"Go-od-night! The subject of Europe is again on the table for the seventh evening this week. Nix for mine! Good-night! Good-night!" And he fell to burrowing his head deeper among the pillows.

"You don't need to listen, Izzy Binswanger. I wasn't talking to you anyways."

"No, to your mother you was talking—always to me. I got to hear it."

A sudden vibration darted through Mrs. Binswanger's body, straightening it.

"Always me! I tell you, Simon, with your family you ain't got no troubles. I got 'em all. How he sits there behind his newspaper just like a boarder and not in the family! I tell you more as once in my life I have wished there was never a newspaper printed. Right under his nose he sits with one glued every evening."

"Na, na, old lady!"

"That sweet talk don't make no neverminds with me. 'Na, na,' he says. I tell you even when my children was babies how they could cry every night right under his nose and never a hand would that man raise to help me. I tell you my husband's a grand help to me. 'Such a grand husband,' the ladies always say to me I got. I wish they should know what I know!"

Mr. Binswanger tossed aside his newspaper and raised his spectacles to his horseshoe expanse of bald head. His face radiated into a smile that brought out a whole chirography of fine lines, and his eyes disappeared in laughter like two raisins poked into dough.

"Na, na, old lady, na, na!" He made to pinch her cheek where it bagged toward a soft scallop of double chin, but she withdrew querulously.

"I tell you what I been through this winter, with Izzy out in a Middle West territory where only once in four months I can see him, and my Ray and her going-ons with them little snips, and now Miriam with her Europe on the brain. I tell you that if anybody in this family needs Europe it's me for my health, better as Miriam for her singing and her style. Such nagging I have got ringing in my ears about it I think it's easier to go as to stay home with long faces."

Erect on the edge of her chair Miriam inclined toward her parent.

"That's just what I been saying, mamma; all four of us need it. Not only me and Ray, but ——"

"Leave me out, missy!"

"Not only us two for our education, mamma, but a trip like that can make you and papa ten years younger. Read what the booklet says. It ——"

"I'm an old woman and I don't want I should try to look young like on the streets here uptown you can see the women. What comes natural to me like gray hairs I don't got to try to hide."

"Hurrah for ma! 'Down with the peroxide and the straight fronts,' she says."

"Izzy, that ain't so nice neither to talk such things before your sisters."

"Don't listen to him, mamma. Just let me ask you, mamma, just let me ask you, papa—papa, listen: did you ever in your life have a real vacation? What were those two weeks in Averne for you last summer compared to on board a ship. You ——"

"That's what I need yet—shipboard! I tell you I'm an old man and I'm glad that I got a home where I can take off my shoes and sit in comfort with my rheumatism."

"Hannah Levin's father limped ten times worse than you, papa. Didn't he, mamma? And since he took Hannah over last summer not one stroke has he had since. And she—— Well, you see what she did for herself."

Mrs. Binswanger paused in her stitch.

"That's so, Simon; Hannah Levin should grab for herself a man like Albert Hamburger. She should fall into the human-hair Hamburger family, a stick like her! At fish market when he lived downtown each Friday morning I used to meet old man Levin, and I should say his knees were worse as yours, papa."

"When my daughter marries a Albert Hamburger, then maybe too we can afford to take a trip to Europe."

Miss Binswanger raised her eyes, great dark pools glozed over with tears.

"Alright then, I'll huck at home. But let me tell you, papa, since you come right out and mention it, that's where she met Albert Hamburger, if anybody should ask you, right on board the ship. Those kind don't lie round Averne with that cheap crowd of week-end salesmen."

"There she goes on my profesh again!"

"That's where she met him, since you talk about such things, papa, right on the steamer."

"So!" Mrs. Binswanger let fall idle hands into her lap. "So!"

"Sure, didn't you know that, mamma? She was going over for just ten weeks with her mother and father to take a few singing lessons when they got to Paris, just like I want to, and right on the ship going over she met him and they got engaged."

"So!"

"Yes, mamma."

Mr. Binswanger fell into the attitude of reading again, knees crossed and one carpet slipper dangling.

"I know plenty girls as get engaged on dry land, Carrie; just get such ideas that they don't out of your head."

"I don't say, Simon, I don't give you right, but after a winter like I been through I feel like maybe it's better to go as to stay."

"That's right, ma, loosen up and she'll get you yet."

"It ain't nice, Izzy, you should use such talk to your mother. I tell you it ain't so nice a son should tell his mother she should loosen up"

"I only meant, ma ——"

"That's just how I feel, Simon, with the summer coming on I can't stand no more long faces. Last year it was Averne till a cottage we had to take. Always in April already my troubles for the summer begin. One year Miriam wants Averne and Ray wants we should go to the mountains where the Schimm girls go. This year since she got in with them Lillianthal girls, Miriam has to have Europe, and Ray wants to stay home so with snips like Louie Rauh she can run with. I tell you when you got daughters you don't know where ——"

"Give 'em both a brain test, ma."

"Stop teasing your sisters, Izzy. I tell you with girls you got trouble from the start and with boys it ain't no better. Between Averne and ——"

"Averne! None of the swell crowd goes there any more, mamma."

"Swell! Let me tell you, Miriam, your papa and me never had time to be swell when we was young. I remember the time when we couldn't afford a trip to Coney Island, much less four weeks a cottage at Averne-next-to-the-sea. Ain't it, papa? I wish the word 'swell' I had never heard. My son Isadore kicks to-night at supper because at hotels on the road he gets fresh napkins with every meal. Now all of a sudden my daughter gets such big notions in her head that nothing won't do for her but Europe for a summer trip. I tell you, Simon, I don't wish a dog to go through what I got to."

Mr. Binswanger let fall his newspaper to his knee.

"Na, na, mamma, for what you get excited. Ain't talk cheap enough for you yet? Why shouldn't you let the children talk?"

Miss Binswanger inclined to her father's knee, her throat arched and flexed.

"I tell you, papa dear, it's a cheap trip. For what four weeks in a cottage at Averne-by-the-sea would cost the four of us could take one of those tourists' trips through Europe. The Lillianthals, papa, for four hundred and fifty dollars apiece landed in Italy and went straight through to ——"

"The Lillianthals, Lillianthals," mimicked Mrs. Binswanger, sliding her darning egg down the length of a silken stocking. "I wish that name we had never heard. Such ideas they put in your head. All of a sudden now education like those girls you think you got to have, music and ——"

"Oh, mamma, honest, you just don't care how dumb us girls are. Look at Ray and me, we haven't even got a common education like ——"

"You can't say, Miriam Binswanger, that me or your papa ever held one of our children back out of school. If they didn't want to go we couldn't ——"

"Oh, mamma, I—I don't mean just school. How do you think I feel when all the girls begin to talk about Europe and all, and I got to sit back at sewing club like a stick."

"Ain't it awful, Mabel!"

"Izzy!"

"Why do you think a fellow like Sol Blumenthal is all the time after Lilly Lillianthal and Sophie Litz and those girls? He has been over seventeen times buying silks, and those girls don't have to sit back like sticks when he talks about the shows in Paris and all."

"I know girls, Miriam, what got as fine husbands as Sol Blumenthal and didn't need to run to Europe for them."

"I never said that, did I, mamma? Only it's a help to girls nowadays if—if they've been to places and know a thing or two."

"If a girl can cook a little and ——"

"Look there at Ray, nothing in her head but that novel she's reading, and little snips that'll treat her to a soda water if she hangs round the White Front long enough, and ride her down to Brighton on one of those dirty excursion boats if she ——"

"You shut up, Miriam Binswanger, and mind your own business!"

"You let her talk to me that way, mamma?"

"Go to it, sis!"

"You let her talk that way to me and Izzy eggs her on! No wonder she's fresh, the way everybody round here lets her do what she wants, papa worst of all!"

Ray danced to her feet, tossing her hair backward in mænadic waves, her hands outflung, her voice a taunt and a singsong.

"I know! I know! You're sore because you're four years older and you're afraid I'll get engaged first. Engaged first! I know! I know!"

"Go to it, sis!"

"Sure, I got a Brighton date every Saturday night this summer, missy, and with a slick little fellow that can take his father's car out every Tuesday night without asking. Eddie Sollinger! I guess you call him a snip, too, because he's a city salesman. I know! I know! Ha, I should worry that the Lillianthals are going to Europe! I know! I know!"

She pirouetted to her father's side of the table. "Give me a dollar, pa."

Mrs. Binswanger held out a remonstrating hand.

"*Ach*, Ray, you mustn't ——"

"It ain't even seven yet. Have a heart, ma! Gee, can't I walk up to the corner with Bella Mosher for a soda? Do I have to stick round this fuss nest? I'll be back in a half hour, ma. Please!"

"Don't let her go, ma."

"You shut up, Izzy!"

"*Ach*, Ray, I ——"

"Give me the dollar, pa, for voting against Europe. Don't let her hypnotize you like she always does. Down with Europe! I say. We should cross the ocean and get our feet wet, eh, pa?"

He waggled a pinch of her flushed cheek between his thumb and forefinger and dived into his pocket.

"Baby-la, you!" he said, crossing her palm; and she was out and past him, imprinting a kiss on the crest of the bald horseshoe and tossing a glance as quick as Pierrette's over one shoulder.

On the echo of the slamming door, her eyes shining with conviction and her face suddenly old with prophecy, Miriam turned upon her mother.

"You see, mamma, you see! Seventeen, and nothing in her head but Brighton Beach and soda-water fountains and joy-riding. Just you watch, some day she'll meet up with some dinky fakir or ribbon clerk at one of those places, and the first thing you know for a son-in-law you'll have a crook."

"Miriam!"

"Yes, you will! Those are the only chances a girl gets if she's not in the swim."

"Listen to her, ma, and then you blame me for not bringing any of the fellows round here for her to meet. You don't catch me doing it, the way she thinks she's better than they are and gives them the high hand. Not muchy!"

"I should worry for the kind you bring, Izzy."

"As nice boys Izzy has brought home, Miriam, as ever in my life I would want to meet."

"Yes, but you see for yourself the way the society fellows, like Sol Blumenthal and Laz Herzog, hang round the Lillianthal girls. I always got to take a back seat, and maybe you think I don't know it."

"I never heard that on ships young men was so plentiful."

"She wants to land an Italian count and she'll just about land a barber."

Mr. Binswanger peered suddenly over the rim of his paper.

"A no-count yet is what we need in the family. Get right away such ideas out your head. All my life I ain't worked so hard to spend my money on the old country. In America I made it and in America I spend it. Now just stop it right away too."

"Go to it, pa!"

Suddenly Miss Binswanger let fall her head into her cupped hands. Tears trickled through.

"I—I just wish that I—I hadn't been born! Why—did you move uptown then, where everybody does things if—if ——"

Her father's reply came in a sudden avalanche.

"For why? Because then just like now you nagged me. You can take it from me, just so happy as now was me and mamma down by Rivington Street. I'm a plain man and with no time for nonsense. I tell you the shirtwaist business ain't been so good that ——"

"You you can't fool me with that poor talk, papa. Everybody knows you get a bigger business each year. You can't fool me that way."

Tears burst and flowed over her words, and her head burrowed deeper. Across her prostrate form Simon Binswanger nodded to his wife in rising perplexity.

"Fine come-off, eh, Carrie?"

"Miriam, *ach*, Miriam, come here to mamma."

"Aw, take her, pa, if she's so crazy to go. It'll be slack time between now and when I get back from my territory. Max has got pretty good run of the office these days. Take her across, pa, and get it out of her system. Quit your crying, kid."

Mr. Binswanger waggled a crooked finger in close proximity to his son's face.

"*Du! Du mit* a big mouth! Is it because you sell for the house such big bills I can afford to run me all over Europe! A few more accounts like Einstein from Cleveland you can sell for me, and then we can go bankrupt easier as to Europe. *Du mit* a big mouth!"

"Pa, ain't you ever going to get that out of your system? My first bad account and "

"You'm a dude! That's all I know, you'm a dude! Right on my back now I got on your old shirts and dressed like a king I feel."

"I'm done, pa! I'm done!"

"*Ach*, Miriam, don't cry so. Here, look up at mamma. Maybe, Miriam, if you ask your papa once more he will ——"

"I tell you, no. What Mark Lillianthal does and what my son can say so easy makes nothing with me. I'm glad as I got a home to stay in."

Above her daughter's bowed head Mrs. Binswanger regarded her husband through watery eyes.

"She ain't so wrong, Simon. I tell you I got the first time to hear you come out and say to your family, 'Well, this year we do something big.' The bigger you get in business the littler on the outside you get, Simon. Always you been the last to do things."

"And, papa, everybody ——"

"Everybody makes no difference with me. I don't work for the steamship company. For two thousand dollars what such a trip costs I can do better as Europe."

"I—I just wish I hadn't ever been born."

A sudden tear found its way down Mrs. Binswanger's billowy cheek.

"You hear, Simon, your own daughter has to wish she had never got born."

She drew her daughter upward to her wide bosom, and through the loose basque percolated the warm tears.

"Sh-h-h-h, Miriam, don't you cry."

"*Ach*, now, Carrie ——"

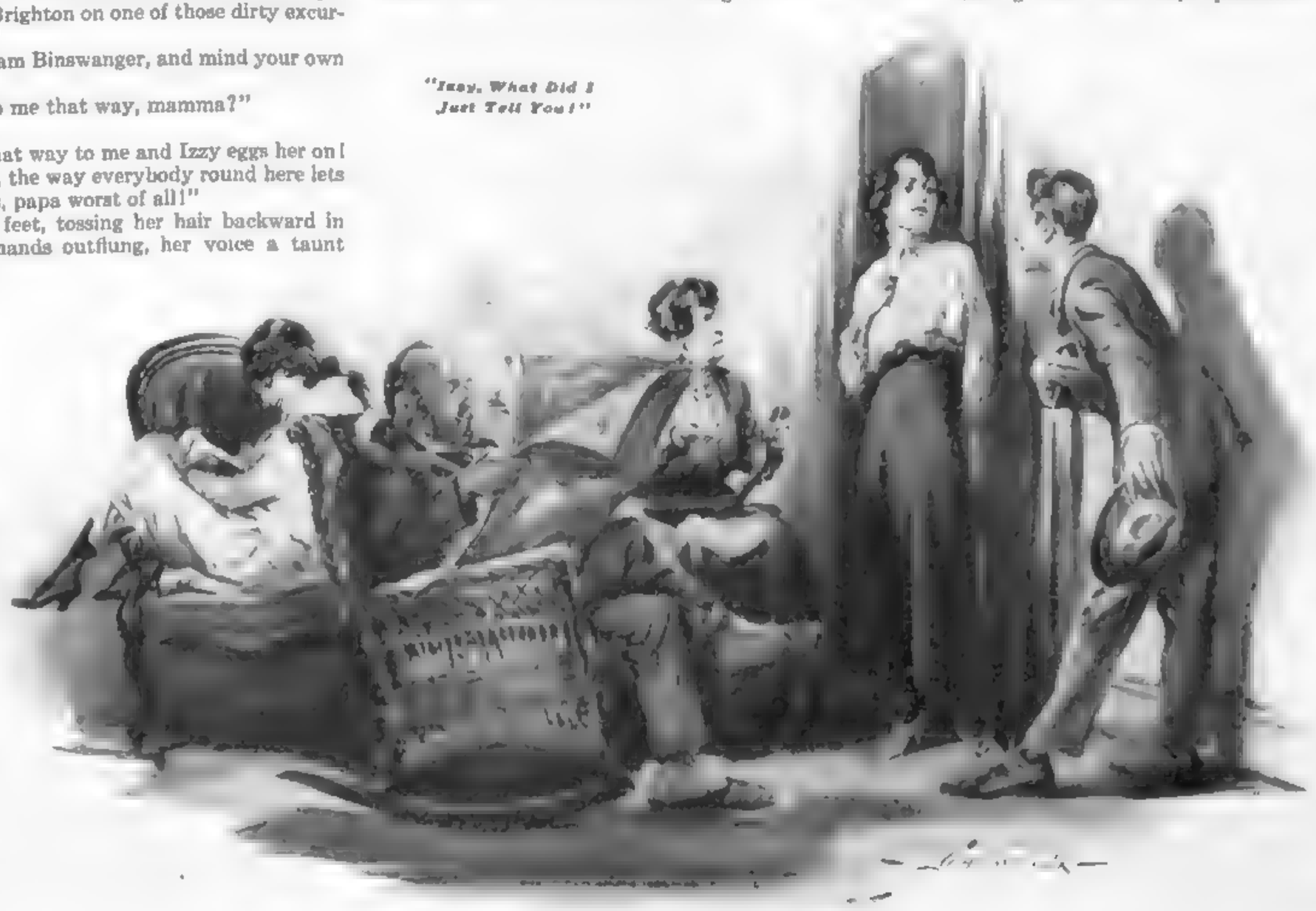
"I tell you, Simon, I ain't been a wife that has made such demands on you, but I guess you think it's a comfort that a mother should hear that in society her daughter has to take a back seat."

"When she ain't got a front seat she should take a second seat. I don't need no seat. I know worse young men as Sollie Spitz and Eddie Greenbaum what comes here to see her."

"Just the same you—you said to me the other night, papa, that I never seem to meet young men like Adolph Gans, fellows who are in business for themselves."

"*Ja*, but I ——"

"Well, where do you think Elsa Bergenthal met Adolph but on the ship?"



"Izzy, What Did I Just Tell You!"

"You hear, Simon: Moe Bergenthal, what sells shirtwaists for you right this minute, can afford to send his daughter to Europe."

"*Ja*, I guess that's why he sells shirtwaists for me instead of for himself."

"See, papa, she — "

"That's right, get him cornered, ma! Go to it, Miriam!"

"*Du, du* good-for-nothings-dude, *du!*"

"Be a sport, pa!"

"*Ach*, Simon ——"

"*Ach*, you women make me sick! In the old country, I tell you, I got no business. All the Eyetalians what I want to see I can see down on Cherry Street—for less as two thousand dollar too."

"Why—why, that's no way to learn about 'em, papa. You just ought to see me take a back seat when Lilly Lillianthal gets out her postcards and begins telling about the real ones."

Mrs. Binswanger took on a private tone, peering close into her husband's face.

"You hear that, Simon? Mark Lillianthal, what failed regular like clockwork before he moved uptown, his daughter can make our Miriam feel small. You hear that, Simon?"

His daughter's arms were soft about his neck, tight, tighter.

"Papa, please! For a couple of thousand we can take that beau-tiful trip I showed you in the booklet. Card rooms on the steamer, papa. Hannah told me all summer her father played pinochle in Germany, father, right outdoors where they drink beer and eat rye-bread sandwiches all day. In Germany we can even stop at Düsseldorf where you were born, papa—just think, papa, where you were born! In Italy we can make Ray look at the pictures and statues, and all day you can sit outdoors and—and play cards, papa. Just think, papa, by the time you have to buy us swell clothes for Averne I tell you it will cost you more. All Lilly Lillianthal needed for Europe, mamma, was a new blue suit."

"Go way—go way with such nonsense, I tell you!"

"And how you and papa can rest up, mamma."

"She's right, Simon; such a trip won't hurt us. I tell you we don't get younger each day."

He regarded his wife with eyes rolled backward.

"That's what I need yet, Carrie, all of a sudden you take sides away from me. Always round your little finger your children could always wind themselves."

"Na, Simon, when I see a thing I see it. With Izzy out on his trip these next two months it won't hurt us. So crazy for Europe you know I ain't, but when you got children you got to make sacrifice for them."

"I ——"

"For ten weeks, Simon, you can stand it and me too."

"I ——"

"For ten weeks, Simon, if we go on that boat she wants that sails away on June twentieth—it's a fine boat, she says."

"June twentieth I don't go—July twentieth I got to be back when my men go out on the road ——"

"Then shoot 'em over this month, pa. Max can ——"

"There's a boat two weeks from to-day, pa, see here in the booklet, the same boat, the Roumania, only on this month's sailing. We can get ready easy, papa, we—oh, we can get ready easy."

"*Ach*, Miriam, in two weeks how can we get together our things for a trip like that?"

"Easy, *mamma*, I tell you I—I'll do all the shopping and packing and everything."

"Sh-h-h-h, I ain't promised yet. I tell you if anybody would tell me two days ago to Europe I got to go this month, right away I wouldn't have believed 'em!"

"*Ach*, Simon, you think yet it's a pleasure for me? You think for me it's a pleasure to shut up my flat and leave it for two months? You think it's easy to leave Izzy, even when he's 'way out West on his trip? You think it's easy to leave that boy with the whole ocean between?"

"Aw, ma, cut the comedy!"

"Ten times, Simon, I rather stay right here in my flat, but ——"

"Then right away on the whole thing I put down my foot "

"Papa!"

"No, no, Simon, I want we should go. Girls nowadays, Simon, got to be smart—not in the kitchen but in the head."

"Be a sport, pa."

"It's enough I got a son what's a sport."

"Only a little over two months, papa. Two weeks from to-day we can get a booking. To-morrow I'll go down to the steamship offices and fix it all up; I know all about it, papa; there isn't a booklet I haven't read."

"Na, na, I ——"

"Simon, in all your life not one thing have you refused me. In all my life, Simon, have I made on you one demand? Answer me, Simon, eh? Answer your wife."

She placed her thimbled hand across his knee, peering through dim eyes up into his face.

"Eh, Simon, in thirty years?"

"Carrie-sha! Carrie-sha!" He smiled at her through eyes dimmer still, then rose, waggling the bent forefinger.

"But not one day over ten weeks, so help me!"

"Papa!"

With a cry that broke on its highest note Miss Binswanger sprang to her feet, her arms clasping about her father's neck.

"Oh, papa! Papa! Mamma!"

"Sh-h-h-h, the doorbell! Go to the door, Izzy; I guess maybe that's Ray back or your friend. *Ach*, such excitement! Already I feel like we're on the boat."

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" Her words came too rapidly for coherence and her heart would dance against her breast. "I—I'm just as happy!" Kissing her mother once on each eye she danced across to her brother, tagging him playfully.

"Lazy! I'll go to the door. Lazy! Lazy! Tra-la-la, tra-la-la!" and danced to the door, flinging it wide.

Enter Mr. Irving Shapiro, his soft campus hat pressed against his striped waistcoat in a slight bow, and a row of even teeth flashing beneath a neat hedge of mustache.

"Mr. Izzy Binswanger live here?"

"Hello, Irv, that you? Come in!"

She dropped a curtsy.

"That sounds like he lives here, don't it?"

And because her new exuberance sent the blood fizzing through her veins with the bite and sparkle of Vichy, a smile danced across her face, now in her eyes, now quick upon her lips.

"Come right in the dining room, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Shapiro."

"——Shapiro, he's expecting you."

She drew back the portières, quirking her head as he passed through.

Isadore Binswanger rose from his couch, pressing his friend's hand and passing him round the little circle.

"Pa, meet Irving Shapiro, city man for the Empire Waist Company. Irv, meet my father and mother and my sister."

A round of handshaking.

"We're as excited as a barnyard round here, Irv; the governor and the family just decided to light out for Europe for two months."

"Europe!"

"*Ja*, my children they drag a old man like me where they want."

Mrs. Binswanger leaned forward smiling in her chair.

"You see, we want papa should have a good rest, Mr. Shapiro. You know yourself I guess shirtwaists ain't no easy business. We don't know yet if we can get berths on the twentieth this month, but ——"

"Staterooms, mamma."

"Staterooms, then. What's that boat we sail on, Miriam?"

"Roumania, mamma."

Mr. Shapiro sat suddenly forward in his chair, his eager face thrust forward.

"Say, I'm your man!"

"You!"

"Before you get your reservations let me steer you. I got a cousin works down at the White Flag offices—Harry Mansbach. He'll fix you up if there ain't a room left on the boat. He's the greatest little fixer you ever seen."

"Some Eyes You've Got, Girlie! They Nearly Bowled Me Over Last Night"

"*Ach*, Mr. Shapiro, how grand! To-morrow, Miriam, maybe when you get the berths ——"

"Staterooms, mamma."

"Staterooms, maybe Mr Shapiro will—will go *mit*."

"Aw, mamma, he "

"Will I! Well, I guess!"

Across the table their eyes met and held.

Even into the granite cañon of lower Broadway spring can find a way. In the fifty-first story of the latest triumph in skyscraping a six-dollar-a-week stenographer filled her drinking tumbler with water and placed it, with two pansies floating atop, beside her typewriting machine. In Wall Street an apple woman with the most ancient face in the world leaned out of her doorway with a new offering, forced but firm strawberries that caught a backward glance from the passing tide of finders and keepers, losers and weepers. Two sparrows hopped in and out among the stone gargoyles of a municipal building. A dray driver cursed at the snarl of traffic and flecked the first sweat from his horses' flanks. A gayly striped awning drooped across the front of the White Flag steamship offices, and out from its entrance, spring in her face, emerged Miss Miriam Binswanger; at her shoulder Irving Shapiro attended.

"Honest, Mr. Shapiro, I—I just don't know what I would have done except for you."

"I told you Harry Mansbach would fix you up."

She clasped her wristbag carefully over the bulk of a thick envelope and turned her shining face full upon him.

"On deck A, too, right with the best!"

He steered her by a light pressure of her arm into the uptown flux of the sidewalk.

"If I was a right smart kind of a fellow I never would have helped you to get those cabins."

"Oh, Mr. Shapiro!"

"But that's me every time, always working against myself."

"Well, of all the nerve!" And her voice would belie that she knew his delicate portent.

"If not for me, maybe you couldn't have gotten those reservations and you would have to stay at home. That's where I would come in, see?"

"Well, of all things!"

"But that's me every time. Meet a girl one day, take a fancy to her, and off she sails for Europe the next."

"Honest, Mr. Shap-iro, you're just the limit!" She would have no more hold of his arm, but at the next subway hood paused in act of descending and held out her hand.

"I'm just so much obliged, Mr. Shapiro."

He removed his hat, standing there holding it in the crook of his arm, the bright sunlight on his wavy hair.

"Aw, now, Miss Binswanger, is this the way to leave a fellow?"

"Sure, it is! Anyways, don't you have to go to work?"

"I should let my work interfere with my pleasure! Anyway, that's the beauty of my line—I work when I please, not when my boss pleases."

"I got to go shopping and straight home, Mr. Shapiro. Just think, two weeks from yesterday we sail, and we got enough sewing and packing to be done at our house to keep a whole regiment busy."

He withdrew her from the tangle of pedestrians and into the entrance of a corner candy shop.

"Aw, now, what's your hurry?" he insisted, regarding her with smiling, invitational eyes.

"Well, of all the nerve!" She would not meet his gaze, and swung her little leather wristbag back and forward by its strap.

"I dare you to get on the elevated with me and ride out with me to Bronx Park for a sniff of the country."

"I should say not! I got to go buy a steamer trunk and a whole list of things mamma gave me and then hurry home and help. Maybe—maybe some other day."

"Aw, have a heart, Miss Miriam! To-morrow maybe I've got to go over to Newark to sell a bill of goods. Maybe some other day will never come. Feel how grand it is out. Just half a day. Come!"

She was full of small emphasis and with no yielding note in her voice.

"No, no, I can't go."

"Just a little while, Miss Miriam. All those things will keep until to-morrow. I can get you a steamer trunk wholesale anyway. Look, it's nearly two o'clock already! Come on and be game! Think of it—out in the park a day like this! Grass growing, birds singing, and the zoo and all. Aw, be game, Miss Miriam!"

"If I thought Ray would help mamma; but she's got a grouch on and ——"

"Sure, she will! Gee, what's the fun meeting a girl you think you're going to like if she won't do one little thing for a fellow! You bet it ain't every girl I'd beg like this. Whoops, I could just rip things open to-day!"

It was as if he felt his life in every limb.

"Come on, Miss Miriam, be a sport! Come on!"

"I—I oughtn't to."

"That's what makes it all the more fun."

(Continued on Page 56)

# RICH MAN, POOR MAN

## By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXII

DINNER at Byewolde always was at eight; and downstairs in the big hall the corner clock sonorously boomed that hour. There followed a knock at the sitting-room door; and as she heard it Bab stirred restlessly. Listening, she held her breath. It was only Hibberd, however:

"Dinner is served, please. Thank you."

Bab made no reply. Waiting till she heard the man-servant's footfalls retreat along the hall, she again returned to her hurried preparations. Mrs. Lloyd's interview had been brief—hurried, in fact. Her father and Miss Elvira were driving, she knew; but at any moment they might return. Consequently time was precious.

Once Bab had grasped all that her aunt's disclosures conveyed, Mrs. Lloyd's other remarks fell on her ears unheeded. Dazed, she sat staring in front of her. She awoke finally to the fact that Mrs. Lloyd was still addressing her in cold, even tones.

"Under the circumstances," David's mother was saying, "we cannot sanction, of course, any further intimacy with our son." They had never sanctioned it, Bab told herself bitterly. "Do you understand?" continued Mrs. Lloyd; and at the same time she laid her hand on Bab's arm.

"It's You He Wants! You're Going to Marry Him—Do You Understand?"

Bab shrank as if an iron had seared her.

"Don't touch me!" she whispered.

It was more than physical aversion that Mrs. Lloyd had instilled in Bab. She wondered how she could ever have planned so blandly to marry David in spite of his parents. Now, of course, it was quite out of the question. That Bab, as a Beeston and an heiress, should defy them was one thing; but it was quite another that Bab, the boarding-house waif, should attempt such a thing. Her end achieved, Mrs. Lloyd had not lingered. She departed, conscious she had done her duty.

Bab, still half dazed, sat on where her aunt had left her. She had no tears. The relief they would have afforded she was denied. Presently, however, the fire raging within her soul seemed to rouse her to a feverish animation. She felt she must do something! Below, under the portico, a grinding of wheels along the gravel of the driveway warned her that Beeston and Miss Elvira had returned. A glance at the mantel clock told her she had a little more than an hour to herself. Before dinner they would nap, then dress. She had until eight to make her preparations. After that there would be inquiries. She must hurry!

There was David too.

She had not seen him since early in the day; and he might come in at any moment. The thought of him was a swift reminder of something else.

Her fingers clumsy, she began fumbling at the bosom of her dress. David that morning had begged her to slip the ring, his diamond, on her finger. But Bab had shaken her head. There had been reasons in her mind even then why she had not cared to wear it before the people about her. Now, with fingers that were bungling in their haste, she dragged open the clasp of the chain. The gem, like a drop of dew, rested in her hand; but without a look at it she dropped it on a near-by table. There it lay, blazing starlike as the light fell upon it. What to do with it she would decide later. Meanwhile she hurried.

She was engrossed in her preparations when a footfall sounded suddenly in the hall. It was her maid, Mawson. As a precaution Bab had locked both the bedroom door and the door of the sitting room adjoining. Having knocked, and Bab making no response, Mawson tried first one door, then the other. Her breath held, Bab stood in the middle of the room waiting. Mawson, she hoped, would depart. After a moment, however, the woman again tapped on the door. It was the hour when, every evening, she was required to help dress her young mistress for dinner.

"Half past seven, please!" she called apologetically. It was obvious she thought Bab asleep.

Bab went to the door. She did not open it, for she did not wish Mawson to see within.

"I won't need you, Mawson," she directed.

The maid still remained.

"Shan't I lay out your things, miss?"

"Thank you, no," Bab returned.

Mawson went away after that; but her footfalls were slow and lagging, as though she was uncertain what to do. She was probably puzzling over the two locked doors. Bab, her ear to the door panel, waited till she had made sure of the woman's departure.

A glance at the clock caused her to start with apprehension. Half past seven! Only half an hour was left her. If she hurried, however, in that half hour she might accomplish much. With feverish animation she darted through the doorway that led to the sitting room. There, standing on a chair, was a black-leather traveling bag. With this she returned to the bedroom. Every drawer of her dressing table had been pulled out. Scattered on the bed was a haphazard assortment of the things she had selected from the dressing table's contents.

Bab was going away. In a few minutes now she would have turned her back on that house for good. Her dream, like the thin veiling of a cloud, had dissipated, vanishing into the thinness of the air! As her fingers picked swiftly among the things spread out before her, Bab glanced again at the clock. Twenty minutes now! In twenty minutes everything would be ended.

To leave this place at once had been her first impulse the instant she had come to her wits again after Mrs. Lloyd's departure. She did not quibble. She had perhaps backed and filled, been uncertain and weak over the other problems that had confronted her; in this, though, she had clearly seen the way. Now that she knew the truth about herself, there was no question in her mind as to what she should do. She had loved her new home. She had loved, too, the life, the surroundings that went with it. But, much as it allured her, she meant to pay for it no such price as would now be necessary. Mrs. Lloyd had not deceived her. Bab knew she need only appeal to David to remain there, fixed indefinitely among those surroundings. But she wanted the real thing, or else nothing. Her one thought now was to get away. She had not begun yet to think of the future. All at once out in the hall she heard a sound. Bab caught her breath. Along the corridor, straight toward her door, came the measured slow tread now so familiar to her. There followed a knock on her door. She did not answer. Outside she could hear David as he propped himself on his crutches.

"Bab," he called. She still did not answer. "Bab!" he called again.

In the tense stillness of the room the thick, hurried ticking of the clock upon the mantel beat on her ears like sledge strokes. She did not move. She dared hardly breathe. Beside the door she could hear him as he moved restlessly, one hand on the panels to support him. Then through the woodwork came to her a sigh—a deep and painful inspiration.

"David," she said. "Oh, don't!"

A stifled exclamation came from the hall without. Bab, however, did not open the door.

"Let me in," pleaded David. His voice, in its thickness, she hardly knew. As he spoke he rattled the doorknob.

"You can't come in," Bab said wearily. "I can't see you."

He was silent for a moment. She could hear him move again, shifting on his crutches.

"Where have you been, Bab? All the afternoon I've been hunting you. I tried to get to you first."

To get to her first? She knew at once what he meant.

"You've seen your mother then?"

"Yes, Bab." His voice was toneless, its depth of weariedness abysmal. After another pause, while apparently he waited for her reply, David spoke again: "Bab, it makes no difference to me. The other day, when I told you nothing would, I meant it. Open the door, won't you?"

As gently as she could Bab answered him:

"I can't, David—not now. I'll let you know when I can."

Over her shoulder she threw a swift glance at the clock. Ten minutes to eight. At eight Beeston, as was his wont,

*In Twenty Minutes Everything Would be Ended*

would come stamping down the stair. It was he whom she dreaded meeting. Now that she realized he knew everything, she dared not face him.

"You're not coming down, then?"

of eight. Spurred now to a new activity, she began tumbling into the bag the last of the things she had laid out on the bed. She could take little with her, of course; she saw that. The door of the closet near by stood open and showed long rows of dresses—all the daintiest, the most costly. There were on the floor of the closet, too, double rows of little boots and shoes, and in the highboy against the wall were gloves, silk stockings, ribbons, scarfs. She must leave all these behind her. Only the smallest, the most personal, of belongings she was taking along. She did not own the others. They had been given to Barbara Beeston, the heiress—not to Bab, the boarding-house waif. With a wistful, brave little smile she was bending over to sort out a few handkerchiefs to take with her when out from among them fell a small morocco case. It was Beeston's pearl! The gem lay in its velvet bed gleaming up at her like a conjuring eye. In its exquisite beauty it seemed to symbolize all the refinement of that life of wealth and splendor she was now renouncing. For the first time she really grasped what she was giving up.

Just then the mantel clock struck eight. As the chime's silvery notes cried the hour a step on the stair again startled Bab. She paused, once more breathless. It was only Hibberd, however.

"Dinner is served, please. Thank you," said the servant.

Bab did not answer. Presently, the man's footfalls having died away, she turned back again to her packing. Nothing of all these things round her was hers. She could not lay claim even to the clothes she stood in. What she took, therefore, must be such things as afterward she would be able to replace. She had a grim satisfaction in this. A minute or so later Bab stealthily unlocked the bedroom door and stepped out into the hall.

The house was silent. The Beestons, brother and sister, either had not yet come down or were already in the dining room. It seemed to Bab she heard remotely in that stillness a sustained murmur of voices. It was as if somewhere behind the closed doors of that house someone spoke, his speech broken and disjointed. But the important thing for the moment was that the way was clear. One last swift look Bab threw about her; then, her hand on the rail, she darted swiftly, silently, down the stairway. A moment later she had almost reached the door.

"Where are you going?" asked a voice.

It was Beeston's. He had been sitting there all the time on watch. As Bab, a gasp escaping her, shrank back guiltily the man's gnarled hands tightened themselves on the arms of the chair in which he sat and he lurched heavily to his feet. She had never seen his face so menacing. His brows twitched as he gleamed at her from under them, and she saw his jaws work dryly together. His voice had not raised itself when he spoke, but low, restrained, it rang like a trumpet.

"Going, were you—running away! Is that it?" A mirthless laugh, a sneer, left him. "Well, you're not going!"

His stick thumping the hardwood floor like a pavior's maul, he hobbled swiftly toward the door. Then, when he had interposed himself between it and Bab, he halted. His face, she saw, had in it no kindliness for her, but in it, instead, was a look of fierce determination—the will of a remorseless, masterful man.

"I've heard what happened this evening," he snarled as Bab stared at him in silence. "I learned it a while ago. The business got away from me. That fellow Lloyd, my son-in-law, I warned long ago not to interfere with you; but I didn't think my daughter would dare oppose me. Never mind about that! What do I care who you are? You could be a drab out of the gutter for all I'm concerned. There's only one person in the world I care about—that's David! What he wants I want. That's what I'm here for; that's what my money's for! Listen, my girl: David wants you! D'ye hear me? It's you he wants and you he's going to have! You're going to marry him—do you understand?"

He had drawn close to her, his murky eyes staring into the depths of hers, and Bab felt herself grow cold. But she did not give in. Now that she had made up her mind, in her resolution she might indeed have been a Beeston.

"No, I can't do that," she said.

Beeston threw her a thunderous look.

"What's that you say?"

"I said I couldn't marry him."

Again the fire flamed in his eyes.

"We'll see about that—can't, eh? Who says you can't?"

"I shall never marry him," she said doggedly. "Never!"

She saw then, as in a dream, the man's huge face draw near to hers, and his eyes, fastened on hers, narrowed each to a pinpoint of light, like sparks glowing among the dead gray embers of a hearth.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" he sneered, mocking her. "You're not going to marry him, eh? Do you think I'd have kept you here, a fraud like you, if I hadn't meant you should? I knew what you were long ago. I knew, too, that David loved you. That's why I didn't turn you into the street. Now listen: You know the man that did this forgery—that fellow Mapleson. He's been like a father to you, hasn't he?"

"Yes, he's been a father to me," Bab answered. "Why do you wish to know?"

"You think a heap of him, too, I shouldn't wonder," Beeston continued, ignoring her question. "Come, speak up now; ain't that so?" As Bab nodded her assent a gleam of satisfaction leaped again into the old man's eyes.

"All right!" he growled. "That's what I wanted to know!" He bent nearer, his expression grim but triumphant. "You take your choice now, young woman! Marry David, or if you don't I'll put that fellow Mapleson in jail! Now make up your mind, my girl. I'll give you five minutes to decide."

### XXIII

DINNER at Mrs. Tilney's was at half past six. At half past seven the last of the guests would be served and Lena, the waitress, slipslopping wearily from pantry to dining room, would begin clearing away for the night. The clatter of dishes piled high upon her tray was an intimation to those that lingered that they had better hurry.

On a Monday night, a week after his visit to the Blairs' summer place at Eastbourne, half past seven was striking when Varick pushed back his chair from the table and arose. Only Miss Hultz, the Jessups and Mr. Backus, the Wall Street gentleman, remained. The others, having finished, had sought either the parlor or Mrs. Tilney's front steps. Miss Hultz arose with Varick. She and Mr. Backus planned to go to a moving-picture show that evening near by on Eighth Avenue.

The lady from Bimberg's wore a smartly cut polka-dotted voile that set off well her abundant charms. Delicately brushing the crumbs from her lap, she bestowed on Varick a flashing smile.

"I fancy we won't see much of you any more, Mr. V. Sorry to hear you're leaving us."

Varick looked astonished.

"I?"

"Why, yes," returned Miss Hultz, puzzled; "I heard you'd been promoted at the bank."

Varick had indeed again been promoted, the bank having made him assistant cashier of its uptown branch; but, as he explained to Miss Hultz, that didn't mean he was leaving Mrs. Tilney's.

"Well, it'd mean it with me," she rejoined with conviction. "I ain't saying anything against Mrs. Tilney's, of course; only you know"—a sapient smile accompanied this—"socially, boarding ain't to my idea. Give me something select—an apartment hotel, say; or, if you'd be real swagger, Riverside Drive, with your own bath and kitchenette. I always wanted to be a bachelor girl," Miss Hultz concluded.

Varick agreed with her. Nothing, he assured her, could be sweller. Miss Hultz, having gathered up her key, her handkerchief, her handbag and her evening newspaper, favored him with another flashing smile, then departed.

"The tray's ready, Mr. Varick," called Lena from the pantry door.

Varick thanked her, and had started toward the pantry when Jessup, rising from his chair, touched him on the arm.

"How's the patient?" asked the bookkeeper. "Mapleson any better?"

Varick shook his head. Mr. Mapleson, he said, was still in bed. For a week now the little man had kept to his room. Either Lena or Mrs. Tilney carried up his meals during the day, and at night Varick volunteered. But none of them knew just what was wrong with Mr. Mapleson. He had refused to let a doctor see him.

Jessup frowned gravely.

"Any news?" he asked guardedly.

Guessing what he meant, Varick shook his head. Jessup ruminated. Since that night, now months ago, when he had divulged to Varick Mr. Mapleson's history, the bookkeeper had felt thoroughly uncomfortable about it. Never in his life had he willingly harmed a fellow creature; and with a deep human understanding of the circumstances he pitied Mr. Mapleson with all his heart. It was for Bab,

Go down to dinner and face again that grim, indomitable figure at the head of the table? Bab quailed at David's question.

"No. And you must go now, please," she said.

"Can't I see you just a moment?" he begged.

"Not to-night," Bab answered. There was a moment's silence, then she heard David heavily and painfully plod his way along the hall, and the thump! thump! of his crutches finally died away. When she turned from the door Bab's eyes were filled with tears. Even David had left her now.

Five minutes more! At half past eight, only a short half hour now, the train for the city would leave Eastbourne, and after that there would be no train till well along toward midnight. The station was a mile away. She remembered, too, she would have her bag to carry. She must hurry.

She had no plans further than that she would go to New York. Mrs. Tilney's, however, was not her destination. She could never return to the boarding house so long as Varick was there.

To him she had so far hardly given a thought, but now she wondered vaguely whether he had known of the fraud all along. Probably he had. The significance of this, however, she did not debate. To her dazed mind it seemed long ages since she had met him in the wood, and she herself must have grown years older and wiser since then. All at once she was overwhelmed by a terrible loneliness. If only she had someone to whom she could appeal! If even Mr. Mapy were only with her!

At first Bab had thought that she never again would care to see the little man, that the bitter memory of what his act had cost her would remain between them always. Now she no longer felt that way. Her mind in its loneliness dwelt on the fact of how Mr. Mapy had loved her. It was this love after all that had led him to attempt that ridiculous fraud. And at the thought of the sorrowful, solitary little man, a sudden longing filled her to see him again. She would go to him, and perhaps in some new place they might begin life over again happily.

A startled exclamation here escaped Bab. A glance at the clock had shown her it wanted only a minute or two

not for himself, Jessup knew, that the little man had done what he had. And for that very reason, too, Bab now was on the bookkeeper's mind.

"She hasn't been here, then?" he asked.

"No," returned Varick, "not yet."

Jessup, grunting, said no more. It was evident, though, that he had his own opinion of Bab—hardly a flattering one apparently.

Varick, taking the tray from Lena, climbed the stairs to Mrs. Tilney's top floor. In the week that had passed since the afternoon when he had met Bab in the road at Eastbourne he had not seen her again, nor had he heard from her. But Mr. Mapleson had. The day Varick returned from Long Island a letter had come to him. It was after that that Mr. Mapleson had taken to his bed. It was a brief note, but brief though it was it had seemed to stun Mr. Mapleson. Even Varick had been dismayed.

"Good-by," Bab had written. "They tell me I must never see you again. I know everything and I forgive you. Good-by."

That same morning, on his way downtown in the subway, Varick had read in his paper an announcement that to him seemed to make everything clear:

The wedding of Miss Barbara Beeston and David Lloyd, it is announced, will take place at noon, June the twelfth, at Byewolde, the Beeston estate, Eastbourne, Long Island. Miss Beeston is a granddaughter of Peter Beeston, the financier. She and Mr. Lloyd are cousins. Only members of the immediate families will be present.

So she had taken him after all! All the day and the days that followed, through every moment of the passing hours, Varick had debated the matter. He was still debating it as he tapped on Mr. Mapleson's door. Bab had taken his advice, that was evident—his suggestion that she must decide for herself. But that she had not taken it in the way he hoped she would, Varick's air made evident. He did not blame her. He would not let himself even criticize what she had done. But he was disappointed bitterly—disappointed and surprised at the choice she had made.

*Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief;*
*Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief!*

Rich man the buttons had counted, that was all! At any rate, so Varick thought.

Mr. Mapy never had looked more frail, more fragile than he did now lying in the white-enameled iron bed on which for seventeen years he had slept. His eyes, deep sunk within their sockets, were bright with an unwonted fire; his face was drawn and peaked. So gaunt were his features and waxy white that as he lay among the pillows he had the semblance of a ghost. At Varick's entrance he looked up expectantly. The morning newspaper lay upon his bed. As Varick saw, it was opened at the page devoted to social news. Mr. Mapleson was twittering with excitement.

"Have you seen this?" he piped.

Varick set down the tray. In response to Mr. Mapleson's remark he nodded.

"She is to be married Wednesday," the little man cried, drawing in a sudden breath; "my little Bab's to be married!" Then, as if at a sudden thought, he propped himself up among the pillows. The exertion, slight as it was, had obviously tried his strength, and for a moment he could not speak. "I see it now," he cried when he caught his breath again. "That's why they kept her, isn't it? They wanted her to marry Lloyd!"

Varick smiled.

"Oh, yes," he answered dryly, "that was why."

Mr. Mapleson seemed overwhelmed.

"But does she love him?" he exclaimed.

Varick busied himself with rearranging the dishes on the tray. Love David Lloyd? What had that to do with it? Wasn't she marrying him? He did not say this, however, to Mr. Mapleson. He did not say anything, in fact. But Mr. Mapleson was too occupied with his own thoughts to notice this.

"She'll be happy, don't you think?" he chirped.

"Happy?" echoed Varick.

"Why, you think so, don't you?" cried Mr. Mapleson, alarm in his voice. "Why shouldn't she be happy?"

A faint color mounted into his peaked face. It was evident that a rising excitement fired the little man. Oblivious of how all this must hurt Varick, the man Bab once had loved, Mr. Mapleson gave vent to a sudden chuckle.

"Never mind the tray; I can't eat anything," he said feverishly; then he darted a glance at Varick. "Say," he cried, his eyes unnaturally bright, "they won't turn her out now; they won't turn her out at all! Yes, and that ain't all either! If she marries that fellow she'll still have all that money! It's great, ain't it? Just think of it—she's going to have everything after all!"

Then with a deep sigh, his face radiant with a smile, he lay back among the pillows, his eyes closed. After an interval he spoke again.

"Well," he said, "even if I can't see her again, I'm happy, happy!" A long while afterward he spoke again.

"I'm happy," he whispered; "very happy!"

Late that night Varick came down the stairs and tapped at the door of Mrs. Tilney's bedroom. She arose hurriedly and, donning a dressing gown, went to open the door. Varick had his hat in his hand.

"We'll have to have a doctor, and a nurse too. I'll pay for them," he said. "Mr. Mapleson's very ill, I'm afraid. And Mrs. Tilney," he added awkwardly, "send word to Bab again, won't you? Maybe she'll come if she knows how ill he is."

### XXIV

THE wedding was set for noon, Wednesday. Only two days remained now before the event, and already in the big Beeston house the preparations drew toward completion. The ceremony was to be performed in the library, a spacious, well-lighted room whose tall French windows overlooked the terraced garden and the pool beneath the evergreens. Only the family and two or three of their most intimate friends were to be present; and the ceremony had at one time threatened to be even smaller. Incensed at the turn affairs had taken, David's parents had at first declined to lend their presence. Beeston, however, had attended to this. He had, indeed, attended to almost every detail. Meanwhile, with Miss Elvira to aid, Bab made ready.

It would be difficult to describe her sensations. After her interview in the hall with Beeston a dull apathy seemed to have settled over her. Beeston's threat had proved efficacious. Bab had given in to him, for there had seemed nothing else to do. She had not, however, struck her colors weakly. The conflict with Beeston had been a long one, and it was only when she had no strength left to fight on that she capitulated. Beeston's triumph was complete.

His had been a clever stroke of diplomacy. Machiavelli himself could not have done better. Bab he might have threatened until doomsday, and she would have scoffed at him. For herself she had no fear of him, and Beeston knew it. Therefore, with an ingenious understanding of the situation, he had used the one possible means to bring her to her knees. Her heart like lead, she had gone back to her room upstairs. There the things still lay helter-skelter on her bed. Among them was Beeston's pearl. David's ring also was there. She was gazing at it hollow-eyed when a sound at the door came to her. Beeston had followed her. He stood for a moment in the doorway, gazing at the room's disorder, and then a lurking smile had lighted up his eyes. He had seen the ring, and that he knew who had given it to her was evident. Pointing to it with his stick, he grunted, and the grunt was almost friendly. The victor, it proved, meant to be kindly with the vanquished.

"You put that ring on again," he begged rather than directed. Then he had stared at her, his eyes softening. "You understand, don't you?" he appealed. "You won't say anything to David to kill his happiness!"

Bab understood, and she gave Beeston her promise. Then she put on David's ring. It seemed to her to symbolize her submission. David, the morning after, cried out as he saw it on her finger. Then he had tried impulsively to draw Bab into his arms; but she quietly released herself.

"Wait, David—not now," she begged. Then she had looked up at him with a brave little smile. "I'm very tired. Let me have these next few days to myself, won't you?"

Humbly he had withdrawn, his face clouded sensitively. Again he had been too rough, too clumsy, he told himself.

How swiftly the next few days sped by only Bab could have said. Two days only now were left—forty-eight hours in all. This knowledge, even in her apathy, gave her a creeping dread. Her mind dwelt on the women she knew—girls, some of them—whom she had seen marry, not for love but for money. Had they, too, felt that dread? Or had the jingling of the coin stilled the hurt their honor felt? Bab often wondered.

The Beeston motors were busy vehicles those last few days at Byewolde. Promptly at nine every morning, if it was fair, Beeston's great, powerful touring car rolled round to the door. If it rained, as once or twice it did, the limousine was there. Then, whatever the weather, Bab and Miss Elvira appeared promptly, and an hour later they were in town.

Bab had *carte blanche* to select what she wished for her trousseau. She was to spend what she liked. Miss Elvira in this assisted ably. Said she one morning: "I've never had a trousseau—which is no fault of mine! But there's this about it: if ever you're going to have your fling, have it now. I've never got over thinking how much I must have missed!"

Whether Miss Elvira knew what had occurred between Bab and her brother, Bab had no way of telling. That she knew of the fraud, however, was evident, though it seemed to make scant change in her demeanor. She was fond of Bab; and once fond of anyone, Miss Elvira was not the sort to change easily. Once she took Bab's hands in hers. Her craggy features for a moment were transfigured with a light Bab never before had seen there.

(Continued on Page 42)

"Love Him," She Whispered. "Oh, My Child, Love David, Won't You?"

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## An Anchor to Windward

FIGHTING Europe has borrowed a lot of money in the United States this year with which to buy war munitions. The total runs to three-quarters of a billion dollars. Meanwhile, you may have noticed, American railroads have borrowed hardly any money.

We are making powder and shot and guns at a great rate, but we are not, broadly speaking, building new lines of railroad nor improving the old lines. The powder-and-shot business is strictly temporary. When the war stops it will stop, leaving a large hole in American industry. The only interest that can measurably fill up the hole is the transportation interest. When the railroads are expanding they employ an immense number of men, buy immense quantities of materials, circulate a great deal of money. Railroad expansion would to a considerable extent take up the slack resulting from peace in Europe.

The railroads are doing better now, thanks partly to increased tonnage and partly to rigid economy in operation. Although about one-sixth of the railroad mileage of the country is now in receivers' hands, the transportation system should presently be in a position to do some expanding.

We suggest that it be given a reasonable degree of encouragement. This will be irksome to patriots who are not happy except when baiting a railroad; but they should subordinate their private pleasure to the public good.

## Books for Boys and Girls

CHRISTMAS coming, and what better present for a boy or girl than a good book! A normal boy of fourteen, say, likes a book with action, adventure, suspense, the wonder of strange conditions, the thrill of peril and the exultation of escaping it. There are books of that sort which are true, informing, educative.

We have tried Prescott's Conquest of Mexico half a dozen times as an antidote for dime novels, and never knew it to fail. There's a story so packed with romance, suspense, deadly dangers and heroic escapes that any normal boy of fourteen after a little tactful urging will eat it up. What boy's nerves will not tingle as he follows the handful of Spaniards, burning their ships behind them and striking into the unknown country, their lives every moment hanging by a thread! And when it comes to the Night of Disaster, what boy's heart will not slip its cable and bob from his boots to his throat as he reads of that! And it's true. Men veritably did those things.

There are Washington Irving's tales of the early Spanish explorers in America. Surely thrills enough there! For romantic adventure and strange conditions and deadly dangers and shining heroism, all the spurious imagination in all the yellow-backs ever written could not rise to the shoe strings of Magellan's voyage round the earth. The story is finely told—for one place—in the first chapter of the second volume of John Fiske's Discovery of America. Try it on your youthful dime-novel reader.

Beside La Salle, as Francis Parkman tells his story, all your yellow-back heroes turn dull and shoddy. All of Parkman's clearly, simply, directly told stories of the early explorations and settlements of North America are good reading for a boy who has once got a start in the right direction.

This America in which we live our more or less humdrum lives was for two hundred years the world's greatest thriller. The story is a matchless yellow-back; but the yellow is real gold. Try it on your youthful victim of the pinchbeck article. In the realm of fiction there are good books, suitable for young readers, more thrilling than the thrillingest bad book.

## Doped Fiction

WHAT a boy reads is as important as anything else about him. You try to protect him from depraved associations of flesh and blood, but pretty often you make little enough effort to protect him from depraved associations in print.

You send him to school in a belief that the stuff he absorbs from printed pages forms his mind; but out of school you may let him absorb stuff from printed pages that is not fit to be in a dog's mind.

Time was when you could tell a wrong book for a boy because it was bound in yellow paper and sold for a dime. Nowadays many wrong books for boys are most respectably bound in cloth. And they are perfectly moral, in the narrowest sense of that abused word. They describe how a fourteen-year-old boy, with a discarded set of harness and an old hoop skirt, made a flying machine and sailed round the earth; or with a leaky washboiler and two dollars in cash built a submarine that destroyed the enemy's fleet; how a lad in knee breeches circumvented a gang of desperate criminals and so became president of a railroad at sixteen.

These tales of preposterous juvenile achievement are depraved because they are monstrous lies. They do not stimulate a boy's imagination; they drug it. They do not set his imagination usefully at work, but send it off in a weird opium dream. They do not brace and enlarge a boy's mind; they lead it into a vicious, enervating habit of dope-taking. They are a sort of psychological whisky-drinking that makes the victim unresponsive to wholesome, natural tonics and begets a flabby craving for the artificial kick.

The crime and shame of this thing is that the boy is not in the least to blame. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he would read a good book instead of a bad one if only the good book instead of the bad one were put into his hands. See what your boy—or your girl—is reading. If it is a bad book that is your fault. It is your business to get him a good one in place of it.

## Our Elusive Money Demon

SCANNING the national banking field with an ever-vigilant eye, not long ago, the Comptroller of the Currency discovered deeds of "brutality and horror"; deeds which, in his own impassioned language, "are blood-curdling; they are like the stories from darkest Russia of the oppression inflicted on the peasantry; like the ghastly history of the wrongs done the French country people by the old nobility." Banks, says Mr. Williams, are "literally crushing the faces of their neighbors, deliberately fastening their fangs in the very heart of poverty!"

No right-thinking person will deny that a bank which deliberately fastens its fangs in the very heart of poverty—slowly waving its tail meanwhile in hellish derision of the anguish of its victim—is a most unpleasant object; and the sympathetic reader's indignant thought naturally turns to Wall Street, which, he has been told, has an exclusive patent on all forms of fiscal deviltry.

But the ogreish Money Trust which inhabits that thoroughfare is innocent as a newborn babe of these particular deeds of brutality and horror. They are performed, as the comptroller expressly says, "in the more remote districts; in small communities of agricultural regions." There some banks charge usurious interest rates—which is what the comptroller is really talking about. The most horrible case was that of a bank which lent a woman three dollars and a half for six days and charged her a dollar for the accommodation. That, as Mr. Williams points out, would be at the unconscionable rate of about twenty-four hundred per cent a year.

The disclosure is discouraging. As long as we supposed that monetary sinfulness was confined to Wall Street, we might hope to destroy it by the simple expedient of destroying the Street. But if it is scattered all over the country this way the outlook is not promising.

## Majorities to Order

IF FORTUNE should finally favor us in respect of Mexico there will presently be some voting down there. The people probably will vote as to whether or not they want Carranza for president; then on a new constitution; and perhaps on various other matters.

Probably the voting will mean nothing in particular. In a country like Mexico it seldom does mean anything. As long as he had the soldiers and the official machinery well in hand Diaz was reëlected by tremendous majorities. He would doubtless be elected by a great majority to-day if he had the soldiers and the official machinery behind him.

They had an election in China the other day—with overwhelming majorities for the monarchical form of government which the hand of power at Peking wanted. The majorities would have been just as heavy for any other proposition that the hand of power wanted. Unless a people has some democratic experience and some democratic spirit the form of voting counts for little. Even in France Napoleon III usually got what votes he wanted. Just before the grand smash-up the nation responded to his appeal for approval by a popular vote of five to one. When he wished to annex Nice and Savoy the inhabitants voted his way almost unanimously.

The mere forms of democracy mean nothing. Probably a capable government with a dependable army could get Mexico's vote or China's for anything it wanted.

## Loans for Tenants

THE man on the land who most needs credit is the thrifty and skillful tenant or laborer. A good credit scheme might help him, and by helping him help agriculture; for, taking it by and large, it is better that farms should be worked by owners than by tenants or hired labor.

But a considerable difficulty at once presents itself. Farm lands in the best agricultural regions are already selling at such a price that with fair average management they return only three or four per cent on the market valuation. There are two and a quarter million farm tenants.

If some philanthropist should stake them to the first payment on a farm there would be a greatly increased demand for farms and probably a further decided rise in price. So two million tenants with purchase money in hand might see prices advance to such a level that there would be little profit in buying.

We mention this, not for the lugubrious purpose of hanging crêpe on rural-credit agitation, but merely to suggest that the subject is a complicated and difficult one, which cannot be satisfactorily disposed of by the free and easy method of simply tapping the Government till.

## Playing the Deuce

OF ALL our states none is more hopelessly addicted to the Favorite-Son vice than Illinois. The reason is obvious. Some sixty-five years ago Illinois brought forward a Favorite Son who won the presidency—hence the inveterate delusion that any tall, animate object with boots on one end, a hat on the other, and an Illinois badge pinned to its breast is quite likely to win.

We are pleased to see that Congressman Mann—who is happily immune from any danger of being used as an object of this delusion—has been warning his fellow Republicans against it.

"You cannot," he told them, mentioning no names—"you cannot win with a two-spot."

That sounds reasonable. We suppose some incidental advantage accrues to a state machine when a candidate from that state reaches the presidency. But the presidency is quite an office. Bringing forward a candidate for it on any ground other than a plausible assumption that he embodies the highest qualifications to be found within the party gives to politics a regrettably groveling aspect. We do not see how a party organization can appeal very confidently to independent voters if it would rather have a deuce from its own state in the White House than a four-spot from some other state.

## Eventually

IN SHAKING their medicine well before taking, states east of the Mississippi are following an ancient custom. But it is really no use. They have got to take it finally and might just as well have it over with. In spite of some superficial indications to the contrary, of considerable magnitude, women in Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts and New Jersey will presently be voting on an equality with men.

It is on the cards. For only about so long can we continue to look women in the face and tell them we are born with a sagacity for public affairs which they cannot hope to acquire.

We can sympathize with Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts and New Jersey too. Every few days, in contemplating some contemporaneous manifestation of American politics, we get so conservative that J. P. Morgan is practically an I. W. W. in comparison and Nicholas Murray Butler might well be arrested as a violent menace to the established social order. But we know the conservatism really is not true. Progressive democracy, even radical democracy, is the true thing—with plenty of interruptions and some long backward swings and an enormous incidental accumulation of blunders and follies; yet on a big view it is lumbering right along.

# WAR AND THE TARIFF

## By Albert J. Beveridge

OUR recently enacted tariff law must be changed by the coming session of Congress. That is admitted. Perhaps the entire law will be revised. Whether our new tariff be partly or wholly altered, the work will be difficult, requiring wide and exact knowledge. No business man or corporation in this or any other country has, or ever had, such a delicate and important problem. For these tariff changes will affect our revenue, our domestic trade, our foreign commerce, our relations with the whole world, and the general welfare of all our people. And they are to be made at a time when the nations are in an upheaval unprecedented in human history.

Yet this vast labor is to be performed by a Congress of more than five hundred members, few if any of whom know what rates ought to be changed, or how far the change should go. This is no criticism of these able men; for under our system it is, of course, quite impossible that they should have the information absolutely necessary for this peculiarly careful economic work.

Practically all of them are unavoidably engaged in politics. They have been and are planning or conducting campaigns, thinking and speaking on woman suffrage, prohibition, and other like vital questions. They have been and are pondering deeply the many and mighty problems growing out of the war—most of which are as novel as they are appalling. In addition to all this many of our congressmen and senators have been and are engrossed in business, or in the practice of the law, or in lecturing on Chautauqua circuits, or in many other indispensable pursuits.

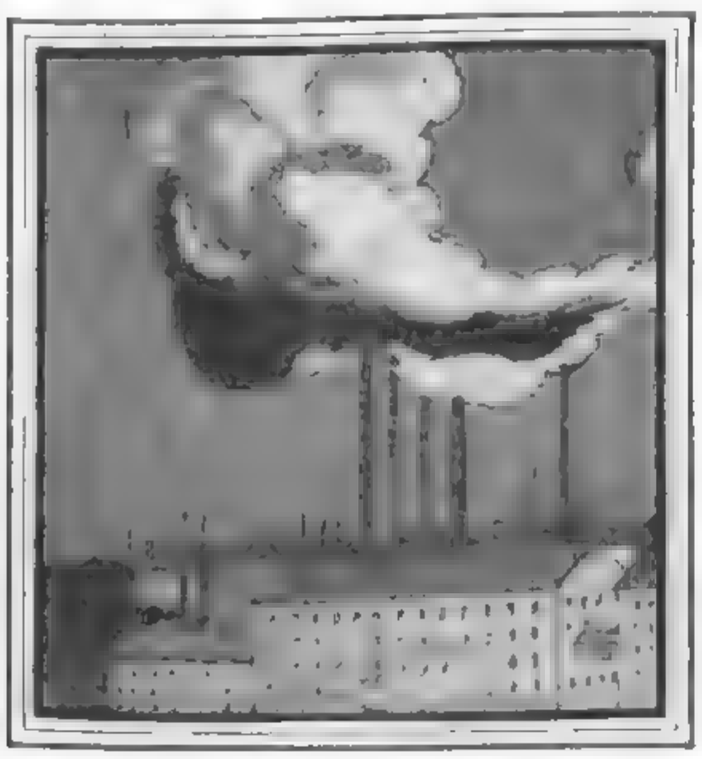
All of these activities are excellent and praiseworthy; but are they an ideal preparation for answering the complicated and technical economic questions that Congress is now called upon to deal with? Could a banking business be well managed, or railroad rates and train schedules be safely determined, by men whose time was so diverted from banking and from railroading for such varied and brilliant performances—especially when they had no previous expert knowledge of banking or railroading?

Yet the tariff is as much more important than a bank or a railroad as the nation is greater than either. And the same contrast is true of the exact and varied information required for determining tariff rates and that needed for sound banking and safe railroading.

### *Why a Tariff Commission is Needed*

SO WHEN Congress meets, it will face the large and intricate problem of tariff revision without exact knowledge of what to do or how to do it. There will be plenty of general ideas and lots of debate. This, as usual, will be partisan. The Administration will be attacked and defended. We shall hear much denouncing and an equal amount of exalting. Little of it will mean anything from an economic point of view. Politics will largely color the whole discussion. This is a way democracies have, and a way they must remedy if they are to become efficient. Most of what is said and done will be with reference to next year's election.

Out of all this moil and labor of language will emerge—no man knows what. We can be reasonably certain of one thing only—that the outcome will be as unsatisfactory as the present tariff law is or as the preceding tariff law was. For whatever is done will be done by the same method—or rather absence of method—that produced the tariff law which the present law replaced, and which created the present law which now, in its turn, is to be modified.



Yet this befogged confusion, so hurtful and dangerous to the country, is wholly unnecessary. If we now had a tariff commission like that of Germany, or permanent tariff experts like those of France or Japan, the whole subject would have been carefully studied by trained practical economists whose sole and exclusive business is the mastering of the tariff in all its phases, foreign and domestic. These business experts would have had ready for Congress all the facts, tested and arranged, and also a list of the changes in rates required by those facts.

It may almost be said that, if we now had a thoroughgoing tariff commission, the necessary readjustments of duties would be made automatically. And these alterations would be as accurate and as just as skilled investigation and informed intelligence could make them. Thus the work of Congress would be simplified and the difficulties of that work reduced to a minimum. Thus, too, American business would be reassured—and it certainly needs reassuring.

Experience has made it plain to everybody that, even when the world is at peace, Congress cannot deal properly with the tariff without the aid of an adequate tariff commission. But the present world war has made this plainer still. It is hard enough to adjust tariff rates when no armies are in the field and the thunder of cannon has not shaken business conditions. The task is far more difficult when the nations are in arms and the world's commercial system is upset.

This is the situation in which we now find ourselves, and out of it arise questions that concern us vitally both at present and in the future. Yet Congress, which in the nature of things cannot do the involved and delicate work that tariff building demands even in ordinary times, is now required to perform a much more perplexing task in extraordinary times. If, as has been the case, tariff revision by an unaided Congress during normal periods means confusion, it means chaos at this abnormal time. This unhappy fact has been made clear by several recent statements of supposed facts and proposals based thereon. For example, we have been told that the moment the war ends, the nations now locked in death struggle will suddenly pour upon us oceans of goods at pauper prices; and, therefore, we are advised to build rates so high that this dammed-up flood, when released, cannot reach the summit of our tariff wall. Otherwise, we are informed, our industries will be drowned when this deluge roars in upon us.

But is this entirely true? Where is the reservoir in which this terrifying mass of cheap foreign goods is stored? Certainly none of the warring nations had a large surplus on hand for exportation when the war broke out. On the contrary, one great secret of their business success in international trade was to sell their surplus as fast, if possible, as they produced it. They made money by rapidly turning it over and over, again and again. The art of successful trade is, as every business man knows, to convert raw material into finished product, to sell it quickly and to repeat the process. So, as a matter of business, would it seem that any European country could have had a heavy surplus when the war broke out? As a matter of fact, had any of them thus defied the laws of economics and stored up excess products to sell years hence? If so, what countries were guilty of such business folly?

Most certainly none of the bleeding nations can stock up while the war lasts. The millions of artisans who now are soldiers cannot manufacture while they are at the front; and, with the possible exception of England, most of the plants that are still running are making war materials.

And how soon can they create an exporting surplus after the war ends? Anybody who has studied European economic conditions on the ground understands that this cannot be done in a flash. The wastage of human material in all the belligerent countries is already large and will increase until the last shot is fired. For instance, the business men in France estimate that it will require at least three and probably five years to restore French business to normal conditions after the treaty of peace is signed. The utter disorganization of industrial staffs which the presence of millions of laborers and business men on the firing line has caused is sufficient to account for that. And there are many other reasons. The war has revealed to the whole world what every student of world commerce knew—that the industry of Great Britain was badly organized even for peace. This was the principal of several reasons why that hitherto dominant commercial power was being overtaken so rapidly in foreign and even in domestic trade. Nevertheless, by her absolute mastery of the seas and by her indisposition to turn her factories into munition plants, Great Britain is keeping up her foreign trade quite well. Indeed, there are signs that she has devoted much energy and attention to enlarging her foreign markets and to reëstablishing herself commercially in quarters where her trade had been declining. So far as her exports are concerned, it would have been excellent business for her to have bought all her munitions in America and thus to have kept her factories at work on their usual output. And she has done this to some extent.

It appears probable that the more perfect organization of German industry, including the early and universal education and training of German youth for industrial and commercial efficiency, will enable Germany to recover with unexpected rapidity. Yet is it likely that even Germany can quickly reach the plane of productiveness upon which she stood when the nations drew the sword?

Again, we are told that we are getting most of the gold of Europe; and, indeed, we are getting much of it. So again it is pointed out that Europe will try to get this gold back by dumping mountains of low-priced commodities upon us. Therefore, we are counseled to keep this gold by preventing European countries from selling us anything. At the same time we are advised to get ready to supply the exhausted markets of Europe with products that Europe will need and can best get from us.

### *Some Unusual Tariff Conditions*

DO NOT these few examples, out of many similar ones, show that assumption, in some minds, may have taken the place of knowledge as to the facts? And do they not reveal a hasty thinking born rather of fear than of information? Yet it is out of such a jumble of data and ideas that our impending tariff changes will come.

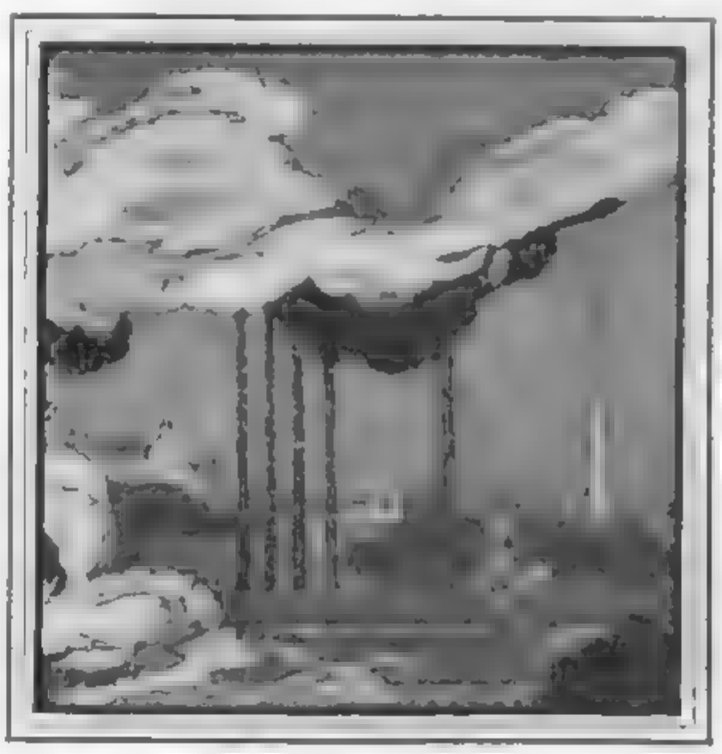
Let us consider two or three unusual elements of our present tariff problem.

First of all, take our domestic conditions. The war has created new industries in our country to supply what we formerly imported. The manufacture of dyestuffs is a conspicuous example. Others are springing up. The capital invested in these is purely American. It must be safeguarded and the new tariff must be made with this fact in mind.

In the second place, it is certain that we shall produce a surplus in all lines where our industries are firmly established. We did that in ordinary times. Only by the sale of this surplus abroad can our industries be kept going and our workingmen employed. The moment a factory produces a surplus that it cannot sell, it must slow down and discharge part of its men, or shut down and discharge all of its men, until the surplus is disposed of.

So foreign trade is vitally necessary to the continuous running of our factories and to the steady employment of our laborers. As McKinley so wisely said: "The period of exclusiveness is past." Commerce with the world is essential to our prosperity. Europe has been our best customer; but Europe can now buy from us—what it must have and what we must sell—by paying us, principally, with some kind of commodity that Europe produces—for there is a shortage of gold in Europe. So any tariff change or revision must take this into account.

Our remaining foreign markets are in South America and in the Orient. But as South America was very heavily indebted to Europe before the war began, it seems probable that Europe will draw from South America every available peso, shilling, mark and franc. Perhaps this money already has been withdrawn. So the problem of disposing of our surplus in South America involves the question



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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

of long-time credits, banking facilities, the interchange of products and a merchant marine. The tariff changes or revision about to be made must consider all these things.

The last market for our product is the Orient, and in the Far East we are confined to China, for Great Britain will take good care that we get less trade in India than the little we already have, because Great Britain will need every tuppence of that commerce for herself. The Russo-Japanese War deprived us of the trade we had built up in Korea and Manchuria, practically all of which now is Japan's, and will so remain In China itself, Japan has begun the building of that hegemony over the Celestial Empire that will give and is giving to the Japanese the commercial as well as the political sovereignty of that country. This Japanese program in Korea, Manchuria and China, so fatal to the expansion of our Oriental trade, was pointed out even before the Russo-Japanese War, but we refused to believe it. Now it is accomplished, or in the process of accomplishment. Our trade with the Philippines is considerable and growing; and these islands are our commercial base in the Orient. But the party in power has determined to surrender the Philippines. Our coming adventure in tariff revision must include all these changing conditions in the Far East.

Even without any of the above elements, the readjustment of our tariff would now be harder than ever before. The war has caused an industrial inflation in America. The enormous war orders that we sought so greedily may prove in the end a greater disadvantage than any temporary business depression could have been. Immense and wholly unnatural profits have been made with startling rapidity. Tremendous fortunes have been gathered overnight by investment in war stocks. These things have scattered the fever germs of speculation throughout the land. The madness for getting rich quickly, from which it took us so long to recover, has returned. We have only to consult our own history to learn the result of this state of mind

With swollen and unnatural war profits has come a just demand from workingmen for increased wages, and this has generally been granted, as it should have been. When the abnormal times which produced all these abnormal conditions come to an end, will those who are now making skyrocket profits be content with ordinary returns? Will workingmen willingly consent to have their wages reduced? Will the gambling spirit, conjured by war-stock speculation, subside? Everybody knows that none of these things will come to pass. It is not human nature that they should.

### *When Inflation Collapses*

Might it not have been better for this country, in the long run, if not one dollar of war orders had been placed in America? For when the industrial inflation that they have produced collapses, may it not leave industrial and commercial derangement behind it and a general and desperate discontent?

All the above conditions enhance the necessity for a tariff commission. Will any one say that Congress would not be better prepared to meet the emergency if it were now aided by a body of skilled experts who had been studying, for the last two years, with trained agents in every foreign country, the complicated situation? Would not their carefully gathered facts and well-digested report be helpful? More money will be squandered by the next Congress on perfectly useless items of the River and Harbor Bill alone than would maintain a genuine tariff commission for twenty years.

No student who has investigated the question on the ground doubts that the permanent tariff experts of Germany, France, Austria and Japan have been studying the effects of the present war upon the tariff problem of their respective countries; and that they will have ready for their national legislatures careful drafts of new tariff schedules as bases of new and up-to-date tariff laws. Would it not have been good sense for us to have had the same kind of men at work for us on the same problem?

The tariff changes soon to be made should be on protective lines. The tariff should be entirely revised and made a distinctly and emphatically protective tariff. For, though there is no danger of such a sudden tidal wave of low-priced products as alarmists prophesy, yet a heavy competition is bound to come within a reasonable time after the war ends. Our industries—especially those that the war has created—must be safeguarded.

In doing this, however, equal care must be taken not to destroy the possibility of foreign trade, by which alone our excess production can be disposed of and our industrial activity be expanded and strengthened. We must look to the sale of our surplus or we shall have a congestion almost as dangerous as an unrestrained influx of foreign commodities. Is it not business prudence to build up our best customer, Europe, already broken by war, rather than utterly to prostrate that customer? This can be done without endangering our own producing industries.

Ample protection that will yet permit the sale of our surplus abroad is the problem we must solve. An exclusive tariff that will choke our markets with an unsold surplus and thus produce industrial indigestion, and a tariff that will sacrifice our industries and admit of foreign trade only by importation, are the extremes to be avoided.

In short, this, of all times, is no time for the extremist. The extremist is always unwise, except, perhaps, in purely moral questions; but at a season like the present, and in the solving of a grave and many-sided business problem, the extremist is a real national peril. Neither those who would take no steps to protect our industries from post-war competition, nor those who would prevent us from having any foreign trade, are the counselors demanded by the impending crisis.

### *The Real Tariff Makers*

Even in peace times Congress cannot make tariff changes wisely, accurately and justly. There are thousands of materials and articles covered by our tariff the very names and uses of many of which are not well understood except by the specialist. The subject of tariff classification is vital, and yet an examination of the classifications of our American tariffs reveals an unmethodical and illogical jumbling of articles not only unbusinesslike and confusing but actually grotesque. The information indispensable for fixing an intelligent rate of duty on these thousands of items and for properly classifying them is an immense task, which can be done only by systematic work, continuously and patiently carried on by trained practical economists whose exclusive business and duty it is to deal with the tariff as a vital part of our whole economic problem. If to all this be added the many new complications that the war has produced, the simplest mind cannot fail to understand the inability of Congress, unaided, to perform the duty of tariff revision successfully or even intelligently.

In readjusting the tariff, Congress, of course, relies upon two great committees—the Ways and Means Committee in the House and the Finance Committee in the Senate. Theoretically, these committees frame and report the tariff bills; but only theoretically. In practice, only a majority of these committees determines the measure to be laid before Congress, and this committee majority is purely partisan. When the legislation thus arranged by a partisan majority of these committees is laid before the House and Senate, the partisan majority in each body is supposed to support it automatically as a matter of party loyalty, and generally it does so.

Thus the practical drafting of our tariff bills is done by a very few men. If these men constituted a continuous and permanent body of experts, sitting in continuous session and working exclusively on this one problem, they would be able to solve it as it is solved so satisfactorily in other countries. But the exact reverse is the case. The members of these committees are not experts. They do not constitute a permanent body. Their work is not continuous; and they do not give their exclusive attention to the tariff—no, not even during the few weeks when they are drafting a tariff bill.

Take, for example, the Finance Committee of the Senate, which, contrary to the spirit, and perhaps to the letter, of the Constitution, is, as everybody knows, the real architect of tariff legislation. The members of this committee are supposed to be, and usually are, among the ablest members of the Senate; and every one of them is a member of other important and powerful Senate committees.

Of the Democratic majority of the present Senate Finance Committee, the chairman is a member of seven other committees,

one of which is the important and overworked Committee of Commerce. The second member of the Democratic majority is a member of six other committees, one of them being the critically important one of Foreign Relations, of which he is chairman. The third is a member of seven other committees, one of which is Foreign Relations, and another the Committee on Rules, in reality the master committee of the Senate. The fourth is a member of ten other committees, three of which are the Committees on Claims, Education and Labor, and Naval Affairs, all requiring watchful and heavy work. This Senator is also a member of the Committee of Privileges and Elections, and Territories, both highly important, the latter having charge of all legislation concerning Alaska. The fifth is a member of nine other committees, one of which is the Committee on Pensions, of which he is chairman, three others being Foreign Relations, Education and Labor, and Territories. The sixth is a member of six other committees, being chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor, and a member of the Judiciary Committee, one of the leading committees of the Senate, of Agriculture and Forestry, which requires painstaking and laborious work, and also of Post Offices and Post Roads, a committee of the first class, and of Rules, already referred to. The seventh is a member of six other committees, two of them being Military Affairs and Public Lands, both of which require watchful labor. The eighth is a member of nine other committees, among them being the Committee on Claims, the District of Columbia, and Conservation, each of which demands alert attention and discriminating judgment. The ninth is a member of seven other committees, three of them being Pensions, Privileges and Elections, and Public Lands. The tenth is a member of seven other committees, four of them being Immigration, Interstate Commerce, Pensions, and Agriculture and Forestry, of which latter he is chairman.

Of the Republican minority of the Senate Finance Committee, the senior member is also a member of six other committees, four of which are Naval Affairs, Post Offices and Post Roads, Education and Labor, and Immigration. The second is also a member of five other committees, among them being Immigration, Naval Affairs, and Foreign Relations, of which he is senior Republican member. The third is a member of six other committees, two of them being Foreign Relations and Pensions. The fourth is a member of seven other committees, four of which are Pensions, Printing, Public Lands, and Appropriations, the latter affording enough work, if properly done, for its members during a large part of each session to the exclusion of anything else. The fifth is a member of six other committees, among them being Appropriations, Printing, and Rules. The sixth is a member of five other committees, three of which are the Judiciary, Conservation, and Public Lands. The seventh is a member of six other committees, three of which are Indian Affairs, Interstate Commerce, and the Census.

### *Overworked Tariff Tinkers*

Of these seventeen members of the Senate Finance Committee, thirteen are lawyers, one is a physician and a surgeon, one is a banker and a woolen manufacturer, one a teacher and a journalist, and one an author.

The states that the Democratic majority of the Senate Finance Committee represents are North Carolina, Missouri, Mississippi, Maine, Indiana, Georgia, Colorado, Kentucky, New Jersey and Oklahoma. The Republican minority represents Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, North Dakota, Utah, New Hampshire, Wyoming and Wisconsin.

Such is the body of men who, sitting as a tariff committee only when the subject of tariff revision is actually under way, draft our tariff bills in a few short weeks. That all of them are men of great ability, high character, extensive learning, broad experience and tireless industry does not modify the startling fact that the work required of them in other Senate committees leaves them insufficient time or strength adequately to inform themselves upon and properly write a tariff law covering many thousands of items and affecting our revenue, our foreign and domestic trade, and the prosperity of the nation.

When to these other serious Senate duties that necessarily take their attention from tariff study is added that of taking part in and, indeed, frequently of leading the general debate and business of the Senate on all weighty matters, the cruelty that is done them by requiring them to frame tariff legislation becomes still more apparent.

And back of all this we must remember that all these men are political leaders upon whom their parties make tremendous demands entirely aside from their Senate work. To all this is added the time and strength that each of them is forced to give to his private profession or business in order to make a living.

Recent experience has shown that the party majority in Congress is governed largely by the desires of the President as to the legislation that it enacts. But even if the President were both an experienced business man and a trained practical economist, he could not be expected, at this juncture, to furnish his party majority in Congress with the knowledge necessary to the framing of a wise and just tariff measure. The Mexican situation has required his watchful and patient attention for more than two years; European complications have weighed heavily upon him, and other important matters have engaged him.

We are left, then, to the Finance Committee of the Senate and to the Ways and Means Committee of the House to frame this new legislation—or rather to the Democratic majority of each of these committees. And we have seen the crushing burdens laid upon these men by their other necessary work which makes it so hard for them to make these new tariff adjustments as well as they would like to make them and as those changes ought to be made.

### *Examples of Senatorial Ignorance*

Nor can much light be expected from debate in Senate and in House when the bill is reported. Much of this, as the country has come to learn, is mere partisan declamation, not always well informed. Many pages of examples from the tariff debates in Congress might be quoted which, to the economist, to the business man, or even to the ordinary student, are sheer nonsense.

During the tariff-commission debate of 1910, one of the most eminent and best informed Republican senators of long service and conspicuous ability declared that the tariffs of Germany and Japan were made by imperial edict and not by legislative enactment. Astounding, is it not? And this distinguished Senator was at the time a member of the Finance Committee.

In the same debate another leading senator of wide knowledge and long service asserted that the change in the tariff on anthracite coal was made during the Spanish War, although that important revision was enacted during the scarcity of coal caused by the historic conflict between the miners and the anthracite-coal trust. Yet this senator was in the Senate when that tariff readjustment was made. And these are only moderate examples.

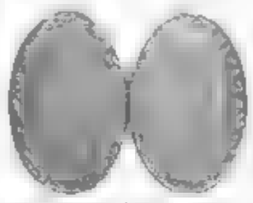
What have been given above are only a few of the multitude of facts that demonstrate the absolute and indispensable necessity for a tariff commission as permanent, powerful and non-partisan as are those of foreign countries or as is our own Interstate Commerce Commission. The very first thing Congress should do is to create such a body. It should be permanent. The tenure of office of its members should be at least as long as that of senators. They should be trained practical economists, each representing one of our great industrial divisions, agriculture, manufacture, labor, transportation, and the like. Their salaries should be large enough to enable men of the first class to accept appointment. They should have ample power, specified in the law itself, for the widest investigation at home and abroad. They should be authorized not only to report facts but to recommend rates to Congress. They should be required to sit continuously in the same manner as the Interstate Commerce Commission and to lay their findings before President or Congress upon a call of either, or upon their own motion without such demand.

For almost ten years the agitation for the establishment of a genuine, permanent, nonpartisan tariff commission has been going on. The subject has been debated from every angle. As a result of this, the overwhelming majority of the American people are earnestly in favor of this vital business reform; and this majority is growing all the time. There is no longer any excuse for


Krementz

One piece Collar Buttons, 25c each

One-piece Bean and Post Cuff Buttons, $2.00 a pair



Solderless Loose Links $2.50 a pair

Solderless Tie Clasp with concealed spring $1.00

Bachelor Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons with Cuff Links to match for evening wear. Complete as a set, $5.25 to $6.50. They "go in like a needle," and

They "hold like an anchor"

## Useful Christmas Gifts for Every Man and Boy

Any Christmas gifts you select from this page, or from the Krementz Case at your dealer's, will inspire a hearty "Thank you!" from the man or boy to whom they are given. Krementz Jewelry is Krementz made, which means dependable quality and *absolutely correct style.*

This remarkable guarantee *insures permanent satisfaction:*—

"If a piece of Krementz 14 Kt. Rolled Gold Plate jewelry is damaged or fails, from any cause, to give the service you expect of it, any dealer, anywhere, or we, will replace it Free."

Krementz Collar Buttons bought a generation ago are still in daily service. Though they cost but 25c each, a lifetime of wear and tear cannot spoil their usefulness.

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### *Attractive Combinations or Krementz Jewelry in Christmas Gift Boxes and Cases*

One piece Collar Buttons, 25c each; four in gift box, $1.00

One-piece bean-and-post Cuff Buttons, pair in box, $2.00; pair Cuff Buttons and two Collar Buttons in gift box, $2.50; pair Cuff Buttons and Tie Clasp to match, in gift box, $3.00; pair Cuff Buttons, Tie Clasp to match and two Collar Buttons in gift box, $3.50

Solderless Loose Links, $2.50 a pair

Solderless Tie Clasps, $1.00 each

Bachelor-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons for evening wear, "go in like a needle and hold like an anchor." Sets include cuff links to match. $5.25 to $6.50 a set, in handsome presentation case

If your dealer hasn't Krementz jewelry, order direct from us.

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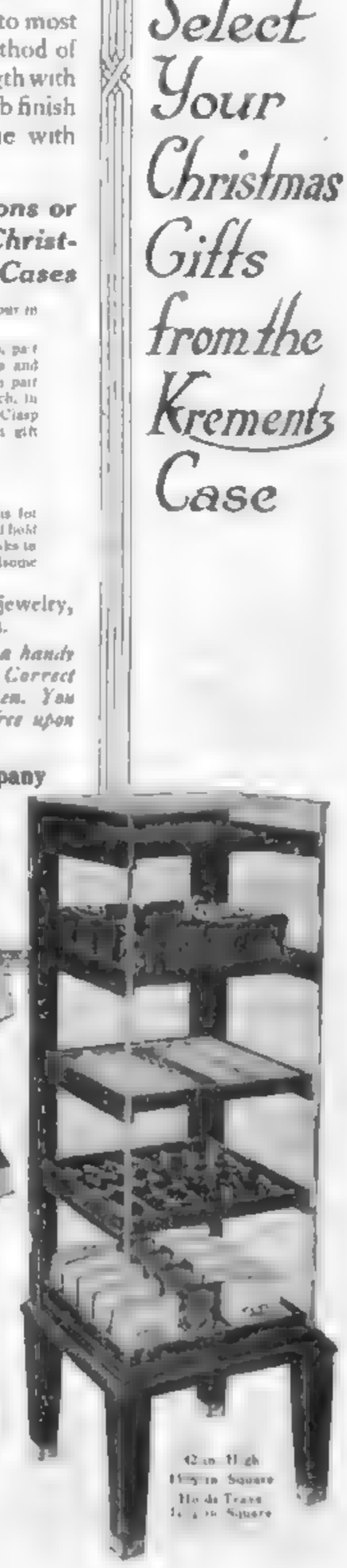


Select Your Christmas Gifts from the Krementz Case

# New Lantern "Burns" Electricity!

*Replaces the Dangerous, Smelly Oil Lantern Unchanged in Principle Since Roman Days*

**Price $2.00**
(Without Battery)
**In Canada $2.65**
If your dealer hasn't it, pin a $2.00 bill to this ad. and mail to us.

## FREE DEMONSTRATION WEEK—
## Dec. 2nd to Dec. 9th

Beginning today, you will be shown the ***first great stride*** in portable night light—THE FIRST ELECTRIC LANTERN!

Your hardware, electrical or accessory store is demonstrating the DELTA'S LIGHTING POWER, convenience, reliability, cleanliness, safety, economy. GO TODAY to see and get the

# DELTA ELECTRIC
## Two-Battery LANTERN
### —*Cheap as Oil*—

Uses Two Ordinary No. 6 Dry Cells

**"The Lantern of 1000 Uses"**

Now carry ***electric light*** with you into dark places. Press the switch and you shoot A PERFECT BLAZE OF LIGHT from the big 3-volt DELTA-Tungsten bulb and mirror-reflector.

Use around home, in pantry, basement, attic. Hang the DELTA Electric Lantern on the wall and it lights the whole room—or use it as hall-light or porch-light. Read by it. **"Burns by the hour." Do not confuse with flashlights.**

The best companion for housewives, watchmen, deliverymen, inspectors—on farm, in buildings. Flange-base prevents tipping over.

Handsome and handy—slip big handle over arm.

Two common ordinary No. 6 dry cells, purchasable at your local stores, will last six months and longer in ordinary nightly service. Stands 7¼ inches tall, not figuring handle. In beautiful, black-enameled, non-tarnishing case. A big value at the price!

On the Farm

### Throws Spot-Light 300 Feet and Diffuses Light Over 180 Degrees

The DELTA Electric Lantern lights your path or work as no other lantern ever did before. It blazes forth a new COMBINATION SPOT-LIGHT AND DIFFUSING LIGHT ***at the same time, or separately.*** The first is a piercing searchlight that sharply "lights up" objects or buildings hundreds of feet away. Go now—see FREE Demonstration at nearest store, of the great spread of diffusing light, 180 degrees of mellow light radiating ***straight down, up and to the sides.*** You want this lantern. ***Go today.***

In the Basement

**Single Battery Spot-Light Lantern** **$1.25**
**Without Battery** **Canada $1.75**

Tens of thousands in use. "Spots" objects 250 to 300 feet away. Sportsmen "spot" game at night, deliverymen "spot" house numbers. Hundreds of uses for inspectors, watchmen, etc. Illuminates foreground 10 to 25 feet wide, 8½ inches tall. Has triple silver-plated parabolic reflector.

Read By It

## The *Useful* Christmas Gifts!

Here are new, unique presents that are enthusiastically received

## Get Your DELTA Today!

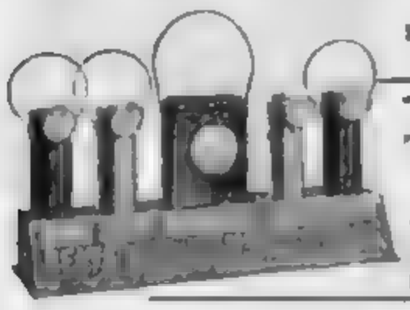
A two-minute demonstration of the DELTA 2-Battery Electric Lantern will open your eyes and pocket-book to the extra advantages ***offered only under DELTA patents.*** If your dealer hasn't it, pin a $2.00 bill to this advertisement and mail to

**DELTA ELECTRIC CO., Dept. A, Marion, Ind.**
*Manufacturers of Meritorious Electrical Specialties*
New York Branch—220 Broadway
**DELTA ELECTRIC CO., Winnipeg**
*Distributors for Western Canada*

As a Hall-Light

For Deliverymen

An Emergency Headlight



**DEALERS! Get This Display Stand!**

Compact! Attractive! Shows *fast-selling* line of DELTA ELECTRIC LAMPS AND LANTERNS! Get your share of enormous business created. Write for Combination Offer!


delay, as there never was any solid reason for opposing the measure in the first place.

Nine years ago in the Congressional campaigns I suggested the pressing need of such a body of experts to prepare for tariff revision. Eight years ago, after a visit to Germany and France to study their tariff and other business methods, I urged the immediate establishment of a permanent, non-partisan tariff commission, in a magazine debate with Mr. Bryan in which he presented the Democratic side and I attempted to present the Republican side. Seven years ago I introduced into the Senate a careful but moderate bill drawn by the aid of one of the most accomplished tariff experts in the country, who, like myself, is a protectionist. A determined fight for a genuine, permanent, non-partisan tariff commission was then commenced.

But it was strongly opposed by the leaders of both parties and by an immense majority of the members of both Senate and House. No reason was given for this opposition except the familiar one of unconstitutionality and the blunt assertion that the tariff-commission plan would not work. The unconstitutional argument was so absurd that it was soon dropped. But the unworkableness of a tariff commission was repeated so often and so positively that many good people believe it even to this day.

Of course the answer is that the plan has worked well in other great commercial countries, which, largely by means of it, have forged ahead most rapidly in commerce and in industry. Indeed, the objection is answered in our own history. We had a sort of tariff commission in 1882; and, although its members were appointed suddenly and had only four months to work, yet it made the first rational tariff classification and devised the first adequate tariff machinery in our history. It did more. It submitted a tariff bill to Congress, which adopted most of the rates recommended; and the few departures that Congress made from the commission's schedule proved to be serious mistakes.

The so-called Taft Tariff Board was utterly powerless. Its members were not even officers of the Government. They were mere employees who could be discharged at any time. They did not have the permanency of security of the humblest departmental clerk. Still, that board might have been made the beginning of a real and efficient tariff commission. It is not profitable, at this late day, to discuss why this was not done.

That unfortunate experiment affords, however, an example and a warning that the true friends of a genuine commission should keep in mind. There are some who now publicly favor this indispensable business measure who were its earnest opponents until recently. A familiar method of defeating a reform, which the people so strongly demand that politicians and their backers can no longer openly resist it, is to pass a law apparently granting but in reality denying it. It will not be surprising if an attempt is made to establish a tariff commission that will not be the real thing at all, and the inevitable failure of which will discredit the whole idea. Nothing will be lost by keeping our eyes open for such a Greek horse. *"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."*

### *A Ready Cure for Log-Rolling*

Possibly one reason that causes politicians and certain great manufacturing interests to oppose a genuine, permanent, non-partisan tariff commission is that such a body will prevent log-rolling—that is, the support of unjust duties, in return for votes for other unjust duties, in fixing tariff rates. It is by these deals and trades that excessive and sometimes dishonest rates are established. And it is from such special tariff privileges thus secured that outrageous profits are wrung from the people, from which, in turn, the politicians get immense party campaign funds. To all this, of course, a thorough-going, permanent, non-partisan tariff commission would put an end. Also, it would eliminate a well-known species of lobbyist that has appeared at our national Capitol whenever the tariff is under consideration.

A thorough-going tariff commission such as I have outlined would gather the facts carefully, thoroughly, systematically. It would sift, analyze and arrange those facts, and lay them before Congress in an intelligent form. It would recommend rates based on these unquestioned facts, and Congress would have to show the country convincing reasons for not adopting any of them. Thus the making of tariff rates by deals and trades would be rendered extremely difficult and indeed well-nigh impossible. Tariff debates could be then made clear, simple, economic discussions. Many partisan tariff speeches made for campaign purposes would be curtailed, or perhaps—precious thought—abolished altogether.

To be sure, there are hearings before the Ways and Means Committee of the House and sometimes before the Finance Committee of the Senate. But nothing could be more droll than these so-called hearings, and nothing more barren of real information. Certain industries that are interested are, of course, on hand to testify. The examination by members of the committee, though conscientiously conducted, is quite naturally neither thorough nor expert. The majority asks one set of questions, and the minority another, designed principally to put the opposite party in a hole.

### *Tariff Ups and Tariff Downs*

In preparing for the tariff revision of 1909, eight or ten large volumes—each of several hundred pages—of this so-called testimony was taken and printed. Very few members of either house read a single volume; and the few who did examine all of them carefully found them a maddening jumble of contradictions, arguments and nonsense.

Speaking of these so-called hearings preparatory to the Dingley Bill, Senator Spooner thus commented on them:

"How many are there in the Senate so fully advised of the details, with accurate information, essential to proper judgment, that they can intelligently debate the various items of this Dingley Bill? I have read with the utmost care the hearings before the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives. These hearings are utterly unsatisfactory. There is no careful cross-examination, but the statements are mainly the statements of interested parties."

No wonder, with such methods, our tariffs are never satisfactory. No wonder we change from party to party, voting our resentments or our hopes.

High time, is it not, to adopt a national and enduring tariff policy, as every other country in the world has done; and then to have a permanent body of experts work out that policy, exclusively as a business proposition?

Make protection that settled policy—it is such already in the desire of an overwhelming majority of Americans. Establish a strong permanent commission of tariff experts to aid Congress accordingly, in the making of schedules, by finding and reporting the facts and submitting needed tariff changes. In short, take the tariff out of politics as railroad rates are taken out of politics. Adopt those tariff improvements that have worked so well in other protective-tariff countries.

If only we would do these commonsense things we should, so far as the tariff is concerned, have a stability in business conditions heretofore unknown in America and a steady prosperity that our tariff upheavals have hitherto made impossible. There would be an end to plunging the business thermometer into boiling water one year and then plunging it into freezing water the next year.

There would be an end to those tariff ups and tariff downs that no other country tolerates or could endure.

Our tariff changes would be made naturally, easily and helpfully, as changing conditions require, as is the case in Germany, France, Japan, and other countries which, in spite of their dense population and scanty resources, have in normal times a much steadier business and a less fluctuating industry and commerce than we have had with all our incomparably vast resources and our comparatively scanty population.

# UNEASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 6)

"Oh! Well, you remember what you were saying about America."

"What was I saying about America?"

"The other day, don't you remember? What a lot of money there was to be made there, and so forth "

"Well?"

"I'm going there."

"To America?"

"Yes."

"To make money?"

"Rather."

Gates nodded—sadly, it seemed to Bill. He was rather a melancholy young man, with a long face not unlike a pessimistic horse.

"Gosh!" he said.

Bill felt a little damped. By no mental juggling could he construe "Gosh!" into an expression of enthusiastic approbation.

"Don't you think I could make money there?" he asked.

"At what?"

"Oh, anything."

"Yes, there's a demand for that, of course."

"You said there were a lot of things a fellow could drop into."

"I was thinking of the open coal chutes." He looked at Bill curiously. "What's the idea?" he said. "I could have understood it if you had told me that you were going to New York for pleasure, instructing your man Willoughby to see that the trunks were jolly well packed and wiring to the skipper of your yacht to meet you at Liverpool. But you seem to have sordid motives. You talk about making money. What do you want with more money?"

"Why, I'm devilish hard up."

"Tenantry a bit slack about coming across with the rent?" said Gates sympathetically.

Bill laughed.

"My dear chap, I don't know what on earth you're talking about. How much money do you think I've got? Four hundred pounds a year, and no prospect of ever making more unless I sweat for it."

"What! I always thought you were bloated."

"What gave you that idea?"

"You have a prosperous look. It's a funny thing about England. I've known you four months, and I know men who know you; but I've never heard a word about your finances. In New York we all wear labels, stating our incomes and prospects in clear lettering. Well, if it's like that it's different, of course. There certainly is more money to be made in America than here. I don't quite see what you think you're going to do when you get there, but that's up to you.

"There's no harm in giving the city the once over. Anyway I can give you a letter or two that might help."

"That's awfully good of you."

"You won't mind my alluding to you as my friend William Smith?"

"William Smith?"

"You can't travel under your own name if you are really serious about getting a job. Mind you, if my letters lead to anything it will probably be a situation as an earnest bill clerk or an effervescent office boy, for Rockefeller and Carnegie and that lot have swiped all the soft jobs. But if you go over as Lord Dawlish you won't even get that. Lords are popular socially in America, but are not used to any great extent in the office. If you try to break in under your right name you'll get the glad hand and be asked down to Tuxedo and Huntington, and play a good deal of golf and dance quite a lot, but you won't get a job. A gentle smile will greet all your pleadings that you be allowed to horn in and save the firm."

"I see."

"We may look on Smith as a necessity."

"Do you know, I'm not frightfully keen on the name Smith. Wouldn't something else do?"

"Sure. We aim to please. How would Jones suit you?"

"The trouble is, you know, that if I took a name I wasn't used to I might forget it."

"If you've the sort of mind that would forget Jones I doubt if ever you'll be a captain of industry."

"Why not Chalmers?"

"You think it easier to memorize than Jones?"

"It used to be my name, you see, before I got the title."

"I see. All right. Chalmers then. When do you think of starting?"

"To-morrow."

"You aren't losing much time. By the way, as you're going to New York you might as well use my apartment."

"It's awfully good of you."

"Not a bit. You would be doing me a favor. I had to leave at a moment's notice, and I want to know what's been happening to the place. I left some Japanese prints there, and my favorite nightmare is that someone has broken in and sneaked them. Write down the address—Forty-blank East Twenty-seventh Street. I'll mail you the key to Brown's to-night with those letters."

Bill walked up the Strand glowing with energy. He made his way to Cockspur Street to buy his ticket for New York. This done, he set out to Brown's to arrange with the committee the details of his departure.

He reached Brown's at twenty minutes past two and left it again at twenty-three minutes past; for, directly he entered, the hall porter had handed him a telephone message. The telephone attendants at London clubs are masters of suggestive brevity. The one in the basement of Brown's had written on Bill's slip of paper the words: "1 P. M. Will Lord Dawlish as soon as possible call upon Mr. Gerald Nichols at his office." To this was appended a message consisting of two words: "Good news."

It was stimulating. The probability was that all Jerry Nichols wanted to tell him was that he had received stable information about some horse or had been given a box for the Empire, but for all that it was stimulating.

Bill looked at his watch. He could spare half an hour. He set out at once for the offices of the eminent law firm of Nichols, Nichols, Nichols and Nichols, of which aggregation of Nicholses his friend Jerry was the last and smallest.

III

ON A WESTBOUND omnibus Claire Fenwick sat and raged silently in the June sunshine. She was furious. What right had Lord Dawlish to look down his nose and murmur "*Noblesse oblige*" when she asked him a question, as if she had suggested that he should commit some crime? It was the patronizing way he had said it that infuriated her, as if he were a superior being of some kind, governed by codes which she could not be expected to understand. Everybody nowadays did the sort of things she suggested, so what was the good of looking shocked and saying "*Noblesse oblige*"?

The omnibus rolled on. It passed through Piccadilly, full of opulent-looking people who could afford taxis and private cars. It halted long enough at the foot of Sloane Street to enable Claire to look down a vista of desirable residences without a single five-roomed flat among them. Then it turned up toward Kensington Gardens, when every revolution of the wheels took it farther from civilization and nearer London's Harlem, those realms of outer darkness where the genteelly poor live on top of one another in layers.

Claire hated West Kensington. She hated it with the bitter hate of one who had read society novels, and yearned for Grosvenor Square and butlers and a general atmosphere of soft cushions and pink-shaded lights and maids to do one's hair. She hated the cheap furniture of the little parlor, the penetrating contralto of the cook singing hymns in the kitchen, and the ubiquitousness of her small brother, who seemed sometimes to her excited imagination to pervade the flat like a species of poison gas. He was only ten, and small for his age, yet he appeared to have the power of being in two rooms at the same time while making a nerve-racking noise in another. After ten years of little Percy's acquaintance, the only thing which Claire found herself able to detect as a positive merit in him was the fact that he was not twins.

It was Percy who greeted her to-day as she entered the flat. He came pouring out of the parlor as if the dam had burst.

"Hello, Claire! I say, Claire, there's a letter for you. It came by the second post. I say, Claire, it's got an American stamp on it. I want it for my collection. Can I have it for my collection, Claire? I haven't got one in my collection. Can I have it for


*Stolen Moments!*—*He Can't Resist It*

**First Choice to Billiards!**

**The Great Home Tie**

Each day the laughter of voices you love tells you that play-time's come again. When sister makes a run of eight, that boy is sure to shout, "You spilled *your* claim to a handicap!"

Carom or Pocket Billiards played at home mighty soon *solves the boy problem!* This princely sport answers the need of the tired business man.

One Brunswick Home Table brings 33 games, each ever new, ever filled with thrilling surprises. No constant after-expense, remember. An exceptional saver of money, a safeguard of health and welfare. For Christmas—

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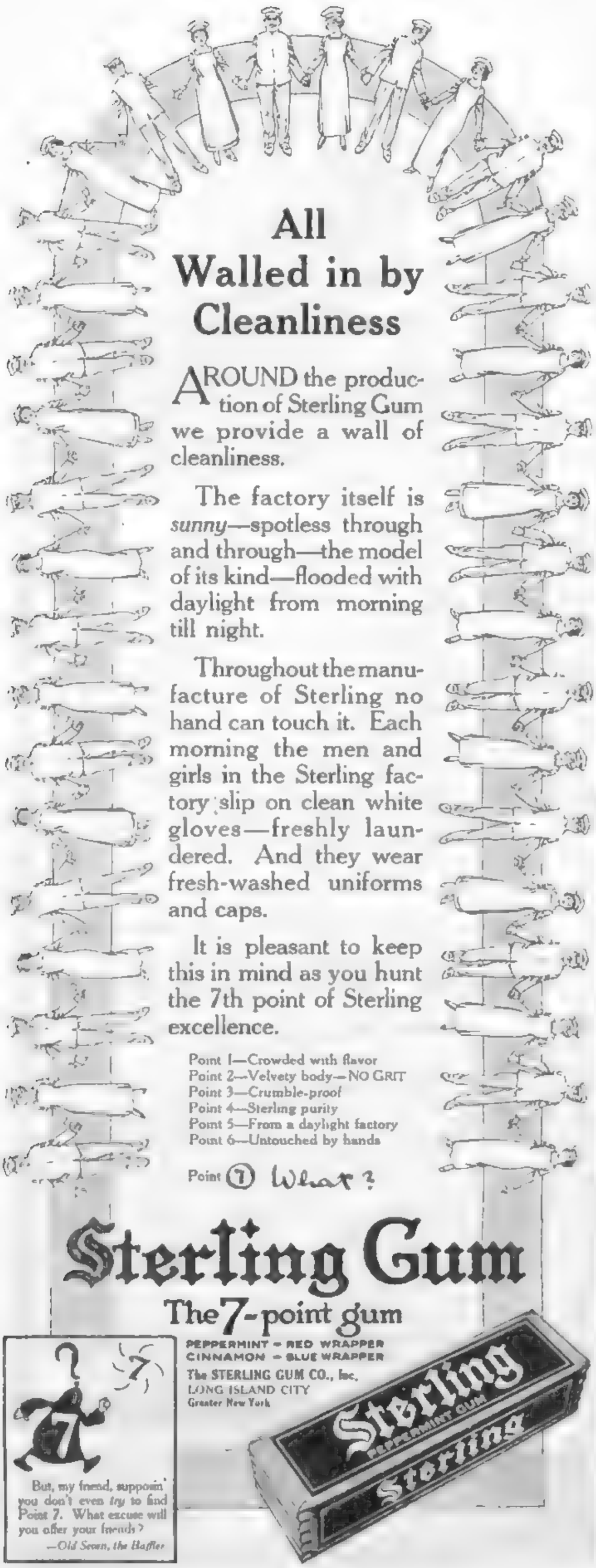

# All Walled in by Cleanliness

AROUND the production of Sterling Gum we provide a wall of cleanliness.

The factory itself is *sunny*—spotless through and through—the model of its kind—flooded with daylight from morning till night.

Throughout the manufacture of Sterling no hand can touch it. Each morning the men and girls in the Sterling factory slip on clean white gloves—freshly laundered. And they wear fresh-washed uniforms and caps.

It is pleasant to keep this in mind as you hunt the 7th point of Sterling excellence.

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands

Point (7) What?

# Sterling Gum

## The 7-point gum

PEPPERMINT – RED WRAPPER
CINNAMON – BLUE WRAPPER

The STERLING GUM CO., Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY
Greater New York






But, my friend, suppoin' you don't even *try* to find Point 7. What excuse will you offer your friends?

—*Old Seven, the Baffler*


my collection, Claire? Claire, can I have it for my collection?"

His sister regarded him broodingly. The heat of the afternoon, the unexpected summons to work, and the insufferable behavior of William, Lord Dawlish, had combined to engender a mood in which this lad with his open boyish face was even more repulsive to her than usual. There were many times, and this was one of them, when it struck Claire forcibly that King Herod had had the right idea.

"For goodness' sake, don't bellow like that!" she said. "Of course you can have the stamp. I don't want it. Where is the letter?"

"Here it is, Claire. I say, Claire, how much do you think a stamp like that's worth? It's got 'two cents' written on it. I wonder if it's rare, Claire."

Claire took the envelope from him. He had been holding it in his hand for safety, and it was damp and seemed to simmer with a gentle glow. A Bertillon expert would have been interested in the perfect reproduction of the lines of Percy's little thumb in the left-hand corner.

She examined it with a pained loathing. For years the question of the infrequency and inadequacy of his ablutions had been an issue bitterly fought out between her brother and herself, in a series on her side of verbal notes couched in terms of unfaltering firmness and holding him to a strict accountability; on his, of replies sedulously avoiding the main issue. It was too hot to-day to reopen the subject, so holding the envelope delicately she extracted the letter and handed back the shell. Percy vanished into the dining room with a shattering squeal of pleasure.

A voice spoke from behind a half-opened door:

"Is that you, Claire?"

"Yes, mother; I've come back to pack. They want me to go to Southampton to-night to take up Claudia Winslow's part."

A sigh greeted this remark. This did not mean that it had hurt or displeased Mrs. Fenwick. She sighed because she always sighed when spoken to. It was an unconscious and extremely irritating habit of hers.

"What train are you catching?"

"The three-fifteen."

"You will have to hurry."

"I'm going to hurry," said Claire, clenching her fists as two simultaneous bursts of song, in different keys and varying tempos, proceeded from the dining room and kitchen. A girl has to be in a sunnier mood than she was to bear up without wincing under the infliction of a duet consisting of the Rock of Ages and Waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Assuredly Claire proposed to hurry. She meant to get her packing done in record time and escape from this place. She went into her bedroom and began to throw things untidily into her trunk. She had put the letter in her pocket against a more favorable time for perusal. A glance had told her that it was from her friend Polly, Countess of Wetherby: that Polly Davis of whom she had spoken to Lord Dawlish. Polly Davis, now married for better or for worse to that curious invertebrate person, Algie Wetherby, was the only real friend Claire had made on the stage. A sort of shivering gentility had kept her aloof from the rest of her fellow-workers, but it took more than a shivering gentility to stave off Polly. Besides, Polly was an American, and even when the American girl is vulgar she is so with a difference. Polly had never jarred upon Claire. She was a friendly, kindly, good-hearted creature, with the face and figure of a Greek goddess and the mental outlook of Broadway and Forty-second Street, who had taken a violent fancy to Claire which no haughtiness could have chilled.

Claire had passed through the various stages of intimacy with her, until on the occasion of Polly's marriage she had acted as her bridesmaid.

It was a long letter, too long to be read until she was at leisure, and written in a straggling hand that made reading difficult. She was mildly surprised that Polly should have written her, for she had been back in America a year or more now and this was her first letter. Polly had a warm heart and did not forget her friends, but she was not a good correspondent.

The need of getting her things ready at once drove the letter from Claire's mind. She was in the train on her way to Southampton before she remembered its existence.

It was dated from New York.

"*My dear old Claire:* Is this really my first letter to you? Isn't that awful! Gee! A lot's happened since I saw you last. I must tell you first about my hit. Some hit! Claire, old girl, I own New York. I daren't tell you what my salary is. You'd faint.

"I'm doing barefoot dancing. You know the sort of stuff. I started it in vaudeville, and went so big that my agent shifted me to the restaurants, and they have to call out the police reserves to handle the crowds. You can't get a table at Reigelheimer's, which is my pitch, unless you slip the headwaiter your whole roll and promise to mail him your clothes when you get home. I dance during supper with nothing on my feet and not much anywhere else, and it takes three vans to carry my salary to the bank.

"Of course it's the title that does it: 'Lady Pauline Wetherby!' Algie says it oughtn't to be that, because I'm not the daughter of a duke, but I should worry about that. It looks good, and that's all that matters. I should be in the merry-merry still at twenty-five per if it wasn't for the good old monacker. You can't get away from the title. I was born in Carbondale, Illinois, but that doesn't matter—I'm an English countess, doing barefoot dancing to work off the mortgage on the ancestral castle (press stuff: it went big), and they eat me. Take it from me, Claire, I'm a riot.

"Well, that's that. What I am really writing about is to tell you that you have got to come over here. I've taken a house at Brookport, on Long Island, for the summer. You can stay with me till the fall, and then I can easily get you a good job in New York. I have some pull these days, believe me. Not that you'll need my help. The managers have only got to see you and they'll all want you. I showed one of them that photograph you gave me, and he went up in the air. They pay twice as big salaries over here, you know, as in England, so come by the next boat.

"Claire, darling, you must come. I'm wretched. Algie has got my goat the worst way. If you don't know what that means it means that he's been behaving like a perfect pig. I sometimes used to read pieces in the paper and novels panning the English husband and, believe me, Algie is that sort of husband and then some. I hardly know where to begin. Well, it was this way: Directly I made my hit my press agent, a real bright man named Sherriff, got busy, of course. Interviews, you know, and Advice to Young Girls in the evening papers, and How I Preserve My Beauty, and all that sort of thing. Well, one thing he made me do was to buy a snake and a monkey. Roscoe Sherriff has a bug about animals as aids to publicity stuff. He says an animal story is the thing he does best. So I bought them.

"Algie kicked from the first. I ought to tell you that since we left England he has taken up painting footling little pictures and has got the artistic temperament badly. All his life he's been starting some new fool thing. When I first met him he prided himself on having the finest collection of photographs of race horses in England. Then he got a craze for model engines. After that he used to work the piano player till I nearly went dippy. And now it's pictures.

"I don't mind his painting. It gives him something to do and keeps him out of mischief. He has a studio down in Washington Square, and is perfectly happy messing about there all day.

"Everything would be fine if he didn't think it necessary to tack on the artistic temperament to his painting. He's developed the idea that he has nerves, and everything upsets them.

"Things came to a head this morning at breakfast. Clarence, my snake, has the cutest way of climbing up the leg of the table and looking at you pleadingly in the hope that you will give him soft-boiled egg, which he adores. He did it this morning, and no sooner had his head appeared above the table than Algie, with a kind of sharp wail, struck him a violent blow on the nose with a teaspoon. Then he turned to me, very pale, and said: 'Pauline, this must end! The time has come to speak up. A nervous, highly strung man like myself should not and must not be called upon to live in a house where he is constantly meeting snakes and monkeys without warning. Choose between me and ——'

"We had got as far as this when Eustace, the monkey, who I didn't know was in the room at all, suddenly sprang onto his back. He is very fond of Algie.

## "I'll give them all Girards!"

Merry thought! A wise and liberal giver. That's the sensible gift from man to man.

And how about *your* loyal friends and faithful employees? How about your good customers and the smokers in your own family circle? Have you planned to give each of them a box of these joyous and satisfying smokes? You cannot do better. The Girard is America's favorite cigar—"a mild combination of solace and good cheer." Made of real Havana tobacco and *mellowed by age alone.*

The

# Girard Cigar

***Never gets on your nerves***

You cannot go wrong in giving *Girards.* And getting them involves no trouble for you. The nearest *Girard* dealer will supply you.

**Or we will deliver them if you wish.**

Just send us a list of those to whom you want to give Christmas *Girards.* Name the colors and shapes wanted (Light, Medium or Dark, 5¼-inch Perfecto, 5⅝-inch Panetela or 5-inch Blunt). These are all 10-cent sizes. Enclose your check or money order. And we will deliver them promptly prepaid on the date you name.

**14 sizes. 10c straight and up.**

**Boxes of 25, 50 and 100 cigars.**

Christmas is the time to make friends and keep them. And *Girards* will help you to do it. Why not order them today?

**Antonio Roig and Langsdorf**
**Philadelphia**
***Established 1871***

**The "Broker"**
Actual Size, 10c


"Would you believe it? Algie walked straight out of the house, still holding the teaspoon, and has not returned. Later in the day he called me up on the phone and said that, though he realized that a man's place was the home, he declined to cross the threshold again until I had got rid of Eustace and Clarence. I tried to reason with him. I told him that he ought to think himself lucky it wasn't anything worse than a monkey and a snake, for the last person Roscoe Sherriff handled, an emotional actress named Devenish, had to keep a young puma. But he wouldn't listen, and the end of it was that he rang off and I have not seen or heard of him since.

"I am broken-hearted. I won't give in, but I am having an awful time. So, dearest Claire, do come over and help me. If you could possibly sail by the Atlantic, leaving Southampton on the twenty-fourth of this month, you would meet a friend of mine whom I think you would like. His name is Dudley Pickering, and he made a fortune in automobiles. I expect you have heard of the Pickering automobiles?

"Darling Claire, do come, or I know I shall weaken and yield to Algie's outrageous demands; for, though I would like to hit him with a brick, I love him dearly.

"Your affectionate
"POLLY WETHERBY."

Claire sank back against the cushioned seat and her eyes filled with tears of disappointment. Of all the things which would have chimed in with her discontented mood at that moment a sudden flight to America was the most alluring. Only one consideration held her back—she had not the money for her fare.

Polly might have thought of that, she reflected bitterly. She took the letter up again and saw that on the last page there was a postscript:

"P. S. I don't know how you are fixed for money, old girl, but if things are the same with you as in the old days you can't be rolling. So I have paid for a passage for you with the liner people this side, and they have cabled their English office, so you can sail whenever you want to. Come right over."

An hour later the manager of the Southampton branch of the White Star line was dazzled by an apparition, a beautiful girl who burst in upon him with flushed face and shining eyes, demanding a berth on the steamship Atlantic and talking about a Lady Wetherby. Ten minutes later, her passage secured, Claire was walking to the local theater to inform those in charge of the destinies of The Girl and the Artist number-one company that they must look elsewhere for a substitute for Miss Claudia Winslow. Then she went back to her hotel to write a letter home, notifying her mother of her plans.

She looked at her watch. It was six o'clock. Back in West Kensington a rich smell of dinner would be floating through the flat; the cook, watching the boiling cabbage, would be singing A Few More Years Shall Roll; her mother would be sighing; and her little brother Percy would be employed upon some juvenile deviltry, the exact nature of which it was not possible to conjecture, though one could be certain that it would be something involving a deafening noise.

Claire smiled a happy smile.

### IV

THE offices of Messrs. Nichols, Nichols, Nichols and Nichols were in Lincoln's Inn Fields. They were small and dingy, so small that new clients were apt to wonder how on earth there was room in them for so many Nicholses. They pictured a sort of Black Hole of Calcutta in which Nichols fought with Nichols for air.

The congestion was not quite so bad as that. The first Nichols had been dead since the reign of King William the Fourth, the second since the jubilee year of Queen Victoria. The remaining brace were Lord Dawlish's friend Jerry and his father, a formidable old man who knew all the shady secrets of all the noble families in England.

Bill walked up the stairs and was shown into the room where Jerry, when his father's eye was upon him, gave his daily imitation of a young man laboring with diligence and enthusiasm at the law. His father being at the moment out at lunch, the junior partner was practising putts with an umbrella and a ball of paper.

Jerry Nichols was not the typical lawyer. At Cambridge, where Bill had first made his acquaintance, he had been notable for


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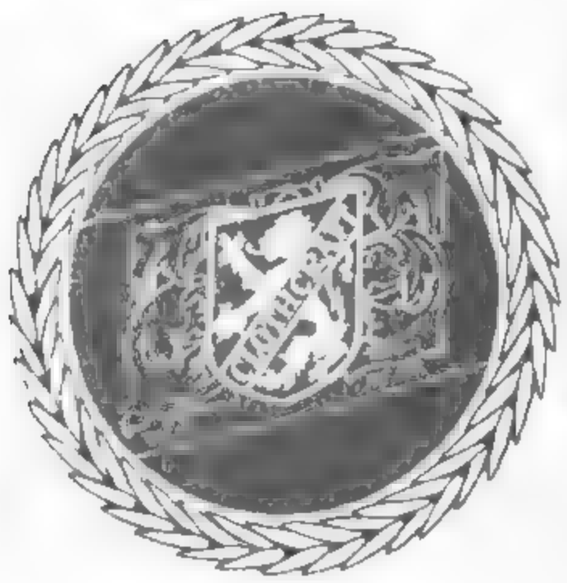

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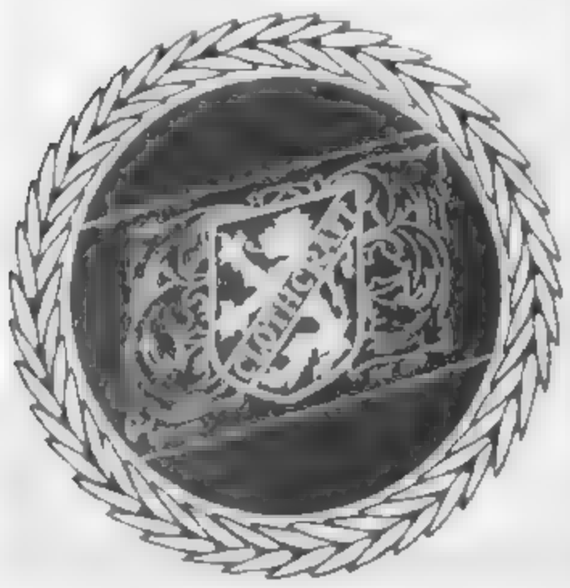



an exuberance of which Lincoln's Inn Fields had not yet cured him. There was an airy disregard for legal formalities about him which exasperated his father, an attorney of the old school. He came to the point, directly Bill entered the room, with a speed and levity that would have appalled Nichols Senior and must have caused the other two Nicholses to revolve in their graves.

"Hello, Bill, old man," he said, prodding him amiably in the waistcoat with the ferrule of the umbrella. "How's the boy? Fine! So'm I. So you got my message? Wonderful invention, the telephone."

"I've just come from the club."

"Take a chair."

"What's the matter?"

Jerry Nichols thrust Bill into a chair and seated himself on the table.

"Now look here, Bill," he said, "this isn't the way we usually do this sort of thing, and if the governor were here he would spend an hour and a half rambling on about testators, and beneficiary legatees, and parties of the first part, and all that sort of rot. But as he isn't here I want to know, as one pal to another, what you've been doing to an old buster of the name of Nutcombe."

"Nutcombe?"

"Nutcombe."

"Not Ira Nutcombe?"

"Ira J. Nutcombe, formerly of Chicago, later of London, now a disembodied spirit."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes. And he's left you five million dollars."

Lord Dawlish looked at his watch.

"Joking apart, Jerry, old man," he said, "what did you ask me to come here for? The committee expects me to spend some of my time at the club, and if I hang about here all afternoon I shall lose my job. Besides, I've got to get back to ask them for ——"

Jerry Nichols clutched his forehead with both hands, raised both hands to heaven, and then, as if despairing of calming himself by these means, picked up a paper weight from the desk and hurled it at a portrait of the founder of the firm, which hung over the mantelpiece. He got down from the table and crossed the room to inspect the ruins.

Then, having taken a pair of scissors and cut the cord, he allowed the portrait to fall to the floor.

He rang the bell. The prematurely aged office boy, who was undoubtedly destined to become a member of the firm some day, answered the ring.

"Perkins."

"Yes, sir?"

"Inspect yonder *soufflé*."

"Yes, sir."

"You have observed it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are wondering how it got there?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will tell you. You and I were in here, discussing certain legal minutiæ in the interests of the firm, when it suddenly fell. We both saw it and were very much surprised and startled. I soothed your nervous system by giving you this half-crown. The whole incident was very painful. Can you remember all this to tell my father when he comes in? I shall be out lunching then."

"Yes, sir."

"An admirable lad that," said Jerry Nichols as the door closed. "He has been here two years, and I have never heard him say anything except 'Yes, sir.' He will go far. Well, now that I am calmer let us return to your little matter. Honestly, Bill, you make me sick. When I contemplate you the iron enters my soul. You stand there talking about your tuppeny-ha'penny job as if it mattered a damn whether you kept it or not. Can't you understand plain English? Can't you realize that you can buy Brown's and turn it into a moving-picture house if you like? You're a millionaire!"

Bill's face expressed no emotion whatsoever. Outwardly he appeared unmoved. Inwardly he was a riot of bewilderment, incapable of speech. He stared at Jerry dumbly.

"We've got the will in the old oak chest," went on Jerry Nichols. "I won't show it to you, partly because the governor has got the key and he would have a fit if he knew that I was giving you early information like this, and partly because you wouldn't understand it. It is full of 'whereases' and 'peradventures' and 'heretofores' and similar swank, and there aren't any stops in it. It takes the legal mind, like mine, to tackle wills. What it says, when you've peeled off a few of the long words which they put in to make it more interesting, is that old Nutcombe leaves you the money because you are the only man who ever did him a disinterested kindness—and what I want to get out of you is, what was the disinterested kindness? Because I'm going straight out to do it to every elderly, rich-looking man I can find till I pick a winner."

Lord Dawlish found speech:

"Jerry, is this really true?"

"Gospel."

"You aren't pulling my leg?"

"Pulling your leg? Of course I'm not pulling your leg. What do you take me for? I'm a dry, hard-headed lawyer. The firm of Nichols, Nichols, Nichols and Nichols doesn't go about pulling people's legs!"

"Good Lord!"

"It appears from the will that you worked this disinterested gag, whatever it was, at Marvis Bay no longer ago than last year. Wherein you showed a lot of sense, for Ira J., having altered his will in your favor, apparently had no time before he died to alter it again in somebody else's, which he would most certainly have done if he had lived long enough, for his chief recreation seems to have been making his will. To my certain knowledge he has made three in the last two years. I've seen them. He was one of those confirmed will-makers. He got the habit at an early age and was never able to shake it off. Do you remember anything about the man?"

"It isn't possible!"

"Anything's possible with a man cracked enough to make freak wills and not cracked enough to have them disputed on the ground of insanity. What did you do to him at Marvis Bay? Save him from drowning?"

"I cured him of slicing."

"You did what?"

"He used to slice his approach shots. I cured him."

"The thing begins to hang together. A certain plausibility creeps into it. The late Nutcombe was crazy about golf. The governor used to play with him now and then at Walton Heath. It was the only thing Nutcombe seemed to live for. That being so, if you got rid of his slice for him it seems to me that you earned your money. The only point that occurs to me is, how does it affect your amateur status? It looks to me as if you were now a pro."

"But, Jerry, it's absurd. All I did was to give him a tip or two. We were the only men down there, as it was out of the season, and that drew us together. And when I spotted this slice of his I just gave him a bit of advice. I give you my word that was all. He can't have left me a fortune on the strength of that!"

"You don't tell the story right, Bill. I can guess what really happened—to wit, that you gave up your entire vacation helping the old fellow improve his game, regardless of the fact that it completely ruined your holiday."

"Oh, no!"

"It's no use sitting there saying 'Oh, no!' I can see you at it. The fact is, you're such an infernally good chap that something of this sort was bound to happen to you sooner or later. I think making you his heir was the only sensible thing old Nutcombe ever did. In his place I'd have done the same."

"But he didn't seem even decently grateful at the time."

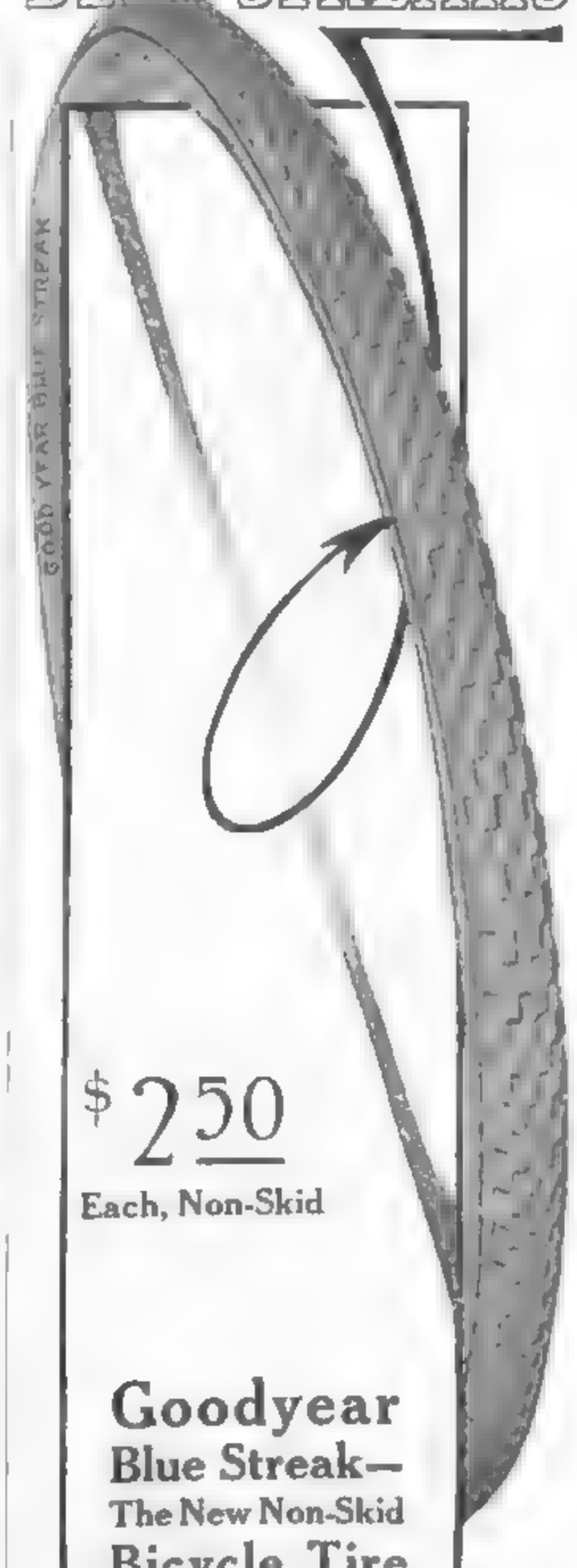
"Probably not. He was a queer old bird. He had a most almighty row with the governor in this office only a month or two ago about absolutely nothing. They disagreed about something trivial, and old Nutcombe stalked out and never came in again. That's the sort of old bird he was."

"Was he sane, do you think?"

"Absolutely, for legal purposes. We have three opinions from leading doctors—collected by him in case of accidents, I suppose—each of which declares him perfectly sound from the collar upward. But a man can be pretty far gone, you know, without being legally insane, and old Nutcombe—well, suppose we call him whimsical. He seems to have zigzagged between the normal and the eccentric.

"His only surviving relatives appear to be a nephew and a niece. The nephew dropped out of the running two years ago when his aunt, old Nutcombe's wife, who had divorced old Nutcombe, left him her money. This seems to have soured the old boy on the nephew, for in the first of his wills that I've seen—you remember I told


BLUE STREAKS



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**The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company**

Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR AKRON

Bicycle Tires

you I had seen three—he leaves the niece the pile and the nephew only gets a hundred dollars. Well, so far there's nothing very eccentric about old Nutcombe's proceedings. But wait!

"Six months after he had made that will he came in here and made another. This left a hundred dollars to the nephew as before, but nothing at all to the niece. Why, I don't know. There was nothing in the will about her having done anything to offend him during those six months, none of those nasty slams you see in wills about: 'I bequeath to my only son John one shilling and sixpence. Now perhaps he's sorry he married the cook.' As far as I can make out he changed his will, just as he did when he left the money to you, purely through some passing whim. Anyway he did change it. He left the pile to support the movement those people are running for getting the Jews back to Palestine.

"He didn't seem, on second thoughts, to feel that this was quite such a brainy scheme as he had at first, and it wasn't long before he came trotting back to tear up this second will and switch back to the first one—the one leaving the money to the niece. That restoration to sanity lasted till about a month ago, when he broke loose once more and paid his final visit here to will you the contents of his stocking. This morning I see he's dead after a short illness, so you collect. Congratulations!"

Lord Dawlish had listened to this speech in perfect silence. He now rose and began to pace the room. He looked warm and uncomfortable. His demeanor, in fact, was by no means the accepted demeanor of the lucky heir.

"This is awful!" he said. "Good Lord, Jerry, it's frightful!"

"Awful—being left five million dollars?"

"Yes, like this. I feel like a bally thief."

"Why on earth?"

"If it hadn't been for me, this girl—what's her name?"

"Her name is Boyd—Elizabeth Boyd."

"She would have had the whole five millions if it hadn't been for me. Have you told her yet?"

"She's over in America. I was writing her a letter when you came in—informal, you know, to put her out of her misery. If I had waited for the governor to let her know in the usual course of red tape we should never have got anywhere. Also one to the nephew, telling him about his hundred dollars. I believe in humane treatment on these occasions. The governor would write them a legal letter with so many 'hereinbefores' in it that they would get the idea that they had been left the whole pile. I just send a cheery line, saying 'It's no good, old top. Abandon hope,' and they know just where they are. Simple and considerate!"

A glance at Bill's face moved him to further speech.

"I don't see why you should worry, Bill. How, by any stretch of the imagination, can you make out that you are to blame for this Boyd girl's misfortune? It looks to me as if these eccentric wills of old Nutcombe's came in cycles, as it were. Just as he was due for another outbreak he happened to meet you. It's a moral certainty that if he hadn't met you he would have left all his money to a Home for Superannuated Caddies or a Fund for Supplying the Deserving Poor with Niblicks. Why should you blame yourself?"

"I don't blame myself. It isn't exactly that. But—but, well, what would you feel like in my place?"

"A two-year-old."

"Wouldn't you do anything?"

"I certainly would. By my halidom, I would! I would spend that money with a vim and speed that would make your respected ancestor, the Beau, look like a village miser."

"You wouldn't—er—pop over to America and see whether something couldn't be arranged?"

"What!"

"I mean—suppose you were popping in any case. Suppose you had happened to buy a ticket for New York on to-morrow's boat, wouldn't you try to get in touch with this girl when you got to America, and see if you couldn't—er—fix up something?"

Jerry Nichols looked at him in honest consternation. He had always known that old Bill was a dear old ass, but he had never dreamed that he was such an infernal old ass as this.

"You aren't thinking of doing that?" he gasped.

"Well, you see, it's a funny coincidence, but I was going to America anyhow to-morrow. I don't see why I shouldn't try to fix up something with this girl."

"What do you mean—fix up something? You don't suggest that you should give the money up, do you?"

"I don't know. Not exactly that, perhaps. How would it be if I gave her half, what? Anyway I should like to find out about her, see if she's hard up, and so on. I should like to nose round, you know, and—er—and so forth, don't you know. Where did you say the girl lived?"

"I didn't say, and I'm not sure that I shall. Honestly, Bill, you mustn't be so quixotic."

"There's no harm in my nosing round, is there? Be a good chap and give me the address."

"Well, with misgivings—Brookport, Long Island."

"Thanks."

"Bill, are you really going to make a fool of yourself?"

"Not a bit of it, old chap. I'm just going to—er——"

"To nose round?"

"To nose round," said Bill.

Jerry Nichols accompanied his friend to the door, and when he had closed it turned to the boy Perkins, who was eating a sandwich and reading a handy pocket edition of Dillingwater on Torts.

"Perkins," said Jerry.

"Yes, sir?"

"That was Lord Dawlish who just went out."

"Yes, sir."

"He's a fool."

"Yes, sir?"

"But I wish to heaven there were a few more like him in this weary world."

"Yes, sir?"

Jerry regarded his young assistant thoughtfully.

"Don't you ever say anything except 'Yes, sir,' Perkins?"

"Yes, sir," said the stripling with a touch of surprise in his voice. Jerry surveyed him a few moments longer, then with a resigned shrug of his shoulders picked up his hat and went out to lunch. The boy Perkins took another bite out of his sandwich and resumed his study of Dillingwater on Torts.

Peace reigned in the offices of Nichols, Nichols, Nichols and Nichols.

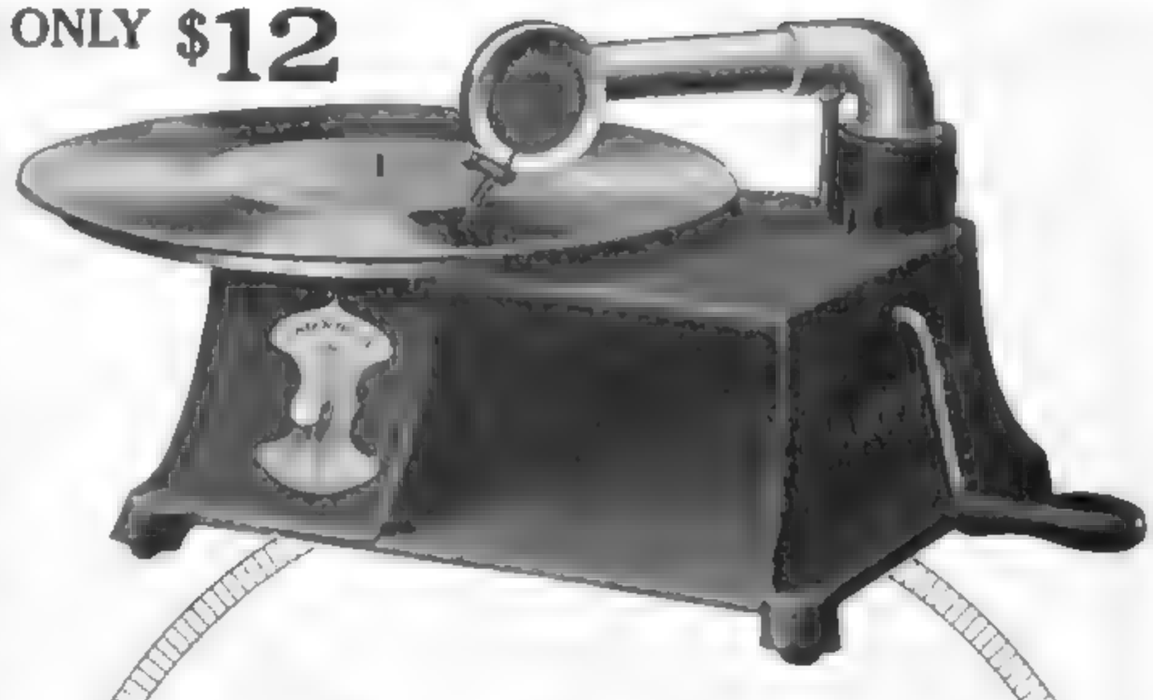
The time of a man who has at a moment's notice decided to leave his native land for a sojourn on foreign soil is necessarily taken up with a variety of occupations; and it was not till the following afternoon, on the boat at Liverpool, that Bill had leisure to write to Claire, giving her the news of what had befallen him. He had booked his ticket by a Liverpool boat in preference to one that sailed from Southampton, because he had not been sure how Claire would take the news of his sudden decision to leave for America. There was the chance that she might ridicule or condemn the scheme, and he preferred to get away without seeing her. Now that he had received this astounding piece of news from Jerry Nichols he was relieved that he had acted in this way. Whatever Claire might have thought of the original scheme, there was no doubt at all what she would think of his plan of seeking out Elizabeth Boyd with a view to dividing the legacy with her.

He was guarded in his letter. He mentioned no definite figures. He wrote that Ira Nutcombe, of whom they had spoken so often, had most surprisingly left him in his will a large sum of money, and eased his conscience by telling himself that half of five million dollars undeniably was a large sum of money.

The addressing of the letter called for thought. She would have left Southampton with the rest of the company before it could arrive. Where was it that she said they were going next week? Portsmouth, that was it. He addressed the letter Care of The Girl and the Artist Company, to the King's Theater, Portsmouth.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


ONLY $12



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The VANOPHONE was designed and built especially to supply the enormous demand for a perfect phonograph at a moderate price. In quality of performance it satisfies the most exacting, and brings alike to the millionaire's mansion or workingman's cottage the delights of good music and entertainment. With the VANOPHONE in your home, you need never pass a dull evening.

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It offers you the very cream of the world's best music, both instrumental and vocal, as well as speeches, recitations and monologues by great orators and stage celebrities. It brings right into your home the stars of grand opera, world-famous bands and orchestras that have thrilled and inspired millions of music lovers.

* * *

The VANOPHONE appeals to all ages and tastes. It educates, entertains and satisfies both young and old, reproducing with marvelous fidelity everything in speech and music produced on any 10 or 12 inch disc record. For quiet home enjoyment, dances, club use, parties or outings, this remarkable phonograph has no superior at any price.

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The VANOPHONE is an all-metal machine, beautifully enameled in black and gold. Has an exclusive brake which automatically starts and stops the machine (a feature not found on some of the very highest priced phonographs) and a new and improved reproducer that reproduces, with a clear, bell-like fullness, the highest as well as lowest tones. All harsh, rasping effects have been entirely overcome in this latest musical creation.

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Mere description of the VANOPHONE conveys little idea of its real value. Tones tell more than talk. **"Hearing is believing."** Listen to this remarkable instrument—then decide! Let your verdict be based on the test we give. Write or mail the coupon today.

***The Vanophone Won Medal for Tone Quality at Panama-Pacific Exposition***

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Do you realize the enormous demand that is daily growing by leaps and bounds for this remarkable new and perfect phonograph at a price that places it within reach of **every** home? If you are in position to handle the VANOPHONE in your trade territory, write at once for our attractive offer to Druggists, Stationers, Hardware Dealers and General Merchants, who are willing to supply the demand we have created.

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VANOPHONE

We will gladly send our Special Free Trial Offer on the VANOPHONE to any **Saturday Evening Post** reader. Letter, postal or coupon brings it promptly. Address—

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**Dept. A ELYRIA, OHIO.**

**This Free Coupon Brings Our Special Offer**

**The Garford Mfg. Co., Dept. A Elyria, Ohio.**

Please send me full particulars about your VANOPHONE and Special Free Trial Offer to **Saturday Evening Post** readers.

Name _____

Address

Now comes the gift season—the time when each of us is hunting for that one appropriate thing above all others which "he" or "she" would most prefer. Of course, it should look well—but more than that, it must be at once practical and usable, and a constant reminder of the giver.

That is why Hotpoint electrical appliances make ideal gifts.

And the holiday touch is added by Hotpoint dealers, who will wrap them for you in stunning holly paper, with a cheerful, decorative Christmas stamp to complete the package.

The whole electrical industry is on dress parade this week—an especially happy time to become electric wise, and to do your Hotpoint shopping.

Please remember this, as you shop: It is the maximum quality, beauty of appearance, and downright usability of Hotpoint appliances that have raised the Hotpoint business to its commanding position today. And popular prices.

## Hotpoint Valveless Percolator

Piping hot, delicious coffee, always uniform, weak or strong, as you like it.

Never boiled—for "to boil it is to spoil it."

And so easily made!

This Valveless Percolator will make coffee wherever there is a lamp socket.

On the sideboard, table or invalid's tray—

—pour the required number of cups of cold water into the pot.

—same number of level spoons of coffee (medium fine) into basket at top.

—insert switch plug.

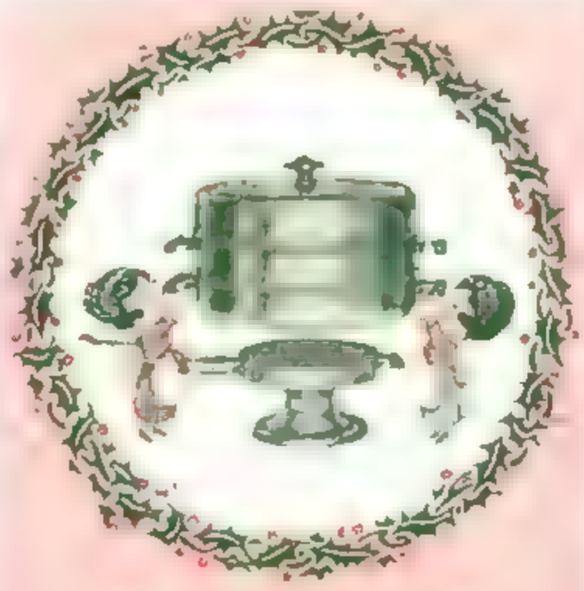
Then watch—that's all.

In less than half a minute warm water starts to filter through the coffee.

Let it percolate until the coffee has reached just the right strength. Depending on quantity and strength, time varies from 6 to 10 minutes.

Hotpoint Valveless Percolator is the last word in simplicity—no floats, valves or traps to get out of order. No brush needed.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 9 cup Nickel Machine | $9.50 | Canada $12.50 |
| 6 cup Aluminum Pot | $6.00 | Canada $7.50 |
| 7 cup Nickel Pot | $8.00 | Canada $10.50 |



## Hotpoint Ovenette

Biscuits, golden-browned, in nine minutes at a cost of one cent (figuring electricity at ten-cent rate).

Hotpoint Ovenette—eleven inches in diameter—will bake as thoroughly and quickly and evenly as any type of large oven.

Electrical baking becomes really economical.

Ovenette has no self-contained heater, but is set onto any Hotpoint open-coil stove—El Glostovo (shown above) or El Grilstovo—attached to any lamp socket.

Made in three sections to give various heights to oven.

Pies, biscuits, macaroni—small operations are quickened by omitting the middle section.

With this section in, it accommodates and roasts a chicken or a thick roast in regulation time.

Ovenette is made of pressed steel, nickeled and highly polished—ebonized handles add to its convenience.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ovenette (has no heater) | $2.50 | Canada $3.25 |
| El Glostovo (7-in. stove) | $3.50 | Canada $4.25 |
| El Grilstovo (8-in. stove) | $5.00 | Canada $6.50 |

# Hotpoint E

Exit drudgery—enter ease. What woman cou she looks at this dainty, petite iron? How and convenience of using it on all of the pre home or traveling—it is simply a matter of attac

And it is such a splendid, handy curling-tongs h in the bag. Or an efficient, ever-ready electric sto to make this a Hotpoint Christmas. The price i

* * * * Be sure of this—there is sufficient heat to do light ironing just as quickly as a heavy iron.

Within a couple of minutes after plug is in you begin to iron.

Sharp nose and beveled edge, especially designed for light work.

Standard Hotpoint iron construction, with its distinguishing features of the hot point, attached stand, cool handle, and 10-year guarantee.

The bag makes it ide
Complete outfit weig
* * * * To use the Bo
ing curling tongs, me
stand, put on heater
into place.
Adapted to Marcel
The complete outfit—
and bag—highly a
ished for boudoir use.
terchangeable with
boudoir appliances.

H

With the *light* Hotpoin
sweep) all your floors a
Simply connect the 20-
over the floor. You
new resting place, th
The air-cooled motor
affording an extra
which means speed
Instantly adjustable to
cleaning both perfectly.
The revolving brush pic
extraordinarily powerful
and dirt up into the dou

# Boudoir Set

ld possibly consider ironing a drudgery when could she think of anything but the pleasure ty, delicate pieces? For wherever she is—at hing it to any lamp socket, easily and quickly.

eater, with attachments and tongs packed right ve. Here surely is the gift supreme—designed s unusually attractive.

al for travelers.
hs 3¾ lbs.
udoir Iron for heat-
rely invert iron on
top, and slip tongs

Wave tongs.
—iron, stand, tongs
d attractively fin-
Suitable plug, in-
le other Hotpoint

Boudoir set complete, $4.00. Can. $5.25.
Boudoir Iron only, $3.00. Can. $3.75.

* * * * For eleven years the Hotpoint Iron has led the van in real practical utility and improvements.

Hotpoint Irons are made in various sizes, adaptable for home, steam laundries, tailors and other industrial uses.

The 5 and 6 lb. are used principally for family ironing. $3.50. Can. $4.00.

## Hotpoint Vacuum Cleaner

t Vacuum Cleaner you can thoroughly clean (not merely nd floor coverings in a few minutes.

t. cord to a convenient lamp socket, and guide the cleaner find that instead of brushing the dust and germs into a cleaner removes them permanently.

erates unusual power,
(14-inch) opening,
well as thoroughness.
bare floors, or rugs,

s up all lint, and the
uction draws the dust
le-lined dust bag.

No stooping over for the handle—it stays put. Current controlled from the handle by pushing button.
Hotpoint Cleaner, $27.50. Can. $37.50.
Attachments for cleaning hangings, walls, radiators, bedding, book-cases, etc. These are easily attached with cleaner in natural position. $7.50. Can. $10.00.

For more than seven years we have been telling *Post* readers about Hotpoint household conveniences—the development of the line, its additions and improvements.

Today, 3,000,000 women, everywhere, are using Hotpoint Irons and other appliances.

Here are several of the appliances (not fully described):

**El Tosto** crisps two slices of toast at once at a cost of a fifth of a cent—hot, appetizing, right on the table—$3.50. Canada $4.50.

**El Chafo** is ideal for all chafing-dish stunts. (No. 5) $12.00. Can. $15.75. Mission Style (No. 6) $15.00. Canada $19.50.

**El Radio** diffuses a healthful, glowing heat throughout the room; the very thing for between seasons. Connect to any lamp socket. $5.50. Canada $7.00.

**El Grillo** is an open-coil grill. Two cooking operations at the same time in dishes that we furnish. $4.50. Canada $5.75.

Then there are other appliances, for which special wiring must be installed—ovens, air heaters, two-burner and three-burner stoves.

Your local dealer will be glad to explain these to you fully. Ask him!

## Hotpoint Safety Comfo

Successor to the hot-water bottle!

It costs only 2 cents to use all night, and in the dark, or under the bed clothes, you can regulate the heat to any degree by moving a tiny lever with one finger. Uniform heat is maintained automatically.

Safety Comfo is safe because it is made of pressed steel sections. It conforms to the curves of the body, and affords the full therapeutic value of heat.

Removable cover. Switch interchangeable on Boudoir Iron and Immersion Heater.

You can buy Safety Comfo in many drug stores.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Flexible Safety Comfo | $6.50 | Canada $9.00 |
| Aluminum non-flexible | $5.00 | Canada $6.50 |

## Hotpoint Immersion Heater

Imagine heating any liquid at a moment's notice, whenever you want, wherever there's an electric light socket.

Immersion Heater makes this possible. Merely place it in the liquid, and insert the plug. Very little current is used.

A boon for shaving. Invaluable for heating baby's milk—for lemonade or any hot-drink emergency.

A plain, straight cylinder of polished metal—clean and sanitary.

Immersion Heater is also made with crook-neck, which enables it to lie flat in dish.

Especially designed for sterilizing.

Switch interchangeable with Boudoir Iron and Safety Comfo.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Toilet size (as illustrated) | $5.00 | Canada $4.00 |
| Kitchen size | $4.00 | Canada $5.00 |
| Professional (crook-neck) | $5.00 | Canada $6.50 |

Look for this sign of the Hotpoint dealer:

If you cannot find the Hotpoint dealer, send check to our nearest office. We will ship prepaid. Be sure to give voltage.

## Hotpoint Electric Heating Co.

New York, 147 Waverly Place. Chicago, 2240 Ogden Ave.
Ontario, Calif. London, 38 Poland St., Oxford St., W.

## Canadian Hotpoint Electric Heating Co. Limited

Toronto, 25 Brant St. Vancouver, 365 Cordova St.

The Sign of the Nurse Points Out the SAN-TOX Druggists
The Certainty of Satisfaction
The Sign of the Nurse in a drug store window is your safe guide to satisfaction. Step inside and let the SAN-TOX Druggist PROVE his right to your confidence by the courteous promptness of his service and thoroughly dependable quality of his goods.
You will not be disappointed, because the SAN-TOX Druggist and the SAN-TOX Line both measure up to the highest standards of public service — they naturally meet and merge, as a result of careful mutual selection, in the one best drug store in every locality. It will pay you to locate that store in YOUR neighborhood and "tie to"
San-Tox
The Public Service Line
The certainty of satisfaction with the SAN-TOX Line — over 125 toilet and household preparations — is guaranteed to you. Buy and try any SAN-TOX article — tooth paste, shaving lotion, hair tonic, cold cream, etc. — and if, after using, it fails to match your highest expectations, your SAN-TOX Druggist will refund your money without a quibble or a cross word.
Service — Quality — Satisfaction — Safety; that is what SAN-TOX, "The Public Service Line," not only offers, but guarantees you.
Look for the Sign of the Nurse!
THE DEPREE CHEMICAL CO.
Chicago, Ill.
HAIR TONIC


# THE LAST CRUISE OF THE JOHN L.

(Continued from Page 17)

way, don't put on evening dress; we don't approve of that sort of thing here."

The regiment band was playing some of this newfangled dance music when Polly flitted onto the Empire Club veranda beside Big Bill. The lovely little creature was fairly wild with joy; if Big Bill hadn't kept her on his arm she'd have floated away in the air. What with a white silk dress and a coral necklace as pink as a perfect sunrise, she was by all odds the finest thing in sight; and all white Zamboanga studied her as we moved over to our table.

The band stopped. People moved about, chatting. Big Bill introduced the Macfarlanes to a party of hospital officers and their wives. The ladies bowed about as much as a mountain does in a stiff breeze. The gentlemen shook hands with Mr. Macfarlane the way I once saw a cub surgeon shake with an old Moro leper.

"Warm evening, isn't it?" said they and then moved along.

"Warm?" said I to Mr. Macfarlane with a wink. "I should have said rather frosty. By the way, did you ever notice that some people like music better than they do music dealers?"

Along came another party, and with them a still worse frost—one that made Big Bill glitter wickedly, seeing that it came from a little shrimp of a lumber agent whose commissions in a year weren't more than Big Bill's monthly pocket money. From then on the area of low temperature spread over all visible Zamboanga.

In a minute I saw Mrs. Meggs, the missionary's wife, discreetly beckoning me from a distant table. And you may bet I hustled over to her, for Mrs. Meggs never was stuck up and hated snobbery as fervently as she believed in devils.

"I wish," she whispered into my ear, "you'd rescue that nice Robinson boy. It's plain he doesn't know."

"Know what?"

"Oh, don't be mum with me! I know all about that Macfarlane being a notorious prize fighter." She smiled wisely. "And all Zamboanga knows it, too, by this time. Mr. Wiggins has told everybody—and he's going to have the fellow arrested. He assaulted Mr. Wiggins, you know."

"Pooh! Somebody's been stuffing you," I hooted; but my heart was sick.

"Oh, don't play Secret Service, please!" Mrs. Meggs grew stern. "If you've any respect for Mr. Robinson get him out of bad company."

"Madam, I certainly shall—at once." I rose and bowed stiffly as I headed for our party.

Mr. Macfarlane was smiling sunnily and chatting about our glorious Zamboanga climate; but to me, who had some skill in looking through the masks men habitually wear when out in society, it was hideously plain that the finest gentleman who ever left the ring unbeaten was hard hit. No punishment inside the ropes had ever staggered him as this studied snubbing did. Years of taking punishment and years of coming up fresh under sledge-hammer body blows were standing the old gentleman in good stead. The courage of him took me back to the ghastly days of trench fighting, when once I saw a soldier reel in, both eyes blown out, and say to the field surgeon: "I think I'm hurt a bit, sir."

Some more people drifted in, passed our table and looked the other way. Polly gave a shaky laugh—it was a degree too much for her, who had been waiting months for the sight of a friendly white face and for the grasp of a white hand.

"I guess," she said to me with a spunky little smile, "shopgirls who play calliopes aren't in vogue round Zamboanga."

"Oh, they don't know you yet!" I lied blithely. "Army posts are always uppish, you know. Takes a while to get acquainted. The more they stand you off at the first the better they're apt to welcome you when they discover you're really worth knowing."

"But I'm afraid"—Polly's brow clouded—"that we're not worth knowing. We're awfully plain folks."

"Say!" Big Bill exploded. "Let's take a spin out San Ramon road. It's a fine night and my new touring car's whining for a run."

Macfarlane rose suddenly and glanced at his watch.

"That would be most pleasant, gentlemen," said he unaffectedly; "but I've some urgent work down at the store. If you'll excuse us—we've had a jolly time, I assure you—an excellent band—well-chosen music—er ——"

Try as we would, argue as we could, there was no swaying him from his resolve. So with black rage in our hearts we escorted father and daughter off the club veranda, while Zamboanga watched us out of the corners of its many hostile eyes and kept conspicuously silent until we were well down the walk toward the music store.

Having dropped the father at the shop, we took Polly on down to the John L.

"Oh!" she cried, and ran across the dock to the Uncle Sam boat. "I must see how poor Mr. Wiggins is getting along before I turn in."

"Poor Mr.——" Big Bill howled; and, but for a jab I gave him, he'd surely have blown up like a dry boiler and told the girl the whole black truth about Timothy Q., not omitting those boxes of opium in the little storeroom. As it was, he did remark: "Between you and me, Miss Polly, that fellow isn't worth—er—quite so much attention."

"Oh, any sick man is!" The girl scanned my cub gravely. "You wouldn't like to be laid up all alone at the world's end, with nobody dropping in to see whether you're alive or dead."

"I'd love it"—Big Bill spoke almost fiercely—"if Polly Macfarlane were outside somewhere, wondering how I was."

"Taffy! Taffy!" The girl tossed her head, but her face was shining like a field of stars. "But—taffy tastes awfully good when you have not had so much as one nibble of it for a year. Good night!" And she was gone.

"Higgins," snarled Big Bill on our way back to town, "come help me punch the faces off those white-livered cads at the club."

"Whoa! Back!" I patted his shaking shoulder. "They're not cads—at least, not the white-livered kind." I hauled him to the edge of the dock and made him sit down. "You're under me, boy," said I earnestly, "for the sake of learning the big, heart-breaking job of managing people for Uncle Sam. All right! Let me give you a lesson right now."

"I don't want it," he growled. "I know a cad when I see one cut Polly dead, as though she was a—a ——"

"Infant!" I broke in quietly. "You don't! Those little Jack Frosts who cut her aren't cads—altogether. They're no better and no worse than the run of folks."

"Then I'll never go back to the States!" Bill foamed, and started to rise.

"Listen to Dear Teacher or I'll make you stay after school—drat you!" I jerked him back hard. "What I'm going to tell you is worth a million to you—but you get it free, Billy Boy! Folks don't like to think. It's lots easier to use names. So what do they do? Why, Bill, they have trade names for all kinds of people. They call parsons Models of Virtue. They call bankers Shrewd and Honest. They call professors Wise Guys. They call prize fighters Brutes. It's most convenient—like the caste lines in India.

"For instance, Bill, you save yourself the trouble of investigating men and women. You meet Jones. You ask him: 'What's your line?' Jones says: 'I'm a pawnbroker.' You look up this trade name in the code book of Society, and you find that Pawnbroker means Oppressor of the Poor. So you shut your door in Jones' face. Smith says he's a philanthropist. You look up that word and find it means Benefactor of Mankind. So you ask Smith in and offer him a chicken sandwich."

"You mean"—Bill turned to me slowly—"that Zamboanga has cut Mr. Macfarlane just because his trade was punching pugs' faces?"

"Pugilist stands for ruffian in the code book," I nodded; "and that's enough for most good people. They don't care to look into the man himself. They measure him by the conventional reputation of his calling—see? The lowest-down biped I ever met was a millionaire who endowed an orphan asylum. So, you see, it's up to you and me, Bill, to teach Zamboanga that Mr. Macfarlane is Mr. Macfarlane—and not a trade name."

"And that Polly is the dearest creature who ever tooted a calliope!" Bill slapped his knee with energy and a new enthusiasm.


# His Present

## For a Dollar If he Smokes

A handsome, one-pound humidor of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco will tickle any man who owns a pipe.

It's a thoughtful, fraternal sort of present, with just the right hint of intimacy to it. Giving Edgeworth Tobacco to a smoker is like giving silk hosiery to a woman—it's sure to be acceptable, certain to be used.

In this package the tobacco will remain in perfect order as long as a bit of moistened sponge or blotter is kept in the humidor top.

For weeks and weeks he will have tobacco handy to hand, for filling his pipe or pocket pouch.

Not for many days will he say, "Great Scott, isn't there a single pipeful of tobacco on the place?" and poke around looking for stray crumbs in the bottoms of discarded tins, or start out, maybe through the snow, to buy some.

That he will be pleased is beyond all doubt. We know this because every month we advertise that we will send a sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, free and postpaid, to any smoker who asks for it. We get many requests for such samples—stacks of letters and post cards from all over the country.

The sample is mailed as promised and in almost every case it makes a regular user of Edgeworth.

If you want to try out a sample of Edgeworth before investing in the humidor, send us your name and the name of a local tobacco dealer, and a generous sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed will be mailed you, free, at once.

If you can't get Edgeworth in the one-pound humidor tins (price $1.00) at your retail tobacco store, we will ship direct on receipt of price, all charges prepaid. If you want to make one or more of your friends Christmas gifts of these Edgeworth packages, give your instructions to your dealer, or, if he will not supply you, send us names and addresses of friends with your cards and check to cover your order at $1.00 per package and we will gladly attend to the shipping.

If you are already an Edgeworth smoker you know that there is no more suitable present you could send to a pipe smoker.

For either the sample or the humidor, address Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 for handsome humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

***To Retail Tobacco Merchants*** — If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

"That calliope bothers me." I shook my head. "And so does that music store. Out here, round Asia, Music Dealer is a trade name for Slippery Chinaman. Mr. Macfarlane ought to take up something more refined. How'd it be if we got him a job as a lumber agent? Didn't I hear you say once, Bill, that your millionaire uncle in Pittsburgh had bought a timber concession somewhere in Mindanao?"

"He sold out a year ago," Bill reported ruefully. "But—er—say, Higgins, you've got a head. I'm beginning to see light in this accursed mess. Let's go and put it squarely up to Mr. Macfarlane—before he gets his store in order. Tell him he must give it up. He's got the sense and the good manners to take us in the right spirit."

"Come on, cub!" I chuckled. "We'll tell him that we'll find something for him to do—something with the right trade name. He may have to wait—but he can."

To the shop we came in a jiffy and found the finest gentleman who ever left the ring unbeaten packing his accordions back into their cases.

"What's this mean?" I stammered.

"I've decided not to open the store," he smiled courteously.

"Bully!" sang out Big Bill. "We came to advise that very thing."

"Oh! You too? Really, gentlemen, I had rather fancied, from your kindness to us, that you were not averse to being friendly with a man who does his best to be decent—even if he has earned his little fortune with his fists."

"You don't understand," I hurried to correct him, for it hurt me to see the pain in his honest eyes. And I told him about trade names and about our trying to get him one that would make Zamboanga touch its hat to him.

You should have seen the joy leap into his rugged face! He dropped a hand on my shoulder and on Bill's and said, a little unsteadily:

"Thank you, boys. I sized you both up for white men; but—well, I've thought the matter over, and I'm sure it will be best for all of us if Polly and I seek a home somewhere else."

"You mean—you mean"—Big Bill scowled savagely—"you're leaving Zamboanga?"

"It's the only decent thing to do, my dear sir."

"You won't do it! I won't stand for it!" Big Bill fairly shouted.

"Mr. Robinson"—the old prize fighter grew grave—"a man—a man like me—learns to smile at hard raps; a matter of business, you know. This is no new thing for me. I know every painful step—from the first cut on the street to the last door of a so-called friend shut in my face. I can't force myself on people who don't care for my company. It's very bad manners, you know. I get no pleasure out of it and it only means humiliation for Polly. Thus far she hasn't quite understood—she's been a mere child; but in the last two years she's blossomed into a woman, with a woman's wit. I fear she's already wondering why we left St. Louis. If I stuck it out here she'd surely discover—well, something. It'd be hard for both of us. So to-morrow the John L. will jog on her way."

"I won't listen to this. It's monstrous—it's worse than murder and suicide!" Big Bill shrieked; and, before I could lay hold of him the giant had swept out of the shop and down the street.

"Look here, Mr. Macfarlane! Give us a chance," I begged. "Shut up this shop—that's the wise move; but stay with us until we've thrown something your way. It'll take us a month maybe."

"Very kind of you!" He bowed, but his gaze was still thoughtfully directed toward the door through which my cub had fled. "But I can't think of it—for Polly's sake, you know. Now that people know, it will hurt her too much. Mr. Higgins, run after that boy. I'm afraid he means mischief."

"You're right!" I gasped, and out I spurted after Bill.

Every stride I took made me hotter inside and outside. When I reached the Empire Club I was seeing red, but I managed to approach a table of officers and ask whether they'd seen Big Bill. They hadn't.

"Somebody said he drifted out a while ago with a couple of China Coasters," volunteered one of the party.

But for that remark I'd have gone along quietly. To call anybody a China Coaster, though, is to sum up politely all those words which are printed with dashes in our best literature. That was too much.

"You pack of scandalmongers!" I howled, and on their table I thumped with a thump that upset glasses. "What do you know of Macfarlane? Nothing! What do you know of his daughter? Less than nothing! But their trade names aren't nice; so you spread lies about them—China Coasters, eh? There's less of China Coast in ten years of Macfarlane than there is in five minutes of Timothy Q. Wiggins. Timothy Q. sits down here in your club and you drink with him. Why? Because his trade name is good. A Special Agent of Uncle Sam he is. That makes a pleasant noise in your ears; but ——"

Right there a party of Big Guns near by sent two waiters, and the waiters escorted me off the veranda. Then I ran over to Big Bill's lodgings; but my cub wasn't there. At that my rage turned to blind fear. I searched the cafés; I searched the docks; I searched all the other places where he might be. But no cub!

All night, on my bed, I stared at the blackness and thought—and thought—and thought.

Dawn; and somebody threw a piece of bamboo through my open doorway onto my bed. It was Big Bill.

"Come along! I need you," he commanded sharply.

"What's wrong?" I chattered as I tumbled out.

He didn't reply; he only handed me a paper and grunted:

"A wireless for you! Read it while we go."

Well, I read it, you may believe. Here it is, translated from the original cipher:

"HIGGINS, Zamboanga: Arrest at once Timothy Q. Wiggins on charges preferred by William Robinson, as hereinafter noted. Search his vessel for further evidence. Pending trial of Wiggins, Thaddeus Macfarlane will act as Special Agent in the opium case. By orders of Governor-General.—L. K. M., Division of Information, Manila."

"Eh?" I babbled. "Now what have you been up to?"

"I've been up to the wireless station—several times, in fact, through the night. Thank the Lord, it's office hours back home! Got my relatives and told them to pull together—the longest, strongest pull that ever jerked Manila to its senses. Now, if it's in you, be thinking up a pretty little speech, congratulating him on his new trade name."

"You'd better, Bill," I piped feebly.

"Sorry; but I've got to speak for the nominating committee."

"Huh?"

"Of the Empire Club—they've posted him for membership."

"How'd you do it?" I sputtered.

"Mostly by kicking one of the committee off the porch at two A. M.," grunted Big Bill. "Now get to work and dope out your speech."

Well, at the gangplank of the John L. we found the Terrible Tad hustling his boxes aboard, while steam screeched from the safety valve. Bill handed him the dispatch containing his appointment, and the old gentleman blinked hard as he studied it in a whirl of bewilderment, while Bill explained clumsily here and there.

"My friends, my ——" he stammered; then broke down like a baby.

I tell you I was glad I had an excuse to sneak away. The sight of the fine old fellow was like raw onions rubbed in my eyes. So I ducked across the dock to the Uncle Sam boat and arrested Timothy Q., who was so mad at it that he confessed everything in the nurse's presence and spared us a long trial.

Having duly put the bracelets on him I went back. The finest gentleman who ever left the ring unbeaten was leaning over the rail of the John L., his masterly shoulders squared, and his grand old head flung back as it was in that faded photo over his desk. The years had rolled off his soul—the years and something else.

Big Bill wasn't in sight. I found him, though, behind the calliope kissing Polly, who was crying most furiously. Things move fast here in the tropics.

"Higgins," said the young scamp as we walked home some hours later, "uplifting white folks is more fun than uplifting brownies."

While the John L. is off on her last cruise, taking him and Polly on their honeymoon, I've been wondering about what he said. If you'd seen the reception the ladies of the garrison gave Polly, and if you'd whiffed the weeds the Capitol crowd set up at the smoker they gave in honor of the new Special Agent, I guess you'd agree with Big Bill.

**The Guarantee**

Equip opposite wheels—at the same time—one with a Goodyear S-V, one with any other standard truck tire of like rated size, bought in the open market.

If the Goodyear S-V fails to cost less per mile than the other, we will refund you its full purchase price—making the Goodyear S-V free.

# S-V Spells— Truck Tire Certainty

Mounted on opposite wheels of the same truck *with other tires*, the S-V Goodyear continues to show a lower cost per mile.

For more than six months, now, business men have been piling up the evidence till no room is left for doubt.

The tests have done away with guesswork—they have been so thorough and so numerous that they spell certainty in truck tires for all time to come.

It will not be long, now, before we can safely withdraw this competitive plan and rest our case on the testimony of American business men.

They are giving out the facts about the S-V Goodyear, fully and gladly, and the verdict of greater value should soon be proverbial in the business world.

Meanwhile, however, if there is a bit of doubt in your mind that good business dictates that you equip your trucks with the S-V Goodyear—the same simple plan that has convinced so many others is still open to you.

You will be given a written guarantee, upon application, such as appears in the box above.

Our local branch will gladly tell you where to get the S-V Goodyear under this signed warrant. Get in touch with it.

**The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company**
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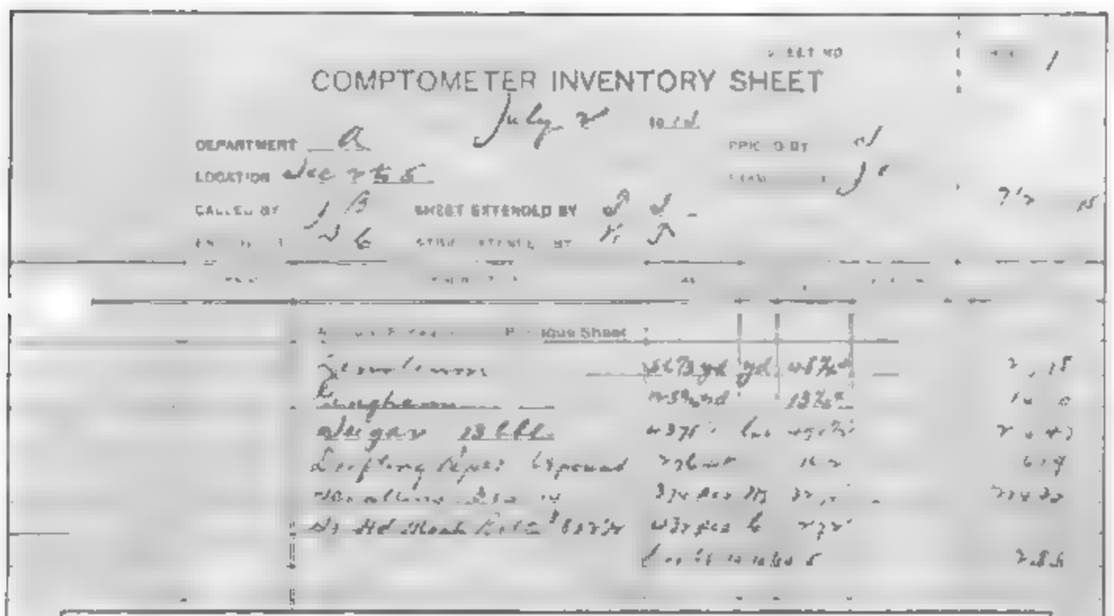


# Two Good Suggestions on Inventory

***First:*** Have your inventory sheets printed like this form with perforated extension strip. This strip insures two independent extensions of every item—a method that turns the spot light squarely upon every possible error in the work.

***Second:*** Get a Controller-key Comptometer and set it to work on your inventory. With a few days' practice an operator will be able to extend items like the above in four or five seconds each. Enter the original extensions on the detachable strip. Then tear off the strip and turn the sheet over to another operator who will enter his extensions in the remaining column. Compare the two totals and—well, if there is anything wrong, it will show right there.

Even if you didn't have regular every-day use for a Comptometer in proving postings, balancing accounts, footing trial balances, adding sales, figuring bills, pay rolls, etc.—even so, the machine is actually worth to you all it costs for your *inventory work alone.*

Some day a Comptometer salesman may drop in and offer to re-figure your last inventory for one-half the errors he may find in it. But be careful—you would be playing long odds on that proposition—if not already proved on the Comptometer.

Ask for a practical demonstration—it will cost you nothing—and see for yourself what it means in speed, accuracy and freedom from the usual grind of inventory time.

**Write for Booklet describing every-day uses of the Comptometer on Bookkeeping, Billing, Cost, Inventory, Pay Roll, etc.**

*Sample form Inventory Sheet free on request.*

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1723 No. Paulina Street Chicago

# A Riot of Fun for Everyone!

## PLAY GOLF WITH CARDS!

Where am I? Dad drives for 200 yards! John a neat Simpkin! He hall a Hotchkiss Watch Mother! Good for her! She lifts out of the sand onto the green. Poor Clara she slices into the water. Hear them laugh!

That's the way "Golf Bug" goes. It's real golf! What if you never played golf? What if you don't know a mashie from a mutton chop? Here's where you pick up the whole thing on the card table basis.

## "GOLF BUG"

***The Game That's Biting 'Em All***

The only game of golf with cards. Meets all conditions of an actual round of golf. Each card counts the same as in golf. Keeps score right on the card. Golf Bug card table. Start 'em going on your next Sunday afternoon golf game. Complete outfit consists of 120 golf cards, golf tee markers, only $1.00. At all sporting goods dealers or direct. If your dealer cannot supply you, fill out coupon with $1.00 and mail today for complete outfit. Your money back if you don't say it's the greatest card game you ever played.

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Enclosed find $1.00 for which send me one "Golf Bug" Card Game Outfit complete.

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**On receipt of $3 and 15c postage we send a box of 3 DURO shirts and 3 handsome ties to match by parcel post**

**DURO Shirts are guaranteed to wear six** months without fading, shrinking or ripping, or new shirts free. Made of neat white percale shirting fabric with narrow stripes of blue, black and lavender. One shirt of each color to the box. Cut in popular coat style, cuffs attached, hand laundered and very fine enable. Standard sizes 14 to 17½, sleeves 32 34 35. Stylish ties of navy blue, black and lavender matching each shirt. The shirts would cost you $1.25 apiece and you would get no guarantee of wear. The ties would cost 50c each. Illustrated literature on request, but save time by sending $3 and 15c postage today with size. If all the goods are not satisfactory on arrival we will gladly refund your money. Highest bank references.

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# THE PRESAGE OF THE P'S

(Continued from Page 13)

to seek the nomination himself. It is argued that there can be nothing else probable. Mr. Taft has been reasonably diplomatic in his answers to conjectures of this kind, but one or two little things lead a person to believe he has no very serious intentions of that kind. At a dinner given to him in Portland, Oregon, the orator who introduced him spoke feelingly of Mr. Taft's past services to the nation, of the loyalty of his friends, of the deep affection he and others had for the deposed chieftain—"greater in defeat than in victory"—and eloquently nominated Mr. Taft for president, saying that they all would like to have a chance to vote for him—having neglected the opportunity in 1912, presumably.

Mr. Taft rose to reply. He made no reference to this nomination and its consequent eulogy, which surprised and pained the orator. After dinner the subject was broached. "Dear me," said Mr. Taft; "darned if I didn't forget all about it! It didn't seem important enough to remember."

Later, while on that same Pacific Coast trip, Mr. Taft was asked how about it by a close friend.

"I have taken off sixty-two pounds of flesh," he replied; "I am a grandfather, and for the first time since I was twenty-one years old I can say what I want to say without first stopping to think of the political effect of the statement. What do I want of any more politics?"

And that, so far as being a candidate again is concerned, puts it up to Mr. Taft, where it shall remain.

Proceeding along these lines, we arrive at E. Root—Elihu Root—who has of very late years taken on the aspect of the Grand Old Man of the Grand Old Party. Mr. Taft has come out for him. It is the fervent opinion of the Republican Party that Mr. Root would be a wonderful president if he could be elected. They are unanimously of the opinion that he would be transcendent in the White House if some process could be invented whereby he would not have to submit to the rigors and restraints of an election. In short, they think he would be a fine president but a rather indifferent candidate.

There is not so much to be said in criticism of this frame of mind, for it may be recalled that Mr. Root exhibited it himself a time ago, when he declined to seek reëlection to the Senate because of the little, but harassing, formality of going before a primary. Mr. Root announced his retirement from public life, and what his feelings were when he discovered that the Republican who ran in his stead was elected by far more than a hundred thousand votes he has not yet disclosed. Still, the fear of himself as a candidate was there.

### *The Undercurrent for Root*

However, there are signs in various quarters that Mr. Root has to some extent allayed these fears, for it is rumored about that he would willingly accept the nomination if he could get it, and reports to that effect have strayed out West. This seems plausible, for Mr. Root, at an opportune moment in Albany, New York, while engaged in constructing a new constitution for an unappreciative citizenry, as it turned out, made some highly propitiatory remarks, so far as his own record is involved, concerning the passing of the invisible government and the necessity therefor, and so on. He straightened his record to accord with the spirit of the times.

The Old Guard in the West have had the word passed to them that there may be an attempt to nominate Root, despite the fact that he is past seventy and rather reactionary so far as his past record is concerned. This word has been received in silence by the Westerners. They all say frankly that they think Root would be exactly the sort of a president they, as Old Guardsters, would like to have in the White House; but they do not think—to use the political parlance of the day—they do not think they could put him across. He would make a great president—sure! But, drat it all!—he'd have to be a candidate before he was elected.

Notwithstanding, you will find that in some subtle way there is a growing spread of Root sentiment. Nobody seems to know where it comes from, save that now and then it appears in the regular channels of publicity. It is not definitely decided, but it is not out of the minds of the Old Guard to make a try with Root, if they can see their way clear. The West is not very strong for this. The Republicans out there admit the ability of Root—and it must be conceded that he can say the perfectly obvious thing in the most impressive manner now exhibited forensically in this hemisphere—but they doubt his availability. However, it is not very hard to convince an Old Guardster, if pickings look promising; and from what I have heard there is a good deal of Root manipulation in the East, which I shall write about when I get there. It may be that the defeat of Mr. Root's pet constitution will have some effect on him as a candidate, but then again perhaps not. New York had a very good, workable, elastic and nonskidding constitution as it was, and will remain. Likely as not, some of these boys in the Empire State had this in mind when they were framing the new one.

### *A Goodly Company of Possibilities*

Following Root comes the pack. It is interesting to observe how many of our citizens consider themselves fitted for the presidency. We have developed a considerable contingent, and more are to come, with now and then one dropping out. For example, not much is heard of Governor Charles S. Whitman, of New York, these days, but right after he was overwhelmingly elected a year ago he was hailed and hurrahed as the very identical Moses to lead the Republicans out of the wilderness. Mr. Whitman has faded from view as a presidential candidate. So, too, has Governor Willis, of Ohio, who was one of those first-flush candidates a year ago but is now not even a four-flush in the procession. Only a few weeks ago James R. Mann, of Illinois, took himself out of the race, where furtively he had been injected, and in so doing took occasion to name no names but to say that others from Illinois might well do the same, others—naming no names—who might be comprehensively described as two-spots, not saying whether he meant Little Casino or merely the two of clubs. There is no longer a loud cry for Myron T. Herrick, who shone as our ambassador to France in the first days of the war. Mr. Herrick has retired from view, but it must be said for him he never took his emergence very seriously, whereby he acquires merit. He has lately pointed to Theodore E. Burton as a likely candidate.

There has been some talk of the Honorable Big Bill Thompson, elevated to the mayoralty of Chicago by a stupendous majority, largely fostered by those who desired jobs from the Honorable Big Bill, and the Honorable B. B. put it to the test a trifle, letting it be known he would consider himself the young men's candidate if the young men so desired. However, the young men emitted no loud command, and the Honorable Big Bill was content to allow his claims to rest on the fact that he always wears a cowboy hat, which is a good, rational platform in some parts.

All these departures rather trim the list down, but leave it of some magnitude even so; wherefore we observe the following Honorables in full cry after the prize, to wit: The Honorable John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts; the Honorable A. B. Cummins, of Iowa; the Honorable William E. Borah, of Idaho; the Honorable Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio; the Honorable Lawrence Y. Sherman, of Illinois; and the Honorable Charles Warren Fairbanks, of Indiana—a goodly company.

All of these are intensely active save Mr. Borah. I did not hear of much activity on his part, but Idaho is strong for him, the Borah men say. All save Borah—and he may have—have been across the country, and some are going across yet. All have addressed their fellow citizens on the issues of the day, and all are seeking delegates here, there and everywhere.

Most active is John W. Weeks, now a senator from Massachusetts, formerly a member of the House of Representatives, and an imposing figure of a man who weighs some two hundred and seventy pounds but doesn't look it, has a large, bald head, a mild and beaming eye, and is as conservative as befits the former—maybe the present—partner of the banking

firm of Hornblower and Weeks, of Massachusetts. In the present contingency Mr. Weeks is acting in both capacities. He is hornblower and Weeks. Every chamber of commerce or civic association or other representative body in the West, Southwest or Middle West that cares to listen to Mr. Weeks expound his views of the perils that beset us through a continuance of Democratic rule, has the opportunity.

He has penetrated the wilds farther in the direction of the setting sun than most New Englanders go, and has met with much cordiality. He has an organization, a flock of advance agents and press agents, and is going after the nomination as any systematic banker and senator would. An effective and alert young man arrives in a center of population and convinces the chamber of commerce, or some such, that it should hear Mr. Weeks. Whereupon at the stated time Mr. Weeks appears, and the chamber of commerce, or whatever it is, hears him voluminously. He has a faculty for impressing his ultimate safeness and saneness on the listeners, and though not unduly radical, neither is he rigidly conservative. He is just about right, according to the locality he is in, and he does give the Democrats ballywhack. Moreover, he makes friends. They like him out West and he is progressing.

Mr. Cummins has essayed a few speeches here and there. His most notable achievement in that line was at Los Angeles, when, at a dinner where he was to be the principal speaker, he so principally spoke that though he began at eleven P. M. he had not concluded his burning remarks at twenty minutes past one A. M., at which time about his only auditor was the Honorable Frank P. Flint, a former colleague in the United States Senate, who brought him to the dinner and had to stay to take him away. Mr. Cummins is in a receptive mood, but it does not seem likely that he will receive much of anything save possibly the Iowa delegates.

Ohio's favorite son bids fair to be the Honorable Theodore E. Burton, who has one simularity to the Honorable E. Root. Mr. Burton, like Mr. Root, feared his fate too much in the elections of 1914, and would not run for the senate, thereby depriving that body of his services, for, as it happened, Mr. Burton's fears were unfounded, and any Republican could have been elected in Ohio, and one was. Mr. Burton, after making a tentative trip across the country and a considerable number of public addresses that were far from tentative, permitted himself to say this much when approached on the question of his candidacy:

### *A Wallop at Mr. Weeks*

"The presidential nomination is too high an honor to be sought and worked for by the means which would be justified in seeking an office of less dignity than the presidency. Many friends in my own and other states have been kind enough to offer friendly suggestions in connection with the nomination, and I am still receiving them."

Overlooking the obvious wallop at Mr. Weeks, it can be said that Mr. Burton has been favorably received, albeit the base canard that he is the Burton who wrote The Anatomy of Melancholy has worked to his disadvantage in some places. It is his purpose to be dignified in several portions of the country this winter, addressing his fellow citizens on the topics of the day. Weeks first and Burton second, of the lesser flight, is the way they are held out in the West, so far as support goes.

Imperial Illinois, concerning which commonwealth Mr. Mann said that the zero is always her portion when it comes to getting anything in a presidential way, still not naming names, is more than likely to send a delegation favoring the candidacy of the Honorable L. Y. Sherman, now a senator representing that section of the republic conjointly with Mr. Hamilton Lewis. Contrary to the hirsute, sartorial and conversational elegancies of Mr. Lewis, Mr. Sherman is a statesman of the plain-as-an-old-shoe type, for which part Nature had endowed him kindly. He specializes a little on the Lincoln line. He has no whiskers, to be sure, but can grow them, and will if necessary. Conversationally and in action he is a child of the plain people. He will be used as trading stock by the Illinois politicians when convention time comes, and he has progressed from San Francisco and back again, making speeches on insurance, which ought to get him the support of the vast number of our fellow citizens who insure things for us, and shows an originality in campaign spellbinding.

It is not to the discredit of the Honorable Charles Warren Fairbanks that many people in the West, being apprised of his candidacy for the nomination, exclaimed: "My goodness, is he alive yet!" Mr. Fairbanks has not been active in politics, except to maintain his intense interest in the welfare of the country, for some years. Now he is quite active. He fully expects to be the first-last-and-all-the-time choice of the Indiana delegates, and he, like Mr. Weeks, is not without hope of garnering a few delegates from the Sunny South. Mr. Fairbanks' specialty in oratory is referring, in a solemn way, to those who have gone before—those who sleep on the hillside. But he is restraining that tendency, and is preparing, no doubt, to proceed to various sections of the country, to see what can be done for a man who deplores the radical tendencies of the times and who strings along fifty-fifty with the Fathers, who, in their broad and patriotic wisdom, constructed that immortal document, the Constitution, which we all revere. Loud cheers! He too will be used as trading stock in the coming convention, and, believe me, there are some able and thrifty traders in the G. O. P. of Indiana who will be present in person when the convention is held. Jim Hemenway, Jim Watson and Joe Kealing please write.

### *The Democrats for Wilson*

This is the political situation in the West as I found it. The West has no particular candidate, and no candidate has any particular West. Candidacies are drifting round trying to make port here and there, and not finding so many friendly beacon lights that the mariners of the craft are confused by the multiplicity of signal flashes. The road to Tipperary isn't half so long as the road to that Republican nomination in 1916 for most of those who are mentioning themselves and hankering eagerly for applause to ensue. The Republicans of the West are listening and thinking and hoping for the best, but fearing the worst. The professional politicians on the Republican side are reading into the recent election returns many things that are not there, and the professional politicians on the Democratic side are reading out of those returns many things that are there.

There will be a lot of primaries out West, primaries that will select delegates to the national conventions, and it may be that by the time these are held there will be a formulated sentiment for one or two men. At present there is no such thing. They want the best man they can get, but they do not know who he is. Root appeals to them, by reason of his experience and his reputation, but they are afraid they cannot elect him. They are waiting. There isn't a definite sign as yet.

There is much loud talk about what will happen to the Democrats, based on the hope that the Republican Party is united again, and on the further hope that the Democratic Party may be disunited.

The Democrats are for Wilson. They can't escape, and they do not want to. He will be the unanimous choice of that territory in the convention, if things continue as they are. Moreover, he will hold a support from Republicans and Progressives if the war continues and we keep out of it. His future is pretty closely bound up in that war. There is much talk against him among certain of the hyphenates, and no man can say what that will amount to, although the Republicans are setting great store over disaffection of voters of German blood that they say is sure to come. This isn't so terrifying to the Democrats when they come to think that Germans are largely Republicans anyhow.

This coming session of Congress, with its struggle over preparedness, over economic measures, over many other important policies, will have a lot to do with what Mr. Wilson's luck shall be in the election. Similarly it may serve to develop a leading man for the Republicans, or make some man stronger than he is now. As it stands, there is much talk of politics, great interest in them, with no definite conclusions. As predicted in the beginning of this article, this complacent republic of ours is about to become vertiginous, verbigerous and vorticular. The P's presage large. We are in for a rush of politics, preparedness, pacificism, pseudology, proclaimed prosperity and piffle to our large and somewhat anthraknostic national head.

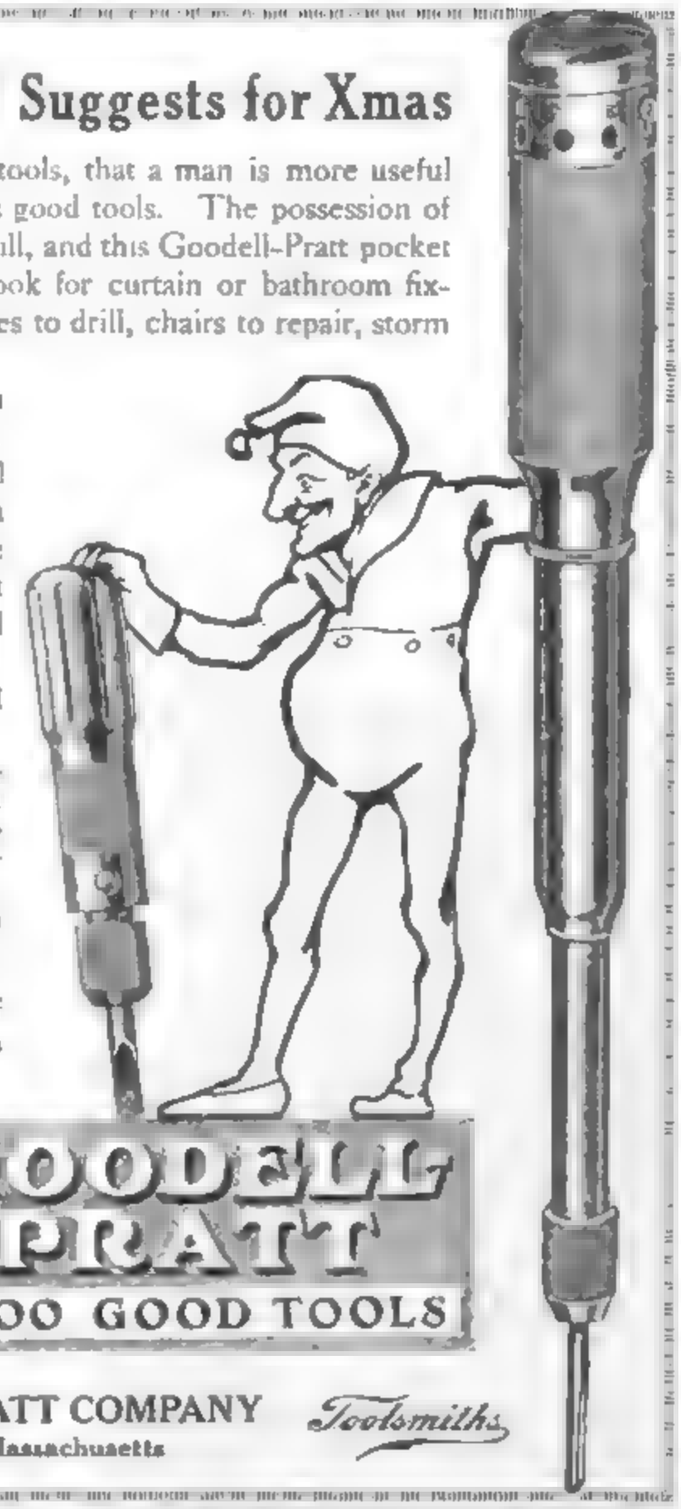

# Mr. Punch Suggests for Xmas

that men are fond of good tools, that a man is more useful around the house if he owns good tools. The possession of Mr. Punch, the Automatic drill, and this Goodell-Pratt pocket screw-driver makes a man look for curtain or bathroom fixtures to put up, broom handles to drill, chairs to repair, storm doors to hang.

In using Mr. Punch you place the drill point and push. A spiral twist drives the drill through an inch of solid oak in ten seconds. In the handle are 8 tool-steel drills of different sizes, seen through numbered holes of same size as the drills. Mr. Punch sells at all good hardware stores for $1.50.

The Pocket Screw-driver is made of solid brass and steel. Closed it measures 3¼ inches and takes up almost no room in pocket or tool-kit. Sells for 50c

If you cannot find Mr. Punch or Screw-driver, send price to us.



**Send for a Booklet of Christmas Suggestions**

***Closed***

Note how closed it is. Can be carried in pocket, in tool-kit, or on key-ring. Three sizes of blades fit largest or smallest screw. Reamer is useful to enlarge bore.

GOODELL PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY *Toolsmiths*
Greenfield, Massachusetts

NEW HAMMERLESS
# SAVAGE

1
Automatic grip safety. Won't shoot unless squeezed both grip and trigger
2
No hammer to catch in pocket. Breech completely enclosed.
3
Locks gun positively against discharge
4
Prevents "didn't know it was loaded" accidents
5
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The only Automatic that has
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*and*
Aims Easy as Pointing Your Finger

## *10 Shots Quick!*
vs. 6 or 8 in all other Automatics

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Manufacturers of High Power and Small Calibre Sporting Rifles; Automatic Pistols; and Ammunition

# The Test

Musical history was made a short time ago at Orange, New Jersey. At the laboratories of the New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph, 300 phonograph experts were witnesses to an epoch-making experiment.

When the test was done, the entire gathering agreed as one—a modern miracle had been performed before their eyes!

Three factors predominated:

Alice Verlet, the famous Belgian prima donna, whom European musical critics have hailed as the "New Queen of Song."

The New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph.

And Thomas A. Edison. He alone knew of the revelation to come; of the human voice with all its range, its sweetness, its mellowness, its sympathy and pathos coming from the instrument he had created.

Miss Verlet stood beside the New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph. Mr. Edison sat with his head bowed upon his hand.

There came the clear notes of the beautiful song, "Caro Nome," from Rigoletto.

Which was singing, phonograph or lady? The ear could not distinguish. Only the eye could discern that Miss Verlet's lips were not moving. The Edison Diamond Disc was singing alone. Then—a greater volume—but *only* a greater volume—Miss Verlet joined her voice with the singing of the Edison Diamond Disc.

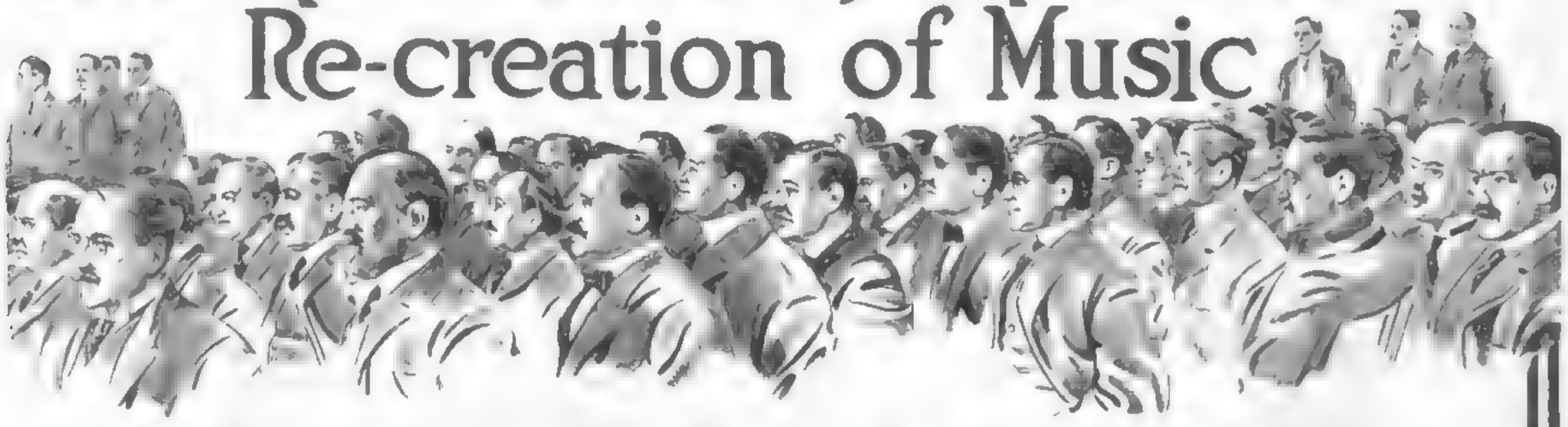
Two voices—exactly the same two—were singing together. No one among the 300 could tell which was the more clear or distinct, or more full of feeling.

The song volume decreased. The ear heard but one voice. The eye must tell again. *Miss Verlet's lips were moving.* It was she who was singing.

Faces were lit up with surprise—even with amazement—a modern miracle was happening just before them.

The phonograph and the lady continued their duet to the end. Enthusiasm, almost unbounded, ran through the audience.

# Nearly 300 Phonograph Experts Held Spellbound By Unprecedented Re-creation of Music



**Quickly these men realized that there had been given to the world a new instrument which years of endeavor had made so complete that even "perfect" failed as a descriptive word.**

They could not describe the tone of the New Edison. It was not enough to call it "human, life-like, natural." No more could they describe a beautiful rose as "true to nature." This New Edison was *nature itself.* It *was* the artist in all but form.

The Edison has no tone of its own. It is a perfect vehicle for the re-creation of the artist's voice—or instrument.

# New Edison
## Diamond Disc Phonograph

*No Needles to Change*

The reasons for the absolute perfection of the Diamond Disc Phonograph are manifold. The music passes through a real diamond, traversing a record so hard that human hands cannot break it. Edison records have been played 6,000 times, with the same sweetness and fidelity from the last rendition as from the first. Edison records are thicker than any ever made before.

By Mr. Edison's vertical system of recording, used only by him (as against the lateral system), there can be no wear on the record. The recorder makes a polished path which the smooth surface of the diamond stylus merely *floats over.*

*Unbreakable Records*

The smooth diamond point in passing over the record is as an automobile running over a hill and then into a valley. There is no more wear on the top of the hill than at the bottom of the valley. This is in contradistinction to the lateral system of recording, which is as a twisting river always wearing away its banks.

Edison dealers everywhere are ready to give you a demonstration of the new Diamond Disc. Ask to see the $250 Diamond Disc Phonograph, which is the official laboratory model.

*Special Edison Christmas Concerts are being given everywhere by Edison Dealers. You will be under no obligation if you ask to have your favorite records played for you. Make up your mind to hear a Christmas Concert early. If you would prefer, arrangements can be made to have a demonstration in your own home.*

***Or, write us for a catalog of records and Diamond Disc Phonographs***

**THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc. Dept. 2359 Orange, New Jersey**

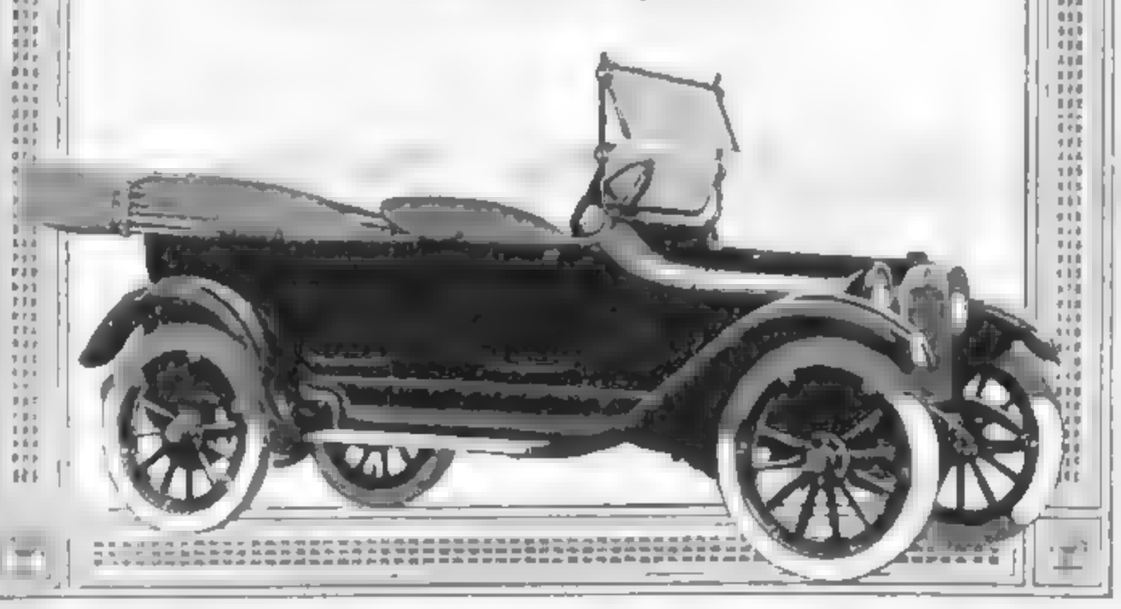
# DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

The all-steel body makes possible a lustrous finish of enamel which remains undimmed for a long period

This special enamel is baked on the steel at a high temperature after each application The result is a fast glossy finish of a peculiar elasticity which renders it practically impervious to wear or even ordinary damage

The motor is 30-35 horsepower
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Guarding the Gateway to 500,000 Minds

The eye is the *main gate* to the mind of your boy. Are you leaving it unguarded, for evil reading to enter and cause havoc? Your most important duty is to put a trained loyal sentry on guard—to give your boy reading that will develop his active, inquiring mind and urge him to "make good." Why not choose the guard already on duty for 250,000 careful parents—

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Read by 500,000 boys

For 16 years this big, bright magazine has specialized on live stories of school [illegible] month on everything under the sun that a boy loves. Endorsed [illegible] Y. M. C. A. Secretaries and Public Librarians. ONLY $1.00 A YEAR. Send the money NOW—*in time for Christmas* 10c a copy, at news-stands.

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These conservative fashionable patterns and styles are just the kind you yourself will prefer and—at the price you like to pay—$1.00, $1.50 and up.
Your dealer sells them—ask him or write us for our style book of SLIDEWELL collars and HALLMARK shirts.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Makers
TROY, N. Y.

New SLIDEWELL Collar illustrated is WINDSOR


# RICH MAN, POOR MAN

(Continued from Page 23)

"I understand; I know, my child," she said, her voice suddenly thick. "Take courage, can't you?" Then she had gazed at Bab with a look of timid appeal. "Love him," she whispered. "Oh, my child, love David, won't you?" Though she did not answer, Bab's eyes had grown moist.

Laces, linens, embroideries—all by the dozen, by the box—that week came pouring into Byewolde. With conflicting, curious emotions Bab bought things and had them sent home. There were dresses, too, and wraps of all sorts. There were boxes of gloves, boxes of silk stockings, dainty bundles of lingerie. With all these things added to what she had already, her rooms were filled to overflowing. Bab, in spite of herself, felt her interest reawaken. The things were charming, the daintiest and the finest that could be bought. The result was that before long she began to have a pride in these fast-accumulating possessions. What interested her most of all was the linen, much of which there had even been time to embroider with her monogram. She saw herself, in the years to come, established in the life she already had learned to love. Money, luxury, power—all these had come to make their insidious appeal. The balm of dollars! The healing hyssop of ease! She did not love David, but some day he would have millions! Again she heard that inner, unacknowledged voice whisper to her conscience. She must live the life she'd accepted! There was no escape from it. So why not take David and all David offered, and be happy? To be sure, she was marrying neither for wealth nor for place, but because she had to. Just the same, if wealth, if place, were offered with the marriage, why not take them?

Ten o'clock had just struck. A half hour before this, Bab, pleading fatigue, had excused herself downstairs and, slipping up to her bedroom, had exchanged her dinner dress for a dressing gown. Her animation had for the moment revived. Humming lightly to herself, she was occupying her leisure by going over and rearranging the day's batch of purchases when her maid entered the room.

"What is it, Mawson?" Bab asked.

"Another parcel, miss."

Bab glanced at the clock. She was astonished to receive anything at that hour.

"For me?" she exclaimed.

"It's a present, I think," volunteered the maid. "A man from Mr. Blair's just left it."

At the name Bab colored faintly. She knew, she thought, from whom that present had come. Since she had last seen Linda Blair a week had passed, yet Bab in that time had not forgotten a word of their interview. Silently she took the parcel from the maid. Mawson lingered, busying herself with the litter of paper, string and cardboard boxes on the floor. Bab gazed at the parcel in her hand, then as irresolutely she glanced at the Englishwoman.

"Never mind that, Mawson," she directed. "I'll ring when I need you."

When the maid had departed Bab slowly undid the wrappings. For years Linda had been the intimate companion, the playmate, of David, and Bab was curious to see now what sort of wedding gift Linda would make the girl her friend was to marry. Linda she had always liked. In her loneliness now she wished she had been able to make Linda her friend. There was something substantial about her. She was a person, Bab knew, one could rely on in a crisis.

There was a cardboard box inside the paper. Bab opened it. Then, as her eyes fell on what was within, her face underwent a curious transformation. She could have laughed, but in her heart was no merriment. It had needed but a glance at the gift she had received to show her clearly the attitude of the sender. Indifference Linda could not have expressed more clearly. She had sent Bab a small silver bonbon dish and, considering all the means at her disposal, she could hardly have selected anything less personal, less friendly and intimate. The gift was costly enough. It was its significance that hurt Bab—the evident apathy it showed on the part of the giver.

The reason for that apathy Bab knew only too well. "Why are you marrying David?" Linda had inquired. Why, indeed? And if Linda were to hear the whole truth, what would she think then? What would she say were she able to read Bab's mind—to see that David's wealth had become a balm to cure Bab's wounded spirit?

The silver bonbon dish slid unheeded to the floor, and for a long time she sat looking straight before her with eyes that now saw nothing of all the beautiful things that a few moments before had filled her thoughts. Then slowly she rose to her feet and began pacing the bedroom to and fro. She herself had once called Varick a fortune hunter; now to think how the tables had been turned on her. It wasn't true, of course, that she was marrying for money; but how would the world know that? She could not tell people she had married to save Mr. Mapleson from jail. If she did she would have to tell also the truth about herself. Her tongue was tied. She could not even defend herself. She must let the world think that she was like all those other women who had taken men just for their money. And Varick would think that too!

Here a dry sob broke from her. Flinging herself upon the piled-up mess of finery on her bed, she lay with her face hidden among the pillows. If only he could know! If only once before her marriage she could see him, tell him the truth. She could not bear to have him think she had given herself for the money. But it was too late now. That afternoon, there in the road when she had left him, she knew he had finished with her. The look in his face had been enough to tell her that. At the thought a new despair came to her and the unutterable loneliness of her plight came over her anew. Everyone had left her, it seemed—everyone! Part of her bargain with Beeston was that she should renounce even those who had loved her. Varick was not the only one. She must not see even poor little Mr. Mapleson.

Then, surging over her again and drowning out all other thoughts, came the remembrance that in two days now she was to marry a man she did not love!

Her mistress not having rung for her, at half past eleven Mawson of her own accord tapped at the sitting-room door. There being no answer she tapped at the bedroom door. Still getting no response, she opened the door and stepped in. The room was vacant, and in the center of the floor Bab's dressing gown lay in a heap. Beside it, too, were the mauve silk stockings and satin slippers that she had worn down to dinner. But Bab, it seemed, had vanished.

### XXV

IT WAS after midnight; and at Mrs. Tilney's the household, at this hour usually plunged in slumber, had awakened to a hushed, subdued activity. Mr. Mapleson was dying.

It was about ten when Varick first had noted a change in him. For two hours Mr. Mapleson had lain among the pillows, his face passive, peaceful with a smile, and Varick had thought he slept. Then, as he looked up from the book he had brought to keep him company, he had seen Mr. Mapleson's eyelids flutter. His lips, too, moved as if he spoke.

"Anything I can get you?" asked Varick.

Mr. Mapleson did not appear to hear him. He seemed to be looking at something in the distance, and again his lips parted. Putting down his book, Varick bent over him.

"What is it, Mr. Mapleson?"

From a long way off came the little man's voice:

"Keep step, John Mapleson. Keep step!"

Varick was puzzled. He laid a hand on Mr. Mapy's shoulder, and the little man quivered as if he had been struck.

"Mr. Mapleson!" said Varick. "What is it?"

The slight figure on the bed stirred restlessly.

"Yes, that's me, John Mapleson, number 556, sir. Keeping step, ain't I? One, two! One, two!"

Then Varick understood. In his dream, whatever it was, John Mapleson lived over again his life in prison. And Varick realized, too, now that he would not live it over very much longer. He gave the little man one more glance, then went hurrying down the stairs to Mrs. Tilney's door. The doctor had come immediately. One look at

(Continued on Page 45)

Things to Insist on in Tires
Naturally, you should demand *mileage*. However, there are other essentials, and, just as you would not buy shoes that caused discomfort—even if the shoes did give long wear—neither should you be satisfied with tires that give mileage alone at the sacrifice of personal comfort and at the cost of heavy upkeep of your machine due to rack and strain.
But when you find tires that afford comfort, effect car-upkeep economy and give excess mileage, use these tires, for in them are the "things to insist on in tires."
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Study this dissected tire.
Note the sturdy tread, the special binder strip, the thick resilient cushion, the multiple plies of Sea Island cotton duck

"There's only one type of tire that equals QUAKERS for mileage—it's the *solid* tire"—said a dealer.

That this is a statement of fact is proved by mileage records of 8,000, 10,000, 12,000, 15,000, and even 20,000 miles.

But QUAKER TIRES do *more* than give mileage; they afford, in the greatest measure, comfort—the primary object of pneumatic tires.

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All that the finest materials, the most modern construction facilities and practice can contribute to your comfort, the saving of car repair bills, reduction of power cost, and the assurance of mileage go into QUAKER TIRES.

Then, we add our secret and exclusive process of *tempering* the rubber—a factor that gives luxurious comfort, reduces upkeep to the minimum, insures the utilization of every unit of tractive power and secures the maximum mileage

Tempering improves tire rubber just as it improves tool steel or spring steel or brass—imparts the necessary degrees of hardness, toughness, tensile strength, elasticity, resiliency and endurance.

You cannot get more in tires than you can get in QUAKERS. Users tell us that they never before got so much for their money. Invest in a QUAKER now—try it out under the severe conditions caused by icy streets and frozen roads; you will then be convinced that QUAKER TIRES are "MILES CHEAPER."

***QUAKER TUBES of tempered rubber increase tire mileage***

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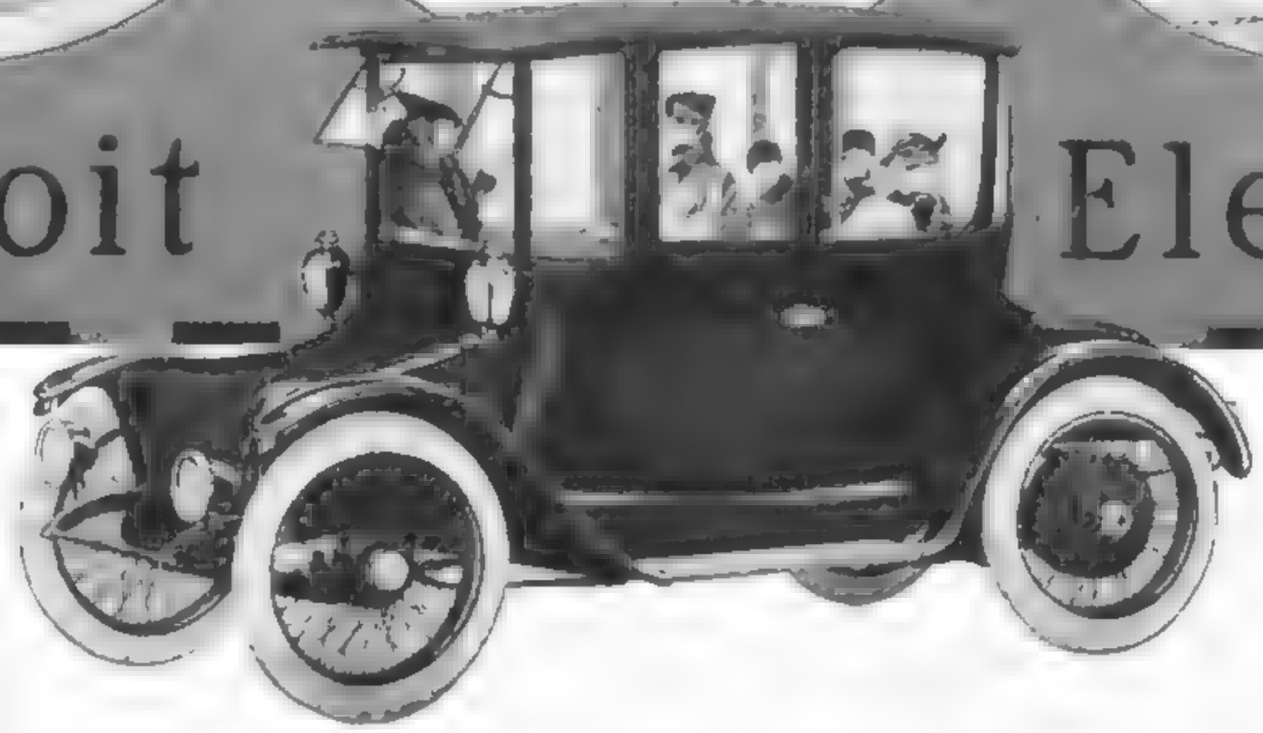
***The reputation of our Belting, Packings, Hose, Valves, etc., is world wide. More than 30 years in the Mechanical Rubber Goods business.***

# Eventually—the enclosed car will win you, too

# Detroit Electric



## The Practical Car

### *for year 'round use for all the family*

The verdict—among motor car buyers in general—now favors *the enclosed car* as the practical family automobile.

The advantages of all-year, all-weather motoring—*without extra cost or a change of body*—are winning more and more men each year.

This 1916 Detroit Electric is—we believe—the ideal enclosed car. It is—in every essential—a modern, powerful, dependable automobile of the *enclosed* type—*electric powered.*

The service of the Detroit Electric is absolutely reliable 365 days in the year. Severest climatic changes do not impair its mechanism. On winter days you start as quickly as in summer.

You ride in cool comfort on hot days and enjoy limousine protection on cold days. You have perfect ventilation and a clear vision all around.

### All the family drive the Detroit Electric

Today most men have the interests of their family at heart when they purchase an automobile. They want a car that mother and the girls can drive with safety and confidence.

So—to many families—the matchless operative ease of the Detroit Electric has proved a winning attraction.

Though there is an abundance of power—mighty, silent-flowing power—it is under absolute control *always.*

The big batteries of the Detroit Electric provide greater mileage—on one charge—than you will require in an entire day's service. *98% of all trips* are well within the mileage range of the Detroit Electric.

Paved streets are not a necessity for the 1916 Detroit Electric. Any town with electricity is practicable for the Detroit Electric.

### Its upkeep economy will surprise you

Owners of Detroit Electrics—men who have driven other types of cars—say they find their operative cost 30% to 50% less.

Tires last longer—in some cases twice as long—as on other types of automobiles. Cost of current for battery charging averages only $5 to $7 per month—and this is being reduced.

Most motorists find their heaviest expenses are for repairs, replacements, and adjustments.

In these respects the Detroit Electric saves 60% to 80%. So simply and strongly is it built that it rarely needs any attention.

### These are our finest cars

These latest Detroit Electrics—the 1916 models—are the finest cars we have ever produced.

In big things and little—in essential features and minor details—in mechanism, in construction, in equipment, and in design they embody all the best practices we have developed in nine years' experience.

Yet—by doubling our output and securing the economies of quantity production—we have been enabled to reduce prices $600 to $725 per model.

Go see these 1916 Detroit Electrics. Measure them by any standards you like. Let your dealer give you a thorough demonstration. 1916 prices range from $2075 to $2275.

**Anderson Electric Car Co.**
*Makers of Detroit Electrics*
**Detroit, . . Michigan**

## Order your Detroit Electric now for Christmas morning delivery (66)

*World's Largest Builders of Enclosed Automobiles*

# ICY-HOT

**Keeps Contents Icy Cold 72 Hours or Steaming Hot 24 Hours**

Every home has need of an Icy-Hot. You will find many uses for it day and night—indoors and outdoors. A necessity in nursery and sick room—indispensable when traveling or on any outing. Keeps baby's milk at right temperature or invalid's hot or cold drink [illegible] without [illegible] preparation. And every Icy-Hot is as beautiful as it is useful.

**Typical Icy-Hot Values**

No. 31 Bottle—Black Morocco Leather trimming. Pt. $3.50, Qt. $5.00
No. 740. Jar—nickel plated wide mouth Pt $2.50; Qt. $4 50
No. 23. Bottle—nickel, corrugated Pt. $1.75; Qt. $2.75
No. 515. Carafe—nickel. Qt. $4 50
No 23 Bottle—Enamel—green [illegible] and tan Pt $1 50 Qt $2 50
No [illegible] Lunch Kit with enameled [illegible] $ 75
No 8-0. Pitcher—nickel plated Qt $4 50, 3 Pts. $10.00

All Icy-Hots are thoroughly protected against breakage. Asbestos pads prevent vibration of inner bottle, eliminating breakage at neck. Thickly padded spring at bottom and thick rubber ring at neck absorb all shock. Absolutely sanitary—liquids touch only glass. Instantly demountable—easy to keep clean and sweet.

Look for the name Icy-Hot stamped on bottom. If your dealer cannot supply you, accept no substitute, but write us and we will supply you at above prices, charges prepaid. Write for catalog

**Icy-Hot Bottle Co.**
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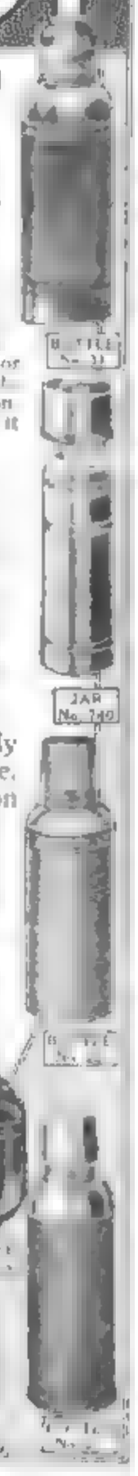

A Christmas Gift for Every Man

## SUMMIT Town and Country COAT

For the outdoor man it is just the garment, for hunting, fishing, motoring, automobiling, driving or working.

It's warm—light weight—and [illegible]

See how comfortably the [illegible] Neck fits around the neck, protecting the throat from cold and wind.

Lined throughout with wool worsted so that it is [illegible] and wrists keep the wind from blowing up the arms.

The body is lined with leather that stays soft and pliable after being wet.

Coat, as illustrated

26 inches long . . $10.50
24 inches long . . 7.00
21 inches long . . 5.50

Order one today, giving chest measurement.

Illustrated style book sent free on request

GUITERMAN BROS.
Dept. F, St. Paul, Minn.

# BOWLETTE

For CHRISTMAS

BOWLETTE is a miniature [illegible] game of skill which combines the experiences of the bowler with [illegible] billiard player. The bowling is done with [illegible] as shown in the illustration: the steel [illegible] length of the alley, strikes a rubber [illegible] with considerable speed, hitting the [illegible] at the [illegible]

BOWLETTE is 3 ft. long, 9 in. wide and 3½ in. high, is substantially made and beautifully finished in natural hard maple and mahogany, railings nickel plated, pin pit felt lined

BOWLETTE is equipped with candle and bottle pins, book of rules, score cards, directions, etc.

You could not select a more acceptable Christmas gift. Price

## FIVE DOLLARS

Your money back in ten days if you don't like BOWLETTE. Send for descriptive literature

**BOWLETTE CO., Oliver Bldg., Boston, U.S.A.**


(Continued from Page 42)

Mr. Mapleson told him the story, and in haste a nurse was summoned. Before midnight she was installed—a young, pleasant-faced girl, pretty in her crisp blue gingham dress and white cap and apron.

For two hours now Mrs. Tilney had been running up and down the stairs to Mr. Mapleson's door. She did not enter, however, until she had made sure the nurse had all she needed. Then she came in quietly and, with both hands resting on the footpiece of the little man's bed, Mrs. Tilney looked down at him. He was still unconscious. Varick, after a single glance at her, turned away.

"Good-by, John," said Mrs. Tilney, and that was all. The words came from her like a croak. One had only to glance at the gaunt, unlovely face to read in it all that went with that farewell. Godspeed she gave Mr. Mapleson, and God, one can be very sure, heard her. Varick followed her into the hall.

"Just what did that woman say—the one that came to the telephone?" he asked.

A single tear, the solitary expression of her feeling, stood in Mrs. Tilney's eye, and as she answered him she dried it with a corner of her sleeve.

"A servant answered," she replied—"a woman. What she said was that Bab couldn't come to the phone."

"Couldn't?" echoed Varick. "Do you think she really got the message?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Tilney answered. She gazed at Varick fixedly through her spectacles; then, as if she guessed the question in his mind, she added: "If Bab got that message Bab will come."

Varick did not venture to reply. He knew the circumstances, he thought. Bab, almost a Beeston now, would stick to Beeston's bargain.

"She'll come," said Mrs. Tilney doggedly.

She turned toward the stairs, her shoulders drooping, her slippered feet slipslopping a muffled tattoo along the thinly carpeted hall. Just as she reached the stairhead she turned.

"If John Mapleson wants me," said Mrs. Tilney, "send down to the kitchen, Mr. Varick. I'm going down there to wait. If she comes I mean to be on hand to let her in."

Jessup was the next to climb the stairs. At Varick's behest the bookkeeper had gone to the drugstore near by on the Avenue for the things the nurse had wanted. Jessup, as he handed the package through the door, beckoned Varick into the hall.

"What do you think, Mr. Varick?" With a jerk of his thumb he indicated the street outside. "They're back again, those two fellows," he said; "they're watching from a doorway across the street."

Varick frowned. It was the detectives that Jessup meant, he knew. Why Beeston should send them now to watch John Mapleson, Varick could not guess. Was Mapleson, after all, to be sent to prison? Varick smiled. If so, Beeston came too late. He said this to Jessup.

"Yes, that's right," the latter assented. "Any news from her yet?" he asked then.

"No news."

Jessup's only response was a grunt. He had his own opinion of the affair. Mr. Mapleson, having risked everything for Bab, must bear now the brunt of it, dying dishonored and alone. Naturally Bab would not come. She was a Beeston now.

Time after that passed on laggard feet with Varick. Midnight had struck, and under the coverlid the small figure of Mr. Mapleson lay very still. Since that moment when he'd lived over once more his life in prison he had not spoken. Varick had remained with him. After Jessup went he stood beside the bed, looking down at the little man that lay upon it. The small, peaked face somehow looked peaceful. It seemed as if Mr. Mapleson had already suffered himself to rest.

"He's going very fast," said the young nurse quietly. "He must have been wasting away a long while now."

Varick did not respond. A quick change, as fleeting as the blur of breath on a mirror, had crept all at once into Mr. Mapleson's expression. He strove as if to raise his head. Then Varick saw his lips faintly flutter. He bent over him. Manifestly the little man had something to say.

"What is it, Mr. Mapleson?" he asked.

The sick man's eyes still lay closed, but again the lips fluttered. His face was rapt.

"Spell cat—c-a-t," said Mr. Mapleson; and then: "Diamonds and pearls, Babbie!


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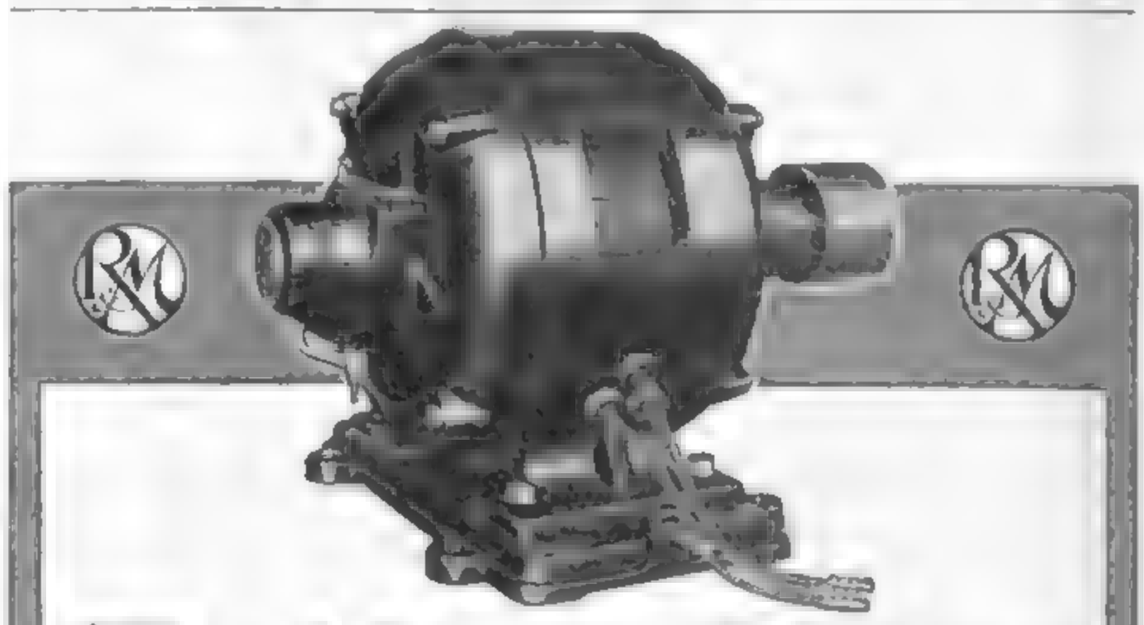

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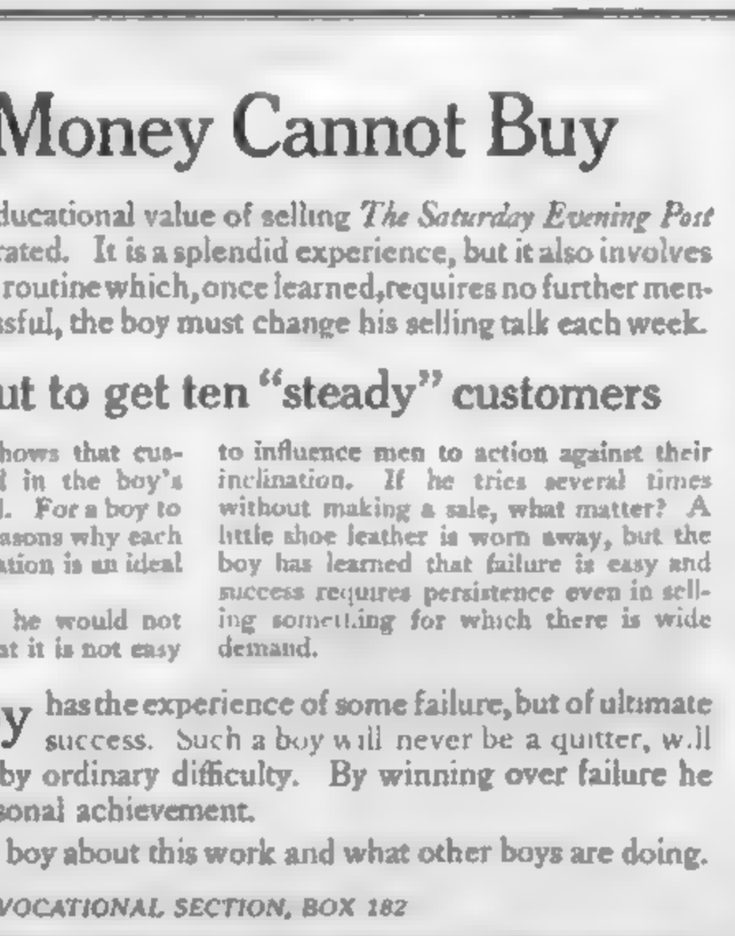


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*VOCATIONAL SECTION, BOX 182*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

If you're going to be a lady Mr. Mapy must teach you to spell!"

The nurse looked at Varick inquiringly. Varick laid a finger on his lips.

"Oh, see the ox!" continued Mr. Mapleson. "Do you see the ox?"

Just then the door opened and Varick's heart leaped, filled in an instant to brimming with a passionate thankfulness and relief. Bab stood there. One instant she gazed at the picture before her. The next she was on her knees beside the bed. Varick signaled silently to the nurse to follow him into the hall.

It was daylight when the lamp burned out. As the pink dawn of that bright June morning came lifting over the city roofs John Mapleson's soul was led from its cell, and for his crimes and misdemeanors was arraigned before that higher court—the final judgment seat. No need for him to plead "Guilty, my Lord!" for his crimes and misdemeanors were already known. And who can doubt that it was a lenient judge he faced.

The light was rising and the shrill sparrows under the eaves had begun to twitter volubly with the day when Bab came out into the hall and closed the door behind her. She had just crossed Mr. Mapy's pipestem arms upon his breast, but she did not weep. Instead, a smile like the morning hovered dreamily on her face. Her hand on the knob, she stood for a moment, then opened the door again.

"Good-by, dear!" she whispered. That was her parting with Mr. Mapleson.

Seeing Varick waiting in the hall, she went toward him unfaltering.

"Bayard!" she said. "Oh, Bayard!"

The next instant, his conscience dumb, all his good resolutions forgotten, Varick had her in his arms—was holding her to him.

"Bab, dearest!" he said.

Her eyes, through the mist that dimmed them, shone up at him like stars.

"You thought I'd come, didn't you?" she said. "You knew, didn't you, I'd never marry for money?" Varick tried to reassure her. "No, no, I want you to hear!" she said. "Don't you understand? I had to come!"

"Yes, I know," he murmured. "I knew you'd come if they'd let you."

"Oh, but you don't understand!" Bab protested. "That isn't it! I got to thinking of it all. I thought of you, and I knew what you'd think of me. I couldn't stand it any more. I had to see you and tell you, Bayard. I didn't know Mr. Mapy was dying, and I was coming to get him. Then he and I were going away."

The cloud of wonder in Varick's eyes gave way to a sudden light.

"You mean you'd given up David then? That you're not going to marry him?"

"Why, no!" said Bab. "That's why I ran away."

It was Lena, the waitress, disheveled and unkempt, who brought the situation to a climax.

"Oh, excuse me!" she exclaimed in conscious confusion at the tableau before her.

"What is it?" asked Varick.

"There'll be a couple of gentlemen in the parlor, sir," answered the blushing Lena. "They're asking for you."

At once Varick guessed who those callers were. He signaled Lena to silence and, opening the door of his room, gently pushed Bab inside. When he had closed the door again he turned to the astonished waitress.

"Who are they, Lena?" he asked, and Lena told him.

The men waiting downstairs were Beeston and David Lloyd.

*XXVI*

"YOU'VE come too late, Mr. Beeston," said Varick grimly as he closed the parlor door behind him. "John Mapleson is dead."

Facing him on the chair across the room Beeston sat with both his gnarled, knotted hands gripping the handle of his stick. His face was a mask, but from under his shaggy brows his eyes glinted like bale-fires. Varick could see, too, his jaws work dryly together. David stood beside him. Propped up on his crutches, he bent forward to peer at Varick, and never had he looked more frail, more sensitive. Varick's speech he had not seemed to hear. If he had he did not heed it.

"Bab—is she here?" he demanded.

She was upstairs, Varick told him; and at this statement he saw David gasp. Then David and his grandfather exchanged glances. A growl escaped Beeston.

"Well, I might have known!" he rumbled. "Trust a woman to make a fool of herself! You go up and tell her we're ready now to go home."

"Wait!" said David sharply. Varick, however, had no intention of departing. He knew Bab never would return to that house down there on Long Island, but he was hardly prepared for what followed. "Don't call her—not yet," continued David thickly. Then he turned to his grandfather, smiling wearily. "That's all over," he said. "You know already what I've told you."

Another growl escaped Beeston's lips.

"Then the more fool you, that's all!" he grunted.

"Perhaps," David answered. He was still smiling as again he turned to Varick.

"We didn't come to get Bab, Bayard; I just came to make sure she was safe. She left no word when she went away last night from Eastbourne; but something told me she'd come here. I was too worried to wait. They wouldn't let me go at first, then I persuaded them. Grandfather said he'd come with me."

"Yes," said Beeston, and his lip curled; "I meant she should go back with us. She'd have gone, too, if I'd have had my way!"

One could not doubt it. His face told that. David laid a hand upon the old man's arm.

"You mustn't speak of that," said he. "It was a cruel thing you did to her. It was cruel not to let me know too."

Varick guessed what he meant. He turned to look at Beeston; but Beeston, even at David's speech, had not flinched.

"Bayard," said David, "when I came here it was as I said—not to get Bab but to give her up. I'd begun to see things right. She didn't love me; I realize now she never did. It was her pity first, and because of that pity she was going to marry me. And then love, real love, got the better of her. It was only my grandfather's threat that made her stick to the bargain. She didn't want me; she didn't want me even with all my money. She couldn't help herself; that was what it was! She wanted the man she loved!"

Varick waited in silence, not knowing what to say. Beeston, his face a mask, sat opposite him with his eyes still fixed on Varick. He was not the kind to show emotion; but what his feelings must have been as he sat there hearkening to David's outpoured, frank admissions one might well understand. David's eyes had sought the floor. Presently he raised them, and with an attempt at a laugh he shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he said, "I suppose I should have learned by now to take what's coming to me. I can't have things like other men—that's all there is to it. I'll just have to grin and bear it." In earnest of that he smiled now rather wistfully. "I'm just what I am, you know," he concluded.

Varick, as he listened to his friend, forgot that the old man who sat opposite him, his lips curled now into a sneer, was his enemy. Beeston, it was evident, was a good hater. He was equally a soft-hearted, valorous partisan. It must have hurt him indeed to sit there and hear one of his blood cry peace. All this Varick realized. "Davy, don't!" he cried, and held out his hand to him. "I'm so sorry!" He stood there, one hand on the cripple's shoulder, the other clasping his hand. "Can't we still be friends?" he asked.

"Why, always," David answered; "why not?" He then turned to Beeston. "Come, grandfather," he said. "It's time we were going."

Settling his crutches under his arms, he smiled at Varick, then plied his way out into the hall. Upstairs, with a premonition of what was happening below, Bab opened her door. She heard the murmur of their voices, and in them detected a familiar tone. She went swiftly to the stair. A moment later down the hall she heard the familiar thump! thump! of David's crutches. The sound grew fainter and finally died away as a door closed downstairs. Out of her hearing and out of her life David Lloyd had gone, thumping on his way alone.

A few minutes later Varick found her in her room, her head buried in her arms.

"Bab," he said, "look up at me." Obediently she raised her face. "It isn't the best man that's got you, dear; but I love you. I always did!"

She did not speak, but raised her two hands and drew his face down to hers.

(THE END)

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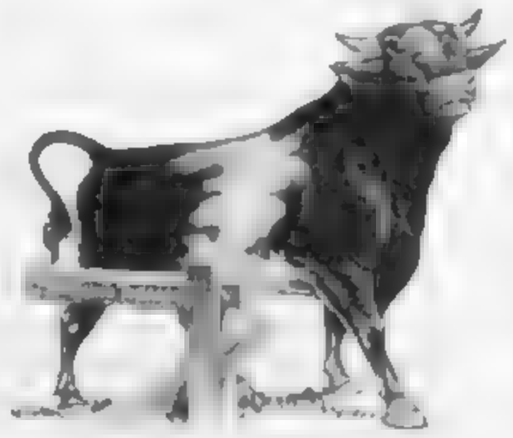

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# SHOESTRINGS

(Continued from Page 8)

help her, and there is still a lunatic at large in Brooklyn, still the owner of stock that shows a $50,000 profit. The old stock was exchanged for new stock, and the broker says he dreads the day when he'll get an order to sell out Brooklyn's stock.

"It will be the day," the broker said gloomily, "when peace is declared and the stock will be dropping fifty points a minute. I know it."

"How do you know it?"

"It always happens—it's just my luck."

The chap who got a hunch in the shape of a dream is again in our midst. The president of a motion-picture company, who in the old days was partial to the ponies but did not sneer at other forms of sport that carried a bet on the side, some months ago dreamed that he stood before a roaring furnace on which was a huge melting pot full of sputtering metal. The pot tipped over and the molten mass poured out.

In fiery characters he saw *100,000* floating on the metal. On the melting pot he also saw *100,000*, and he somehow was made aware that the 100,000 was intended for him.

He had been hearing a good deal about the wide-open game in Wall Street, so he went downtown. As he walked up the Subway steps at Wall Street he met a friend who had never been able to keep out of the Street.

"Hello! What are you down here for?" asked the friend.

The dreamer didn't like to acknowledge that he was chasing a hunch, so he retorted in self-defense:

"What are you doing?"

The tapeworm was only too glad to tell his friend how well he was doing, and spoke about his deals in the winning skyrockets. He of course ended by giving him a tip that he said he had just got from an insider, on Crucible Steel.

The dreamer was startled. It was more than a coincidence. It was a copper-riveted confirmation of his hunch.

"What's the matter? Did you have that too?" asked the friend when he saw the other's face.

"Did I have it? Say, you just watch me!"

He walked straight into the office of a broker where he formerly played the tips he used to get at the racetrack from Gates, Drake and other departed friends, and plunged in Crucible Steel. He was lucky enough to get in practically at the beginning of the rise. He went home and told his wife what he had done.

### *The Figures of a Dream*

Prosperity had followed his motion-picture venture a little more consecutively, as it were, than it had his racetrack operations. To the wife Wall Street was a poolroom. She told him so, and he assured her she did not know what she was talking about. To prove it he told her about the dream and how plainly he had seen 100,000 coming toward him. He knew he would have been a chump to disregard such a hunch.

"Did you see a dollar sign in front of the 100,000?"

"No," he said, "but I saw the 100,000 on the pot, and I saw 100,000 on the melted iron that came out of the melting pot straight toward me. It was meant for me, and I know it and you know it. I'm going to make $100,000."

"How do you know the 100,000 wasn't cents?"

"How do I know I'm not a Spanish mackerel? Just know it, don't I? I don't pike, not even in my dreams. I tell you it was 100,000 dollars!"

"I know it was only cents, and you were seeing double at that. You are so fond of chicken feed—the way you hand it to me when I ask for real money."

He wasn't quite so sure that it was 100,000 dollars after that. At all events the stock rose so quickly that in less than two weeks after his dream he took eleven points profit on his thousand shares. That night he told his wife, like a dutiful husband.

"Well, I kind of thought your hunch was safest, honey, so I just pulled out your '100,000 cents,'" handing her $10,000.

She was very nice about it, not knowing that he had held out a thousand dollars on her. She learned about it, however, when the stock crossed par in September. He would have had over $60,000 additional profit if he had held on. He told his wife about it. From all accounts he still tells her three times a day—twice at meal times and once when he kisses her good night.

The other side of the medal concerns a very well-known member of the Stock Exchange, Mr. James. This isn't his name, that's why I use it; but he knows me and I know him.

Last spring James and his wife were dining at the house of the vice president of one of the biggest banks in New York. The vice president sat next to Mrs. James. During the dinner, as everybody talked about Wall Street, the vice president said to Mrs. James: "Of course you don't want to make any money."

"How little you know me!" she retorted.

"Well, you buy yourself a couple hundred shares of Electric Boat."

You must remember that that stock had been dead for years. The father of the vice president had a block of it for which there was practically no market worth considering, and the son had kept the stock. The war changed the outlook. Mrs. James thanked her informant for his tip. Her husband, who had overheard it, said to her:

"That's all right, my dear, I'll buy you the 200 shares tomorrow."

### *Mrs. James' Forgotten Order*

To-morrow came. Mrs. James was not satisfied with her husband's assurance, so she herself determinedly went down to his office that same morning on purpose to see that her 200 shares was purchased. There was going to be no slip-up if she could help it. Her husband was not in the office when she got there, but his partner was.

"Good morning, Mrs. James. What brings you down here? Nothing wrong, I hope?" he said.

"Oh, no. I came down because I want to buy 200 shares of Electric Boat. I want you to buy it for me and charge it to my account."

"Oh, you've got the tip, too, have you? Sure, I'll buy it for you."

The stock was then round 40.

At that moment Mr. James himself came in and Mrs. James told him what she had done.

"That's all right, Bill," said James to his partner, whose real name is not William, "I'll attend to Mrs. James' order. My dear, we are awfully busy, and if you will excuse me I will ——"

"Oh, that's all right," she said happily. "All I came down for was to make sure you bought the stock for me."

"I'll attend to it; it will be all right," hubby assured her.

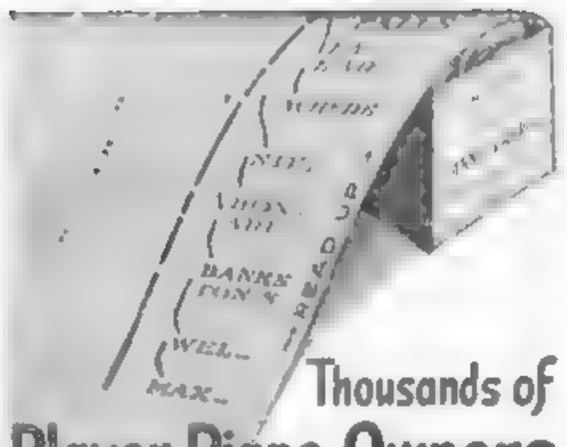
Just then someone came to ask Mr. James something. It was very important business and he forgot all about his wife's order. He forgot all about it until a curb broker came a day or two later to tell them that Electric Boat had sold at 100! Then he remembered that he had not bought his wife's 200 shares at 40!

"Well," he said to himself, "it's certainly too late now. When it goes down again I'll tell her that I didn't buy it, and square myself as best I can."

But instead of going down again the stock went up. I don't know whether she knows it yet, but I know that when the stock was selling at 600 she didn't know that she didn't have a share of Electric Boat. For all I know she may still be enjoying her nonexistent paper profit.

This enjoyment of fortunes that do not exist is not uncommon in bull markets. A young friend of mine bought some Baldwin when it was selling at 74. He had bought and sold the same stock several times on the way up, and had made fair winnings. This time he bought all he could afford to carry. The stock was very quiet. Day after day passed and the quotation changed but little. Seeing that the tip didn't work out he decided to get out. The stock was round 77 or 78, so he told his broker to sell it at 79, and left the office in disgust. He had become accustomed to quick action.

The price didn't go to 79 that day or the next, and my friend kept away from the office, but two days later it jumped to 80, to 90, to 100. My friend, knowing that his stock hadn't been sold on the day he gave the order because it did not touch 79,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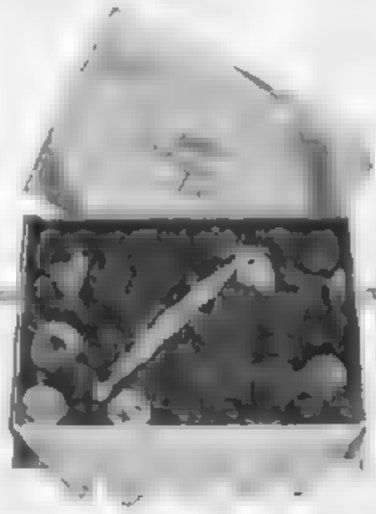

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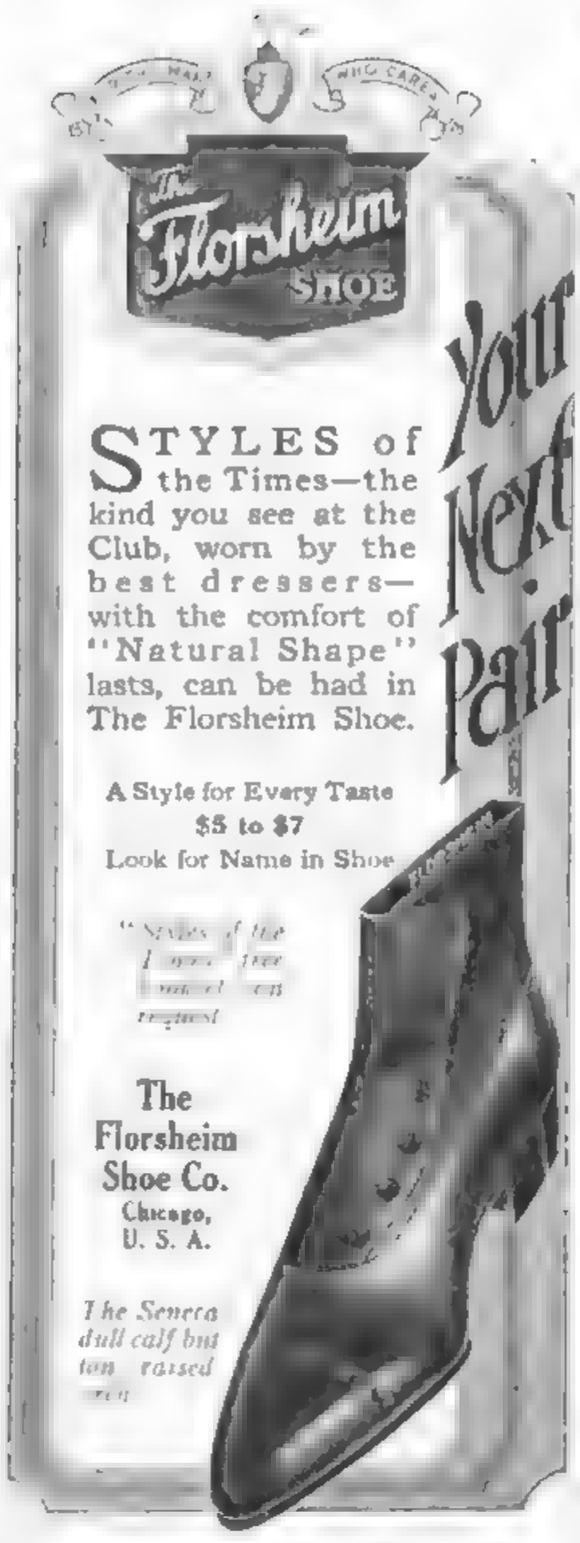
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blessed his good fortune and found his one pleasure in life to consist in looking at the quotations in the evening paper on his way home. When the stock crossed 130 he decided he had enough. He and his wife spent a pleasant evening talking over what they were going to do with the thousands of dollars he expected to bring back the next day. He went down to his broker's office and said: "I want to sell my Baldwin."

"You haven't got any Baldwin."

"Of course I have."

"Why, no; we sold it at 79."

"You did nothing of the kind; the stock didn't touch 79 that day."

"I know it didn't, but it did two days later, and yours was a G. T. C. order."

"It was nothing of the kind."

The brokers are looking for the customer's order to prove that it was a G. T. C.—"Good Till Countermanded"—and the customer is wondering whether he ought to sue the firm or not. What he can't forgive the brokers for is the exquisite enjoyment that he felt when the stock was going up and he thought he was long 100 shares that cost him 74¼. The stock, as you may recall, sold up to 154.

Of course all the money in Wall Street isn't made by suckers, and it isn't all lost by suckers either. A friend of mine who knows Wall Street very well told me that he was dining at an uptown restaurant. At the next table sat alone the president of one of the companies that have booked the largest contracts for war material. Presently a man strolled in, saw the president, stopped by the table and said:

"Hello, old feller, how are you? I bet you are eating bacon."

"No," said the president; "roast beef."

"Well, it ought to be bacon. It would be more appropriate."

"Why?"

"The way you've hogged the business," said the friend.

"You shouldn't kick," retorted the president. "You ought to clear half a million on that order I gave you."

"Fleabite! Fleabite!" retorted the man and sat down to talk to the hog.

My friend, who sat at the next table, overheard it. He knew both men. The man who had spoken to the president of the big concern was the president of a small concern and, to boot, a stock promoter with a reputation not of the highest. He remembered that the small concern had been brought out on the Curb, distributed round after more or less flagrant manipulation, and had dropped out of sight.

### *Laughed Too Soon*

The next day my friend went round trying to find somebody on the Curb who could pick up some of the dead stock for him. My friend wasn't in control of large capital, and as the stock was one of those that you must buy outright all he could afford to buy was a few hundred shares. As soon as he got the stock he told everybody who would listen to him what he had overheard. I regret to say that my friend did not mention the amount of the profit that the president of the big concern told the president of the little concern he ought to clear on the order he had given him. At all events a war order was a war order, and Wall Street was accustomed to think of hundreds of millions of dollars by this time. Of course the stock of the little concern, being in great and sudden demand, proceeded to skyrocket. My friend sold out at a profit of $15,000. Considering all he knew about the character of the tip and the size of the profit of the little concern and the reputation of the president thereof, he was in high glee. He chuckled alone so much that he decided to share his self-admiration with a real friend, so he told me about it. Just as I was going to reprove him for his nefarious work a broker rushed by excitedly.

"There's the chap who bought the stock for me," said my friend. "Say, Max, what's ——"

The broker replied: "It's up 23 points and climbing like a Zeppelin."

My friend had been smiling in the self-congratulatory way that some people are so fond of using to incite you to murder, but now the smile vanished. He rushed to the Curb and discovered that the stock was up 30 points from the price at which he had sold. The next morning's papers printed accounts of some large contracts received by the little concern. Wall Street learned that big people had gone into the company, and the stock has since sold at a figure at which my friend's profit would have been nearer $150,000 than $15,000.

The next time I saw him, before I could say anything to him he held up his hand and said:

"Don't say it: I know it. Another case of the biter bitten"

"It's more than that," I said very gravely.

"Oh, hell! You're going to be literary now. Good-by."

You don't hear of as many wildcat booms in fly-by-night companies as you used to in 1900 and 1901, when everything was industrial consolidations and big and little combines. But there are men on the Curb who still keep an eye open for opportunities. The rise in Electric Boat was so sensational that it made some Curb men think. The stock used to sell round 12. It really didn't sell at 12, because it didn't sell at all. When the company got the war business the stock began to rise steadily until it crossed 600. Then a new company was formed and new stock given for old on the basis of ten shares for one.

### *Yarns of Lost Certificates*

This unexampled rise made wise people wonder if there was no other concern that could repeat the performance of Electric Boat. They looked over lists of corporations and found Lake Torpedo. Years ago the company had been promoted and stock sold to investors all over New England. The Curb men secured a list of the stockholders. They were scattered all over New England. The Curb men raised all the money they could and went after the stock. They tell me that these men hired automobiles and went all over the country, buying the stock at $1, $2 and up to $3 a share from farmers, country doctors, school teachers, widows and others who had bought the stock and had given up all hope of ever selling their investment. When the raiders got all the stock they could lay their hands on, they left behind them, scattered among the peaceful hamlets of this fair land, hordes of contented citizens who told themselves that they would never do it again.

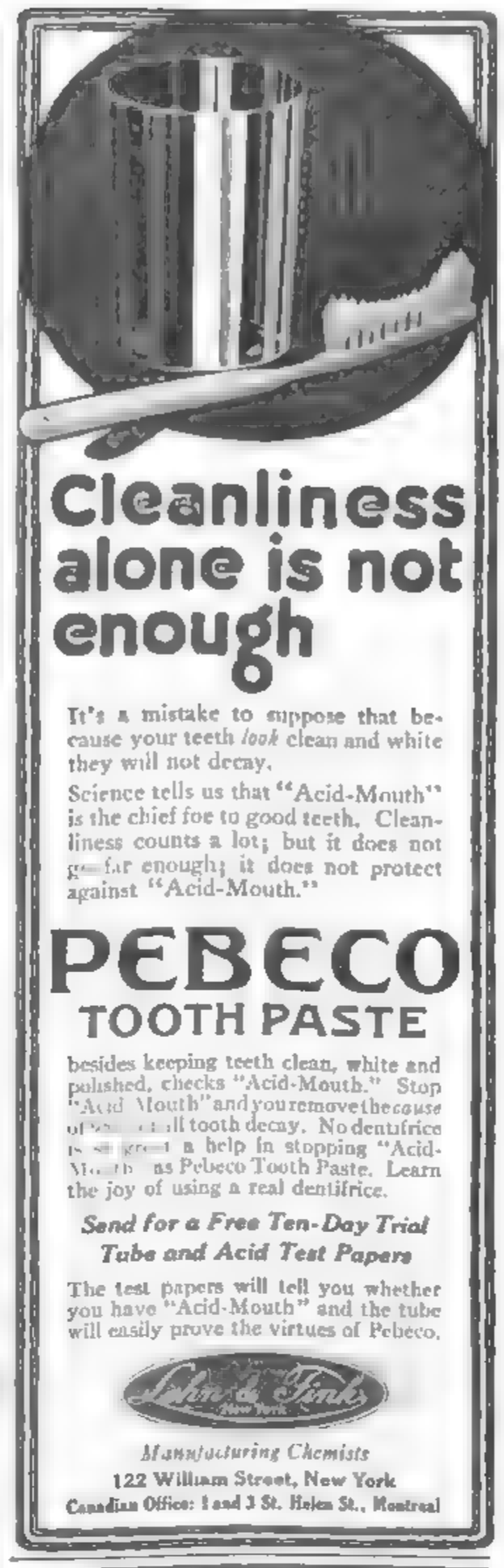
Then the same stock that they picked up at $1, $2 and $3 a share began to go up on the Curb. The price ran up to about 50, and some handsome profits were realized. In point of fact the company got some Government contracts, and, though the stock sold down to less than 20, the price is still several times what the country stockholders got for it.

The ever-popular romance of the lost stock certificate was also bound to be heard. Shortly after the newspapers began to call attention to the growing activity of stock speculation in Wall Street an old woman came into a broker's office. She asked to see the head of the firm. To him she told how she had found a stock certificate that her husband had bought many years ago. He had given it to her on her birthday. The broker saw that it was in her name and was dated 1883. She was a poor woman and she wanted to know whether she could get anything for it.

The broker got a quotation on it and told her that the stock was selling at 23. Inasmuch as $2300 was a fortune to her she tremulously asked him if he was sure he could get her the money for it. The broker thought he could and she told him to go ahead. A very happy old woman on the next day took $2300 home with her. The broker told the story to some friends and expressed his happiness that for once he had been able to see money go where it was really needed. Less than three months later that same stock sold at 115, and the broker is still hoping that the old lady does not read the financial columns of the newspapers.

The hero of another lost-stock-certificate yarn is himself a broker on the Curb. As I heard the story, this man got an inquiry from a customer for a certain old mining stock, and he thought he had a certificate at home among his collection of corpses. He looked everywhere for it, rummaged through every bureau drawer, and finally found a certificate for thirty shares—not of the mining stock but of a "war bride" that was at the time selling round $500. He then recalled having purchased it some years before at round $15 a share. He had unexpectedly made $500 in a little deal one day and had got a tip to invest in this stock. Then nothing happened in the way of

(Continued on Page 53)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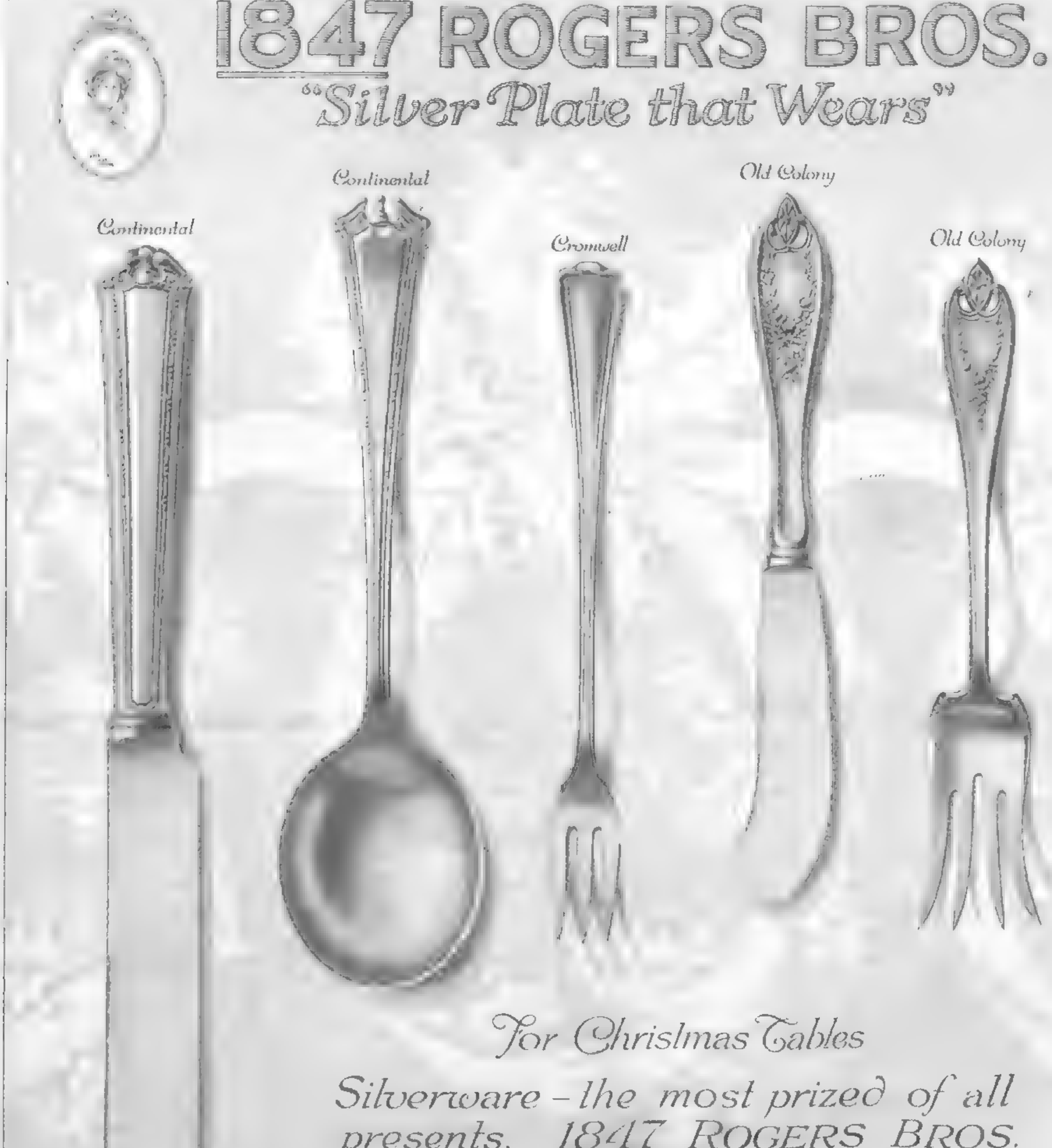


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(Continued from Page 50

a quick rise, and, feeling convinced that he had been stung, the broker hadn't even taken the trouble to put the certificate in his safe, but had left it at home among old laundry bills and so forth.

Things had not been going very well with him, but when he found himself the possessor of stock valued at $15,000 his outlook on life changed. He had been afraid to buy any of those skyrockets that had made some of his friends rich almost overnight—in fact, he had become so accustomed to hearing accusations of cold feet and piking tendencies that he had resigned himself to the unheroic rôle of making a living out of his commissions. Now he perked up. It certainly showed brains to have invested $450 and live to see that investment grow in value to $15,000.

He was a changed man on the Curb next day.

"While you fellows were thinking you were real smart getting out of Bethlehem Steel at 100 and 150," he told his friends, "I just said nothing, but held onto mine. I owned it outright and it only cost me $15."

They didn't believe him, so he took the certificate out of his pocket and showed it to them.

"This is one of them," he said. "The others are home. No, I don't even keep them in my safe, for fear I might be tempted to sell out too soon."

It was a wonderful story and the newspaper men heard about it. They interviewed the intelligent holder and promptly wrote a romantic account of his good fortune. The broker was overwhelmed with congratulations from scores of people who read the articles. A day or two later a pleasant-faced woman called at the office of one of the newspapers that had published the story and asked if she could see the man who wrote it. She was referred to the Wall Street Bureau of the paper, and promptly betook herself down there and interviewed the intellectual young man who had produced the literature. She asked him if the story was really true.

"Madam," said the reporter, whose religion is art and whose hobby is socialism, "since it was printed in my paper it is history. It is truer than ninety-nine per cent of the affidavits sworn to every day in this reactionary country."

"But has he got the money?"

"I don't know how much money he's got, but I saw the certificate. I made him show it to me before I wrote the story."

### A Case of Too Much Publicity

"Well," she said, "I'd like to see him. I feel very glad indeed to hear that he has been so lucky. You see, I've known him very well for many years, though I haven't seen him lately. Do you know where I could find him now?"

"I don't think he's in his office," said the reporter, "but you'll probably find him out on the Curb in Broad Street."

"Thank you so much," said the lady with a pleasant smile, and left.

Fifteen minutes later she showed up at the Wall Street Bureau again and told the chronicler of the broker's good fortune that she could not find the hero in that awful mob. She was very anxious to see her old friend because she wanted to leave town that same day. The reporter politely volunteered to go with her and drag the broker out of the maniacal mob. She accepted his offer on the spot. The reporter, followed by the young woman, who in turn was followed by a ferret-faced young man, went down to Broad Street and by dint of shoving and pushing grabbed one yelling lunatic out of the crowd and told him that an old friend wanted to see him.

"I can't see anybody now," yelled the struggling broker.

"You've got to," said the reporter. "It's a pretty girl."

"This is no time for skirts!" shrieked the broker. "Leggo. I've got an order in Submarine and ——"

By this time they had reached the edge of the crowd. The young woman descried them and pounced on the broker.

"This time you can't say that you haven't got any money," she said. "Here, you," turning to the ferret-faced one: "this is the man."

Before she had finished identifying the lucky broker the young man had served him with papers concerning a matter of back alimony amounting to about $3500. And the worst of it was that he had to pay, because he could not afford to go to jail in a bull market, with commissions coming in in increasing numbers. He had to sell his Bethlehem Steel. He got over $550 for it, but he was very sore and told the reporter what he thought of him.

"'Vanity of vanities,'" solemnly quoted the reporter. "If you hadn't been so anxious to appear in print this wouldn't have happened. Let it be a lesson to you, my capitalistic friend."

The certificate brought the broker in $16,500. He who had been bragging about his wisdom in putting the certificate away so that for seven long years he had forgotten he owned it, did not have much to say about his sagacity until the stock declined nearly two hundred points some time later. Then he recovered his self-respect by the simple expedient of pointing out what kind of a man it is who sells out around 550, instead of waiting to sell at 400.

### A Tip on Crucible

There is a young man of pleasing manners who has many friends in the Street. He was a big winner from the very start of the rise, and was loaded to the guards at the time of the Lusitania disaster. The slump that followed in the market not only broke him but left him in debt. He applied for help to one of the magnates of the Street, who was very fond of him, and the magnate settled the claims of the young fellow's brokers. After his affairs were all squared up the young man called to thank the friend in need and voiced his hope that he might be able to repay the loan in a short time.

The magnate read the young man a long lecture upon the evils of reckless gambling. The young man listened with great respect and attention. He then thanked the magnate for the advice and started to leave the office. At the door he paused and asked his benefactor:

"You don't happen to have heard of anything special, do you?"

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, a tip."

"Yes," said the magnate, "I am told Crucible Steel is a good buy."

The young man was dashing out of the room in his eagerness to place a tip when the magnate yelled:

"Hey! Come back!"

The young man stuck his head in the door.

"What is it? What is it?" he asked impatiently.

"I want to tell you," said the magnate impressively, "that I got that tip from the biggest fool in Wall Street."

"All the more reason to follow it," shouted the young man as he ran out. And he was right, for the stock scored a sensational rise and the young man was able not only to repay the magnate in full but to acquire funds for carrying on some very successful operations in other stocks.

That young man was not the only one who is sure that a roaring bull market is always a sucker market. Unhampered by the caution that comes from experience or the timidity that comes out of knowing, a "rank outsider," while stocks are going up, is really apt to make money not only more easily but much more comfortably than the veterans. One of the financial writers in Wall Street—a man to whom a corporation report is as easy to read as print—had his attention directed to Bethlehem Steel while it was selling in the thirties. He is an accurate analyst of conditions as well as of accounts, and he studied both the figures and the prospects very carefully.

The result of his investigations satisfied him that the stock was a good buy. He not only told his friends about it but he himself bought some of the stock—100 shares at 26. A few days later the family doctor called to see one of his children and Careful Mike told the good man about Bethlehem Steel. The doctor bought 200 shares at 34, for the stock had risen since the investigator had acquired his own holdings. Considerable time elapsed, and the original discoverer of the merits of this stock waited confidently for the appreciation in the value. Finally he sold out his holdings at 50, thinking he had done well to double his money.

Some months later he discovered the relative value, financially speaking, of knowledge and ignorance. He got home one evening, tired out. The boom was in full swing. His wife said: "We are going to Doctor Thompson's to dinner to-night."

"Not I," said her husband. "I'm too tired."

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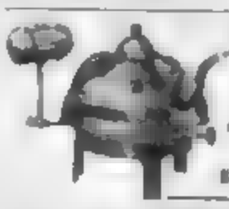

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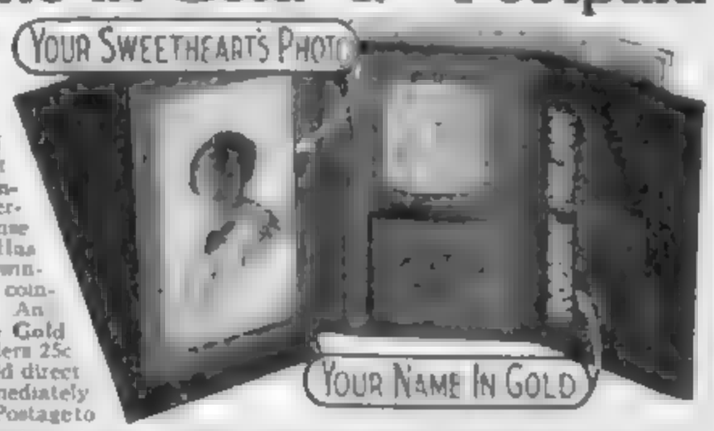


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You need not even write to your friends. On Christmas morning each will receive from us a lovely, illuminated announcement in your name, stating that the periodical will be mailed regularly during the ensuing year. The announcement, which measures 6 x 9 inches, itself is a work of art worth framing (a different design for each publication).

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOX 184, PHILADELPHIA


"I've accepted for both of us," his wife informed him. "The doctor wouldn't hear of your not coming. He insisted until I had to promise."

He did what all American husbands do on similar occasions. When they arrived at the doctor's home they found all the neighbors present in full regalia. The doctor was particularly glad to see his friend, but his friend, still grouchy, graciously said:

"It's a good thing you didn't telephone your invitation to me. If you had I'd be home asleep. It's been an awful day downtown and I am dog-tired."

"Not come?" yelled the doctor. "Why, man alive, you are the guest of honor! This is your celebration."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Bethlehem Steel, of course," said the doctor with the smile that won't come off.

"What about it?"

"It's 230."

"Yes, I know that; but what of it?"

"Well, I've still got my 200 shares. Don't you think I ought to feel grateful?"

The financial expert told the doctor that he had sold out his own stock because he considered it immoral to make more than a legitimate profit. Then he narrated no end of cheerful stories about men who had held fortunes in their grasp and allowed their greed to take away their reason. He also said that no man was entitled to sympathy who overstays his market, said man being a hog and, to boot, an ass.

### *The Disappearing Legacy*

The doctor was so impressed by these highly moral reflections that the next day he sold out. He thought a great deal of the financial expert until the stock crossed 500. He doesn't say anything about it, but the financial expert confessed to me the other day that he and the doctor are no longer on speaking terms.

Not even the suckers make money all the time. A newspaper man recounted a story about a young fellow who was left a legacy of $20,000. A family council was held to decide what the young man should do with the money. One of the members present advised the purchase of Bethlehem Steel; it was then in the eighties, I believe. Other relatives suggested other things, but finally the council voted for the young man to buy a moving-picture theater in the neighborhood, which they considered would give him an occupation both pleasant and profitable. The young man did this. Six months later he was sold out by the sheriff, and Bethlehem Steel was at the time selling above 500.

### *The End Not in Sight*

The foregoing stories are samples of hundreds told and heard not only in Wall Street but wherever human beings foregather in this fair land to exchange remarks. It is part of the great game, and everybody is doing it, high and low. There was a young man who was a bond salesman for a Stock Exchange house. When the Exchange closed on July 30 the salesman decided that it was up to him to do something better than to try to sell bonds to clients who did not want to buy anything. I understand that all he had was about $5000. He promptly sailed for England and in some way managed to get to Kitchener. He secured contracts for 15,000 auto trucks. He was to receive a ten per cent commission. When he returned with the order he had to find someone to finance him. Well, one of the biggest trust companies in this country is helping him. The young man has his offices with the trust company, and both are making money. In a bull market nobody asks whether this is one of the legitimate actions of a trust company. But even in Wall Street people murmur about how heavily the biggest bankers are speculating. A friend of mine who has carefully investigated the matter assures me on his word of honor that he knows of one downtown bank president who not only is not speculating but thinks that no bank president should speculate. I make no accusations against anyone, having no facts upon which to base them. Everybody's happy because everybody's making money—excepting the bucket shops. At this writing the end of the bull market is not in sight.

A friend of mine who keeps a scrapbook has shown me the clippings that he has collected. They are all about the boom. Up to date he has recorded only seventeen suicides and three defalcations. The bull market is not over yet.

# THE POET'S CORNER

### *The Old Scouts' Dreams*

*SOON Indian Summer's moon will wax,*
*The morning mists be flaking;*
*The noon sky, spun of spider flax,*
*Will clear like steel at sundown,*
*While all the dusky marshland quacks*
*With wild geese in the braking—*
*The deer strain scenting from his tracks,*
*And Old Scout gets his gun down.*

*The fable way of city light*
*With all its dance and strumming,*
*Pale by this Broadway of delight,*
*Cloud hung and planet burning,*
*The war song of the northern night*
*Among the hill pines humming,*
*While up old winter's way of white*
*Leaves dance to his returning.*

*Lo, moonrise in the birches seems*
*Firelight on tavern rafters,*
*When from the still, ice-fretting streams*
*And thickets mossed with rime*
*Old Scouts immortal throng in dreams*
*Of hunting-ground hereafters,*
*To powwow by my ember gleams,*
*Their last lodge fire of time.*

*Calvin Johnston.*

### *Man and Poet*

*BREAK my heart—and make a poet;*
*Give me love—and end my song;*
*That's the truth, and well I know it,*
*Who have loved you overlong.*

*Poet dreams and lover lives it;*
*He who loses hymns the theme;*
*He who finds love where he gives it*
*Lives what poets only dream.*

*Break my heart, and I will sing you*
*Crowns of laurel and of bay;*
*Love me, dear, and I shall bring you*
*Only what no songs can say.*

*Though to song I prove a traitor,*
*There is right beyond the wrong,*
*For the smallest man is greater*
*Than the very greatest song.*

*And the poet's way is lonely,*
*Flint beneath and thorn above.*
*Oh, my love, if you would only—*
*Only give me love!*

*Reginald Wright Kauffman.*

### *The Free Course*

*NOT mine the track of a star in space*
*Which must keep to its course on high,*
*With never a chance for a swifter pace*
*Or a romp in the vasty sky.*

*Though the star be safe and the star hold true,*
*I would rather be wholly free*
*To run amuck in the heavenly blue,*
*So—the comet's course for me.*

*To leap in leaps of a billion miles*
*'Mid the stars of the Milky Way,*
*And to play hopscotch through the stellar aisles*
*In a boisterous mood of play!*

*If I were a star I should quickly tire*
*Of a path that was fixed and tame,*
*And I'd whoop through space with a tail of fire*
*And burst in a flare of flame!*

*Berton Braley.*

# The Gift for a Woman

## This Christmas is an O-B Ring!

THE RING—oldest and most honored of adornments—has come again into its own!

Fashion demands rings—women are buying rings—stores are showing rings.

*Styles* in rings *have changed!* The new designs are wonderfully attractive—designs of distinction that express the individual taste, and are an important detail of the costume of today.

Women everywhere are looking for these new designs—are asking where they may be found.

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*Go to the jeweler who has the O-B Ring Display.*

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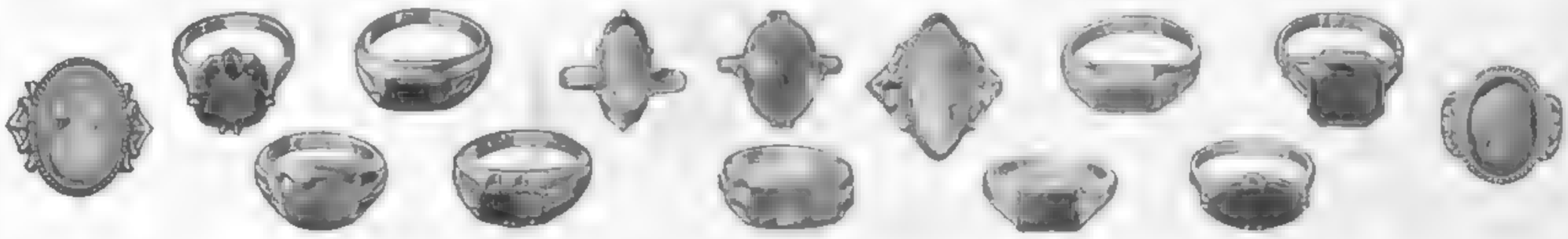

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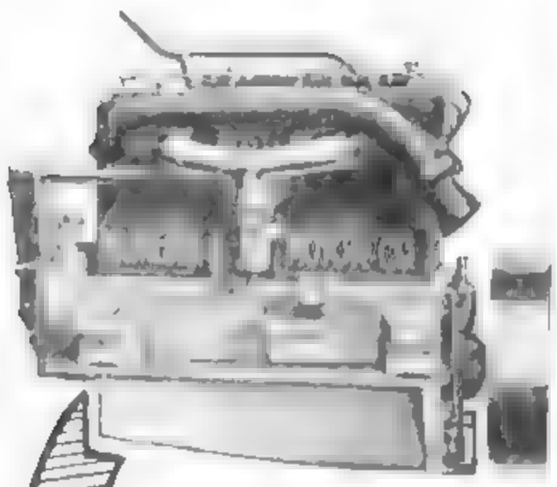
Write us your name and address on a post card, and we will send you the *O-B Style Book* free—illustrating many of the latest ring styles, and *full of valuable gift suggestions.*

OSTBY & BARTON COMPANY, Providence, R. I.



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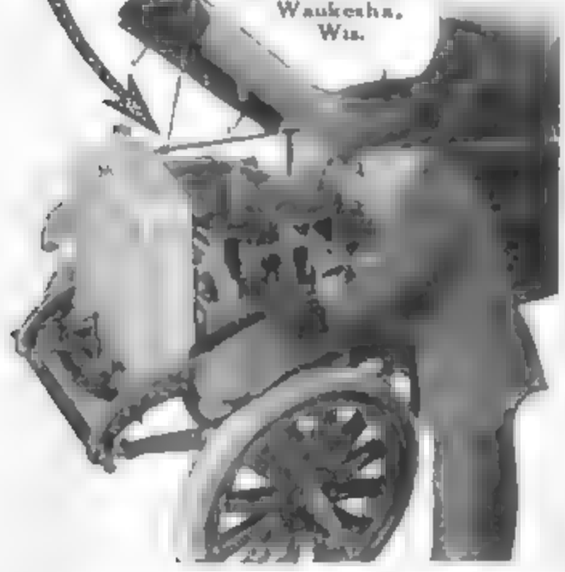
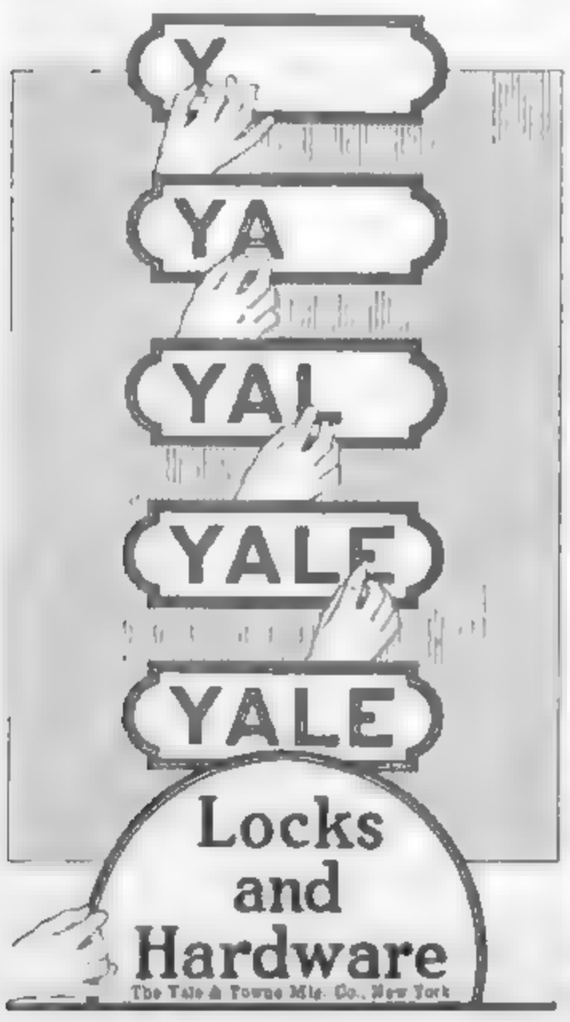








# SEA-GULLIBLES

(Continued from Page 20)

Her eyes were so dark, so like pools! They met his with a smile clear through to their depths.

"Well, maybe, but—but just for a little while."

"Just a little while."

"I—I oughtn't."

"You ought."

"Well, just this once."

"Sure, just this once."

He linked his arm in hers.

"I I ——"

"Gee," he said, "you're a girl after my own heart!"

On the elevated train the windows were lowered to the first inrush of spring, and when they left the city behind them came the first green smells of open field and bursting bud.

"Now are you sorry you came, little Miss Miriam?"

She bared her head to the rush of breeze and he held her hat on his lap.

"Well, I should say not!"

"No crowds, just everything to ourselves."

"M-m-m-m! Smells like lilacs."

"We'll pick some."

"I –I ought to be home."

"Forget it!"

"Now Mr. Shap-iro!" But her eyes continued to laugh and the straight line of her mouth would quiver.

"Some eyes you've got, girlie! Some great big eyes! They nearly bowled me over when you opened the door for me last night.

"Let me see your eyes—what color are they anyway?"

"Green."

They laughed without rhyme and without reason, and as if their hearts were distilling joy. Then for a time they rode without speech and with only the wind in their ears, and he watched the tendrils of her hair blowing this way and that.

"Just think," she said finally, "we land in Naples just four weeks from to-day!"

"Hope the boat don't sail."

"You don't."

"Do!"

"If you aren't just the limit!"

"What'll I be doing while you're gallivanting round the country with some Italian count?"

"I should worry."

"I better put a bee in Izzy's ear, and maybe he'll put another in your father's, and the old gentleman will change his mind and won't go."

"Yes—he—will—not! What papa promises he sticks."

"Well, you don't know the nervy things I can do if I want. Nerve is my middle name."

"You sure are some nervy."

"'Cheer up!' I always say to myself when a firm closes the front door on me: 'Cheer up, there's always the backdoor and the fire-escape left.' That's how I made my rep in shirtwaists—on nerve."

He inclined to her slightly across the car seat.

"You wouldn't close the front door on me, would you, Miss Miriam?"

"Look, we get off here!"

"Would you?"

"N-no, silly."

Within the park new grass was soft as plush under their feet, and once away from the winding asphalt of the main driveway the bosky heart of a dell closed them in and the green was suddenly dappled with shadow. Here and there in the cool damp spots violets lifted their heads and pale wood anemones, spring's firstlings. They sat on a rock spread first with newspaper. Over their heads birds twitted.

"Somehow, here so far away and all I—I just can't get it in my head that I'm really going."

"I can't neither."

"Naples—just think!"

"Ain't it funny, Miss Miriam, but with some girls when you meet them it's just like you had known them for always, and then again with others somehow a fellow never gets anywheres."

"That's the way with me. I take a fancy to a person or I don't."

"That's me every time. Once let me get to liking a person, and good-night!"

"Me, too."

"Now take you, Miss Miriam. From the very minute last night when you opened that door for me, with your cheeks so pink and your eyes so big and bright, something just went—well, something just went sort of lickety-clap inside of me. You seen for yourself how I wanted to back out of going to the show with Izz?"

"Yes."

"It—it ain't many girls I'd want to stay home from a show for."

"Say, just listen to the birds. If I could trill like that I wouldn't have to take any lessons in Paris."

"You sing, Miss Miriam?"

"Oh, a little."

"Gee, you are a girl after my own heart! There's nothing gets me like a little girl with a voice."

"My teacher says I'm a dramatic soprano."

"When you going to sing for me, eh?"

"I'll sing for you some time alrighty."

"Soon?"

"Yes."

"How soon?"

"Maybe after—after I've had some lessons in Paris."

He was suddenly grave.

"Aw, there you go on that old trip again! Gee, I wish I could grab that bag out of your hand and throw it with tickets and all in the lake!"

"You know with me it's right funny too. The minute I get something I want, then I don't want it any more. Before papa said yes I was so crazy to go, and now that I got the tickets bought I'm not so anxious at all."

"Then don't go, Miss Miriam."

She withdrew her hand and danced to her feet, her incertitude vanishing like a candle flame blown out.

"Look over there, will you, a redbird!"

"If it ain't!" and he followed her quickly, highstepping between violet patches.

"Honest, it's hard to walk, the violets are so thick."

"Here, let me pick you a bunch of them to take home, Miss Miriam. Say, ain't they beauties! Look, great big purple ones, and black and soft-looking toward the middle just like your eyes. Look what beauties—they'll keep a long time when you get home, if you wrap them in wet tissue-paper."

They fell to plucking, now here, now there.

The sun had got low when they retraced their steps to the train, and the chill of evening long since had set in.

"You—you ought to told me it was so late."

"I didn't know it myself, Miss Miriam."

"Let's hurry, mamma won't know where—how ——"

"We'll make it back in thirty minutes."

"Let's run for that train."

"Give me your hand."

They were off and against the wind, their faces thrust forward and upward. Homeward in the coach they were strangely silent, this time his hat in her lap. At the entrance to her apartment house he left her with reiterated farewells.

"Then I can come to-morrow night, Miss Miriam?"

"Y-yes." And she stepped into the elevator. He waved through the trellis-work, as she moved upward, brandishing his hat. She answered with a flourish of her bunch of violets.

"Good-by!"

At the threshold her mother met her, querulous and in the midst of adjusting summer covers to furniture.

"How late! I hope, Miriam, right away you had the steamer trunk sent up. Good berths—good staterooms you got? What you got in that paper, that aloes root I told you to get against seasickness? Gimme and right away I boil it."

"No, no, don't touch them! They—they're violets. Let me put them in water with wet tissue-paper over them."

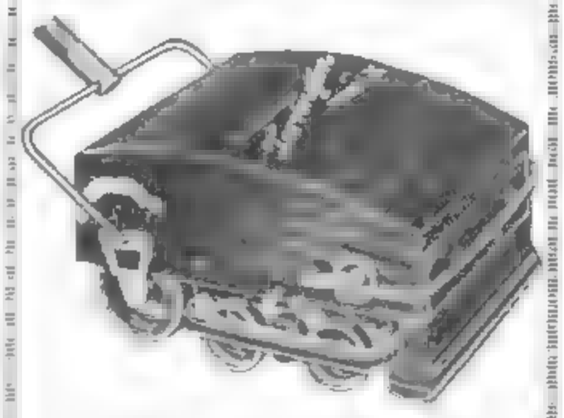
To the early clattering of that faithful chariot of daybreak, the milkwagon, and with the April dawn quivering and flushing over the roofs of houses, Mrs. Binswanger rose from her restless couch and into a black flannelette wrapper.

"Simon, wake up! How a man can sleep like that the day what he starts for Europe!"

To her husband's continued and stentorian evidences of sleep she tiptoed to the adjoining bedroom, slippered feet sloughing as she walked.

"Girls!"


**Your Wife's Christmas**



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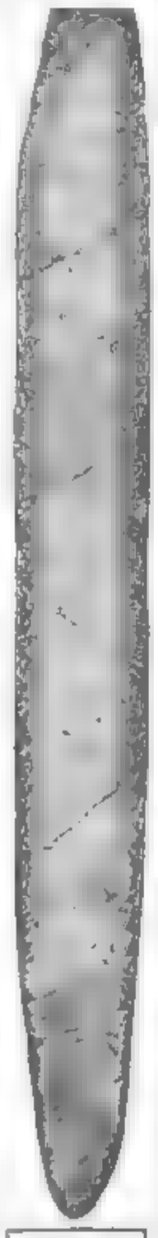

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Only their light breathing answered her. Atop the bed coverlet her younger daughter's hand lay upturned, the fingers curling toward the palm.

"Ray! Miriam!"

Miriam stirred and burrowed deeper into her pillow, her hair darkly spread against the white in a luxury of confusion.

"Girls!"

"What, mamma?"

"Five o'clock, Miriam, and we ain't got the trunks strapped yet, or that seasick medicine from Mrs. Berkovitz."

"For heaven's sake, mamma, the boat don't sail till three o'clock this afternoon! There's plenty time. Go back to bed a while, mamma."

"When such a trip I got before me as twelve days on water, I don't lay me in bed until the last minute. Ray, get up and help mamma. In a minute the milkman comes, and I want you should tell him we don't take no more for ten weeks. Get up, Ray, and help mamma see that all the windows is locked tight."

"M-m-m-m."

"Miriam, get up! I want you should throw this quilt from your bed over the brass table in the parlor so it don't get rust. Miriam, didn't you say yourself last night you must get up early? Always only at night my children got mouths about how early they get up."

From the soft mound of her couch Miriam rose to the dawn with the beautiful gesture of tossing backward her black hair. Sleep trembled on her lashes and she yawned frankly with her arms outflung.

"Oh-h-h-h-h, dear!"

"I tell you I got more gumption as my daughters. I want, Miriam, you should go down by Berkovitz' for that prescription for your papa."

"Aw, now, mamma, you've got six different kinds of ——"

"I tell you when I let your papa get seasick or any kind of sick on this trip, with his goings-on about hisself, right away my whole trip is spoilt. Ray, if you don't get up and sew in them cuffs and collars on your coat don't expect as I will do it for you. For my part you can travel just like a rag bag, Ray!"

"M-m-m-m."

Shivering and with her small ankles pressed together, Miriam peered out into the pale light.

"A grand day, mamma."

"Miriam, I think if I sew all the express checks up in a bag and wear them right here under my waist with the jewelry, they are better as in papa's pockets. With his tobacco bag, easy as anything he can pull them out and lose them. That's what we need yet, to lose our express checks!"

"Mamma, that's been on your mind for ten days. For goodness' sakes, nobody's going to lose express checks!"

"What time they call for the trunks, Miriam?"

"For goodness' sakes, mamma, didn't I tell you exactly ten times that's all been attended to! Yesterday Irving went right to the transfer office with me."

"I ain't so sure of nothing what I don't attend to myself. Ray, get up!"

The sun rose over the roofs of the city, gilding them. At seven o'clock the household was astir, strapping, nailing, folding and unfolding. Mr. Binswanger stooped with difficulty over his wicker traveling bag.

"So! Na!"

In the act of adjusting her perky new hat Miriam flung out an intercepting hand.

"Oh, papa, you mustn't put in that old flannel housecoat. That's not fit to wear anywhere but at home. And, papa, papa, you just mustn't take along that old black skullcap; you'll be laughing-stock! Papa, please!"

He flung her off.

"In my house and out of my house what I want to wear I wear. If in Naples them Eyetalians don't like what I wear, then——"

"Italians, papa; how many times have I told you to say it Italians!"

"When they don't like what I wear over there, right away they should lump it."

"Papa, please!"

From the room adjoining Mrs. Binswanger leaned a crumpled coiffure through the frame of the open door:

"Simon, I got here that red woolen undershirt I want you should put it on before we start."

"Na, na, mamma, I ——"

"Right away Mrs. Berkovitz says it will keep the salt air away from your rheumatism. That's what I need yet, you

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A few hours' work each week will bring you an extra five dollars. If you have more time than that, you can earn correspondingly more. We will pay you in commission and salary.

If you are going to have some spare time on your hands in 1916 let us tell you of the plan. There will be no expense to you and no experience is necessary.

BOX 103, AGENCY DIVISION

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA


should *grex* from the start with your backache. Ray, take this in to your papa. Fooling with that new camera she stands all morning when she should help a little. Look, Miriam, you think that in here I got the express checks safe?"

"Yes, mamma."

At ten o'clock, with the last bolt sprung and the last baggage departed, Mrs. Binswanger fell to the task of fitting gold links in her husband's adjustable cuffs, polishing his various pairs of spectacles, inserting various handkerchiefs in adjacent and expeditious pockets of his clothing.

"Simon, I want you should go in and dress now. All your things is laid right out on the bed for you."

"Mamma, you and papa don't need to begin to dress already. None of you need to leave the house until about two, and it's only ten now. Just think, from now until two o'clock you got to get ready in, mamma."

"When I travel I don't take no chances."

Miriam worked eager fingers into her new dark-blue kid gloves. She was dark and trig in a little belted jacket, a gold quill shimmering at a cocky angle on the new blue straw hat.

"To be on the safe side, mamma, I'm going right now to meet Irving, so we can sure have lunch and be at the boat by two."

"Not one minute later, Miriam!"

"Not one minute, mamma. Don't forget, Ray, you promised to bring my field glass for me. Be in the stateroom all of you where Irving and I can find you easy. There's always a big crowd at sailing. Don't get excited, mamma. Ray, be sure and fix papa's cuffs so the red flannel don't show. Good-by, don't get excited, mamma!"

"Miriam, you got on the asafetidy bag?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Miriam, you don't be one minute later as two ——"

"No, mamma."

"Miriam, you ——"

"Good-by!"

Over a luncheon that lay cold and unrelished between them Irving Shapiro leaned to Miriam Binswanger, his voice competing with the five-piece orchestra and noonday blather of the Oriental Café.

"I just can't get it in my head somehow, Miriam, that to-morrow this time you'll be out on the sea."

"Me neither."

"I just never had two weeks fly like these since we got acquainted."

"Me—me neither."

Music like great laughter rose over the slip-up in her voice.

"You going to write to me, Miriam?"

"Yes, Irving."

"Often?"

"Yes, Irving."

"You're not going to forget me over there, are you, when you get to meeting all those counts and big fellows?"

"Oh, Irving!"

"You're not going to clean forget me then, are you, Miriam, and the great times we've had together, and the days in the woods, and the singing, and ——"

"Oh, Irving, don't. I—please ——"

She laid her fork across her untouched plate and turned her face from him. Tears rose to choke her and, tighten her throat against them as she would, one rose to the surface and ricocheted down her cheek.

"Why, Miriam!"

"It's nothing, Irving; only—only let's get out of here. I don't want any lunch, I just don't."

"Miriam, that's the way I feel too. I—I just can't bear to have you go!"

"You—we can't talk like that, Irving."

"I tell you, Miriam, I just can't bear it!"

"I—I—oh ——"

He leaned across the table for her hand, whispering with an entire flattening of tone.

"Miriam, don't go!"

"Irving, don't—talk so—so silly!"

"Miriam, let's—let's you and me stay at home!"

"Irving!"

"Let's, Miriam!"

"Irving, are you crazy?" But her voice yearned toward him.

"Miriam, right at this table I've got an idea. We can do it, Miriam; we can do it if you're game."

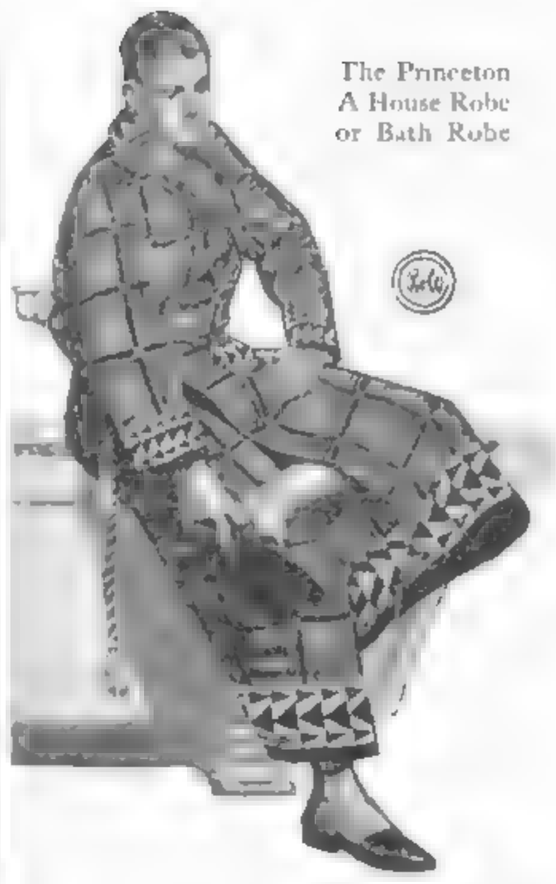
"Do what?"

He flashed out his watch.

"We've got two hours and twenty minutes before she sails."

"Irving!"

(Continued on Page 61)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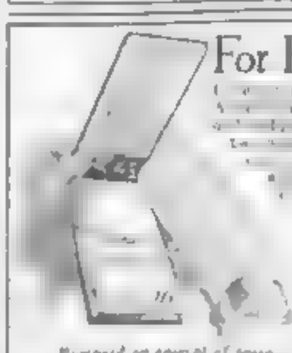

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Genuine Pigskin or Seal, $1.00
Fine Black Leather, .50
Name on cover in gold (extra) .25
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Our famous musically educated Canary, the most wonderful singer in existence. Sings in evenings as well as during day. Sent on 5 days' trial. Money back if not satisfied. **$6.00**

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Max Geisler's Roller-Seed and Bird-Biscuit is the only proper food for Canaries and positively MAKES your bird sing all year round. At all Druggists or by parcel post for 30c. Valuable Bird Book free for dealer's name.

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PATRICIAN

SHERATON

## "ON GUARD"

*Episode of the* Elusive Burglar *and the* COMMUNITY SILVER Chest—
*Being an* ADVENTURE *of* ANNETTE.

"Of course a burglar in the night *is* rather scary, but I wasn't going to let him take my beautiful new chest of Community. Besides I knew the pistol Kate gave me *was not loaded,* so I wasn't so *terribly* frightened.

And Kate acted nobly throughout. She sat on the top step of the stairs and was *most* encouraging. She said no burglar would be so *ungentlemanly* as to attack an *unarmed* woman. So her advice was to tell him about the pistol at once—that it wasn't loaded, you know. 'Afterward,' she said, 'you can appeal to his *better nature.* Tell him that it is *your* Community Silver he is about to burgle.' . . . But it wasn't a burglar at all—only the cat."

NOTE—Do not confuse COMMUNITY PLATE with ordinary plated silver, for "Community" is so especially thickened at the wearing points and toughened to withstand wear, that in a long lifetime you will never see or touch anything but the purest of pure silver. There are many attractive designs at your dealer's. The price is attractive, too.

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SHE wants to know why Mother should worry because Christmas is only three weeks off and more gifts to choose. There's Westinghouse Electric Ware at a dealer's only a few squares away.

Dorothy has learned to use all the different articles of Westinghouse Electric Ware—the chafing dish, the tea samovar, the toaster-stove, the coffee percolator, even the Westinghouse Electric Iron.

And then she wants to know why everybody doesn't give electric things for Christmas. There's the percolator for Uncle Charley—he's always fussing about his coffee. And a toaster-stove for Aunt Anne who is so particular about crisp, hot toast. And wouldn't an electric iron be just the grandest thing for the Brown family?

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The things Dorothy and everybody else wants to know are all in a little book devoted to Westinghouse Electric Ware. Send for it by filling in the coupon attached.

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Branch Offices in 45 American Cities

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W WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 58)

"We have, dear, to—to get the license and the ring and do the trick."

"Why, I ——"

"Two hours and twenty minutes to make it all right for you to stay back with me. Miriam, are you game, dear?"

They regarded one another across the table as if each beheld in the other a vision.

"Irving, you—you must be crazy!"

"I'm not, dear. I was never less crazy. What's the use us having to get apart after we just got each other? What's all those phony counts and picture galleries and high-sounding stunts compared to us staying home and hitting it off together, Miriam? Just tell me that, Miriam."

"Irving, I—we just couldn't! Look at mamma and papa and Ray, all down at the boat maybe now waiting for me, and none of them wanting to go except me. For a whole year I had to beg them for this, Irving. They wouldn't be going now if it wasn't for me. I—Irving, you must be crazy!"

He leaned closer and out of range of the waiter, his voice repressed to a tight whisper.

"None of those things count when a girl and a fellow fall in love like you and me, Miriam."

Even in her crisis her diffidence inclosed her like a sheath.

"I never said I—I was in love, did I?"

"But you are! They'll go over there, Miriam, without you and have the time of their lives. We'll stay home and keep the flat open for them so your mother won't have to worry any more about burglars. After the first surprise it won't be a trick at all. We got two hours and fifteen minutes, dearie, and we can do the trick and be down at the boat with bells on to tell 'em good-by. Now ain't the time to think about the little things and waste time, Miriam. We got to do it now or off you go hiking, just like—like we had never met, a whole ocean between us, Miriam!"

"Irving, you—you mustn't."

She pushed back from the table. He paid his check with a hand that trembled, resuming even as he crammed his billfolder into a rear pocket:

"Be a sport, Miriam! I tell you we got the right to do it because we're in love. We'll just tell them the truth, that at the last minute we—we just couldn't let go. I'll do the talking, Miriam; I'll tell the old folks."

"Ray, she ——"

"If you ain't afraid to start out on a hundred a month and commissions, dear, we don't need to be scared of nothing. I'll tell them just the plain truth, dear. Just think, if we do it now, when they come back in ten weeks we can be down at the pier to meet them, eh, Miriam, just like an—an old married couple—eh, Miriam—eh, Miriam dear!"

She rose. A red seepage of blood flooded her face; her bosom rose and fell.

"Are you game, Miriam? Are you, darling—eh, Miriam, eh?"

"Yes, Irving."

Alongside her pier, white as a gull, new painted, new washed, cargoed and stoked, the Roumania reared three red smokestacks, and sat proudly with the gangplank flung out from her mighty hip and her nose tapering toward the blue harbor and the blue billows beyond.

Within the narrow confines of a first-deck stateroom, piled round with luggage and its double-decker berth freshly made up, Mrs. Binswanger applied an anxious eye to the porthole, straining tiptoe for a wider glimpse of deck.

"I tell you this much, papa, in another five minutes when that child don't come, right away off the boat I get and go home where I belong."

In the act of browsing among the lower contents of his wicker handbag Mr. Binswanger raised a perspiring face.

"Na, na, mamma, thirty minutes time yet she's got to get here. Everybody don't got to come on four hours too soon like us."

"*Ja*, you should worry about anything, so long as you got right in front of you your papers and your tobacco. Right away for his tobacco he has to dig when he sees so worried I am I can't see. Why don't our Ray come back now if she can't find 'em and say she can't find 'em?"

"I tell you, Carrie, if you let me go myself I can find 'em and ——"

"Right here you stay with me, Simon Binswanger! We don't get separated no more as we can help. I ain't—*Ach*, look such a crowd and no Miriam, I ——"

"Na, na, Carrie!"

"So easy-going he is! My daughter should keep me worried like this! To lunch the day what she sails to Europe she has to go yet! Always she complains that salesmen ain't good enough for her yet, and on the day she sails she has to go to lunch with one. Why, I ask you, Simon, why don't that Ray come back?"

Mr. Binswanger packed his pipe tight and adjusted a small, close-fitting black cap.

"To travel with women, I tell you, it ain't no pleasure. I ——"

"*Ach du Himmel!* Right away off that cap comes, Simon! With my own hands right away out of sight I hide it. Just once I want Miriam should see you in that skull hat! Right away off you take it, Simon!"

"*Ach*, Carrie, on my own head I ——"

"I tell you already ten times I wish I was back in my flat. I guess you think it's a good feeling I got to lock up my flat for *Himmel* knows who to break in, and my son Isadore way out in Ohio and not even here to—to say to his mother good-by. I—I tell you, Simon, already with such a smell on this boat and my feelings I got a homesickness I don't wish on mine worst enemy. My boy should be left like this in America all alone!"

"*Ach*, Carrie, for why ——"

Of a sudden Mrs. Binswanger's face fell into soft creases, her eyes closed, and cold tears oozed through, zigzagging downward.

"My boy out West with ——"

"Na, na, Carrie! Don't you worry our Izzy don't take care of hisself better as you. I tell you for what his expense accounts are—always a parlor car he has to have—he can take care of hisself twice better as us, mamma. I tell you, mamma, you should feel fine now we got started. I wish, mamma, you could see such a cardroom and such a dining room they got upstairs, gold chairs like you never seen. We should go up on deck, Carrie, and ——"

"*Ach*, Simon, Simon, why don't that child come! I tell you so nearly crazy I never was in my life. And now on top my Ray gone too. In a few minutes the boat sails, and I don't know yet if I got a child on board. I tell you, Simon, when Ray comes back I think it's better we carry off our trunks and ——"

"Na, na, mamma, hear out in the hall. I told you so! Didn't I tell you they come? You hear now Miriam's voice—didn't I tell you, didn't I tell you?"

"Mamma, papa, here we are!"

And in the doorway the hesitant form of erstwhile Miriam Binswanger, her eyes dim as if obscured by a fog of tulle, over one shoulder the flushed face of Mr. Irving Shapiro, and in turn over his the dark, quick features of Ray, flashing their quick expressions.

"I—I found 'em, mamma, just coming on board."

A white flame of anger seemed suddenly to lick dry the two tears that staggered down Mrs. Binswanger's plump cheeks.

"I tell you, Miriam, you got a lots of regards for your parents."

"But, mamma, we ——"

"A child what can worry her mother like this! Ten minutes before we sail on board she comes just like nothing had happened. I should think, Mr. Shapiro, that a young man what can hold a responsible position like you, would see as a young girl what he invites out to lunch should have more regards for her parents as you both."

"Mamma, you—but just wait, mamma."

Miriam stepped half resolutely into the room, peeling the glove from off her left hand, and her glance here and there and everywhere with the hither and thither of a wind-blown leaf.

"Mamma, guess what—what we—we got to tell you."

"Mamma, we—Irving, you—you tell." Her bared hand fell like a quivering wing and she shrank back against his gray tweed coat sleeve. "Irving, you tell!"

"Miriam, nothing ain't wrong—Izzy, my ——"

"No, no, Mrs. Binswanger, nothing is wrong; what Miriam was trying to say was that everything's right, wasn't it, Miriam?"

"Yes, Irving."

Mr. Binswanger threw two hands with the familiar upward gesture.

"Come, right away in a few minutes you got to get off, Shapiro. First I take you up and show you the cardroom and ——"

"Sh-h-h-h, papa, let Irving—go, on, Irving."

# Three Cents a Day

THAT'S ALL—just three cents. Too little to think about. Too important to neglect.

**Yet it will enable you to Ætna-ize yourself and your family** so as to provide as much as $3,250 insurance if you should be accidentally killed, to furnish an income if you are disabled by accident, to supply at once $250 cash if you should die a natural death. ($50 added to above payments for death, if you insure while under 40 years of age.)

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Send in the coupon today and let us tell you all about the **ÆTNA Ten Dollar Combination Policy**, which gives a wide range of protection at such low cost. Let us tell you how it pays $2,000 for death or loss of limbs or sight from a travel, elevator or burning building accident, $1,000 for death or loss of limbs or sight from an ordinary accident; how it pays half of the above amounts for loss of one limb or sight of one eye; how these amounts increase 10 per cent. each year without extra cost; how weekly indemnity is paid for total and partial disability from accident; how $250 life insurance is paid for death from any cause, natural or accidental.

If you already have accident insurance you need this policy too. If you have none, you need this all the more.

**Send in the coupon and let us tell you what you can get for three cents a day.**

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Can be shaped to suit your fancy. Folds into compact roll. Silk Ribbon Leather sweatband. Colors: Black Brown, Steel-gray, Navy-blue, White. Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Style book of higher priced felt hats, free.

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Your dealer can supply you

If he won't [illegible] "Yankee" [illegible] showing all the "Yankee" wood- and metal-boring and screw-driving tools

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

He cleared his throat, inserting two fingers within his tall collar.

"You see, Mr. Binswanger, you and Mrs. Binswanger, just at the last minute we—we both seen we couldn't let go!"

"Miriam!"

"Now don't get excited, Mrs. Binswanger, only we—well, we just went and got married, Mrs. Binswanger, when we seen we couldn't let go. From Doctor Cann we just came, a half hour on pins and needles, you can believe us or not, we had to wait for him, and that's what made us so late. See, on her hand she's got the ring and ——"

"See, mamma!"

"And in my pocket I got the license. We couldn't help it, Mr. Binswanger, we—we just couldn't let go."

"We couldn't, mamma, papa. We thought we ought to stay at home in the flat—you're so worried, mamma, about burglars and nobody in America with Izzy—and—and—— Mamma? Papa? Haven't you got nothing to say to your Miriam?"

She extended empty and eloquent arms, a note of pleading rising above the tears in her words.

"Nothing? Mamma? Papa?"

From without came voices; the grinding of chains lifting cargo; a great basso from a smokestack; more voices. "All off! All off!" Feet were scurrying over wooden decks. "All off! All off!" A second steam blast that shot up like a rocket.

"Mamma? Ray? Papa? Haven't any of you got anything to say?"

"*Gott im Himmel!*" said Mrs. Binswanger. "*Gott im Himmel!*"

"So!" said Mr. Binswanger, placing a hand with a loud pat on each knee. "So!"

"Oh, papa!"

"A fine come-off! A fine come-off! Eh, mamma? To Europe we go to take our daughter, and just so soon as we go no daughter we ain't got to take!"

"*Gott im Himmel! Gott im Himmel!*"

"Ray, haven't you got nothing to say to Irving and me—Ray!"

With a quick fluid movement the younger sister slid close and her arms wound tight.

"Miriam, you—you little darling, you! Miriam! Irving! You darlings!"

Suddenly Mrs. Binswanger inclined, inclosing the two in a wide, moist embrace.

"*Ach*, my Miriam, what have you done! Not a stitch, not even a right wedding! Irving, you bad boy, you, like I—I should ever dream you had thoughts to be our son-in-law. *Ach*, my children, my children! Simon, I tell you we can be thankful it's a young man what we know is all right. *Ach*, I—I just don't know—I—just—don't know."

"Papa, you ain't mad at us?"

"What good it does me to be mad? I might just so well be glad as mad. My little Miriam-sha, my little Miriam-sha!" And he fell to blinking as if with gritty eyelids.

"Simon—*Ach*, Simon—you—*Ach*, my husband, you—you ain't crying, you ——"

"Go way, Carrie, with such nonsense! You women don't know yet the difference between a laff and a cry. Well, Shapiro, you play me a fine trick, eh?"

"It wasn't a trick, Mr. Binswanger—pa, it was ——"

"All off! All off!" And a third great blast sounded that set the tumblers rattling in their stands.

"I guess me—me and Irving's got to get off now, mamma ——"

Mrs. Binswanger grasped her husband's arm in sudden panic.

"Simon, I—I think as we should get off and go home with them, I ——"

"Now, now, mamma, don't get excited! No, no, you mustn't! We will keep house fine for you until you come back. See, mamma, I have the key and everything's fixed. See, mamma! You got to go, mamma. Ray should see Europe before she finds out there—there's just one thing that's better than going to Europe. Please, mamma, don't get excited. I tell you we'll have things fine when you come back, won't we, Irving, won't we?"

"*Ach*, nothing in the house, Miriam."

"We got to get off now, Miriam dear, we got to. You can write us about those things, Mrs. Binswanger—mamma. Come, Miriam!"

"Yes, yes, Irving. Now don't cry, mamma, please! When everybody is so happy it's a sin to cry."

"Not a stitch on her wedding day! All her clothes locked up here on the boat! Let me open the top tray of the trunk, Miriam, and give you your toothbrush and a few waists and—— *Ach*, nearly crazy I am! How I built for that girl's wedding when it ——"

"Come, mamma, come ——"

They were jamming up the crowded stairway and out to the sun-washed deck. Women in gay corsages and bright-colored veils strolled with an air of immediate adjustment. Men already in steamer caps and tweeds leaned against the railings. Travelers were rapidly separating themselves from stay-at-homes. Already the near-side decks were lined with faces, some wet-eyed and some smiling, and all with kerchiefs and small flags ready for adieus.

"All off! All off!"

"Good-by, mamma darling, don't worry!"

"Irving, you be good to my Miriam, it's just like you got from me a piece of my heart. Be good to my baby, Irving. Be good!"

Ray tugged at her mother's skirts.

"Sh-h-h-h, mamma, the whole boat don't need to know."

"Be good to her, Irving!"

"Like I—just like I could be anything else to her, mamma!"

"Good-by, mamma darling, don't cry so, I tell you! Let me go, please, mamma, please! Good-by, papa darling, take good care of yourself and—I—I just love you, papa! Ray, have a grand time and don't miss none of it. That's right, kiss Irving, he's your brother-in-law now. Don't cry, mamma darling! Good-by! Good-by!"

A tangle of adieus, more handkerchiefing, more tears and laughter, more ear-splitting shrieks of steam and a black plume of smoke that rose in a billow, and hand in hand Miriam and Irving Shapiro joggling down the gangplank to the pier.

From the bow of the top deck the ship's orchestra let out a blare of music designed to cover tears and heartaches. The gangplank drew up and in like a tongue, separating land from sea. From every deck faces were peering down into the crowd below.

Miriam grasped her husband's coat sleeve, in her frenzy taking a fine pinch of flesh with it. Tears rained down her cheeks.

"There they are, Irving, all three of 'em on the second deck, waving down at us! Good-by, mamma, papa, Ray! Oh, Irving, I just can't stand to see 'em go! Papa, Ray, mamma darling!"

"Now, now, Miriam, think what a grand time they're going to have and how soon they're going to be home again."

"Oh, my darlings!"

Mrs. Binswanger sopped at her eyes, waving betimes the small black cap rescued in the updeck rush.

Laughter crept with a tinge of hysteria into Miriam's voice.

"Oh, darlings, I—I just can't bear to have you go—they're—they're moving. Irving, I—oh, mamma, papa, darlings!

"They're moving, Irving!"

Out into the bay where the sunlight hung between blue water and bluer sky, a seagull swinging round her spar, the Roumania, steamed, unconscious of her freight.

"Good-by, mamma, good-by. Let's follow them to the end of the pier, Irving, I—I want to watch them till they're out of sight."

"Don't cry so, darling!"

"Look—look, see that black speck, it's papa! Oh, I love him, Irving—good-by, my darlings! Good-by! They didn't want to go except for me, and—oh, my darlings!"

"Come, dear, we can't see them any more. Come now, it's all over, dear."

They picked their way through the dispersing crowd back toward the dock gates.

"See, dear, how grand everything is! You and me happy here and ——"

"Oh, Irving, I know, but ——"

"But nothing."

"Pin my veil for me, dear, to—to hide my eyes. I bet I'm a sight!"

"You're not a sight, you're a beauty!"

"Sh-h-h-h, I don't feel like making fun, Irving."

"It's a hot day, dear, so we got to celebrate some cool way. Let's take a cab and ——"

"No, Irving dear, we can't afford another one."

"To-day we can afford any old thing we want."

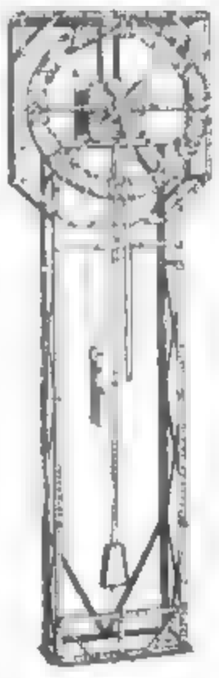
"No, no, dear."

"I got it, then! If we walk up three blocks to Twenty-third Street pier we can catch a boat for Brighton. Then we can have a little boat ride all our own, eh? You and me, darling, on a boat trip all our own."

She turned her shining eyes full upon him. "That'll be just perfect, Irving!" she said.

# AMERICAN MODEL BUILDER

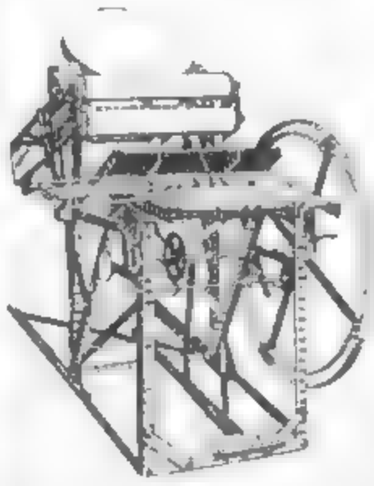
## *Say, Fellows! Here's the Boss of 'em all!*



**The American Model Builder! Gives you 15% *more* new and novel parts! Builds *more* practical working models! Builds models impossible with other outfits! Our big manual shows 370 models, and hundreds of others can be made! Every part made of the finest brass and cold-rolled steel, double-plated! A real electric motor given without extra charge with most sets!**

Boys, what do you think of that! Don't you say the American Model Builder is the greatest ever? Don't you agree that its many big improvements make it the "Boss of 'em all"?

Just think what those improvements mean! Think what you can do with all the new and novel parts, such as real automobile wheels, car wheels, truck frames, bolster plates, "T" strips, ratchet pawls, new gears and angle irons. Our 1916 manual shows hundreds of new and unique models, like the stereoscope shown above. Just think, you can have a new toy every day in the year. You can build more practical working models, models that really operate. (And that's half the fun, fellows—running 'em after you build 'em.)



But that's not the only reason why the American Model Builder is the "Boss of 'em all." It's built to wear, to last. No flimsy wood, no cast iron in it. Every part is made of the highest grade brass and cold-rolled steel, double-plated.

What bully fun you'll have. Think of making a big grandfather clock that will run for two hours; a stationary engine that will go like a real engine; a traveling crane that will actually lift; derricks, automobiles, windmills, elevators, printing presses, trolley cars, pile drivers, warships, hoist bridges, and hundreds of other models that you can really operate.

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for catalogue showing different outfits and dozens of models you can build. With it we will send you the "New Story of Steel," a romance of the steel industry that you'll find mighty interesting; and details of big prize contests for new models. $55 prizes, valued up to $100 each. Write now

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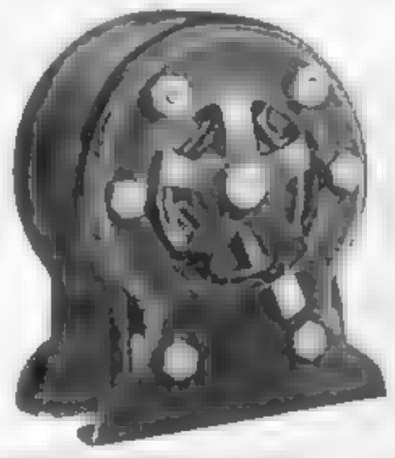
This high-grade powerful electric motor is included with each of the medium-priced sets of the American Model Builder. It has ball-bearings throughout, finest wiring, bronze commutator, etc. Not a toy, but a real motor of moderate size, capable of lifting ten pounds. Can be operated on 110 volts A.C. or D.C. current through our inexpensive transformer.

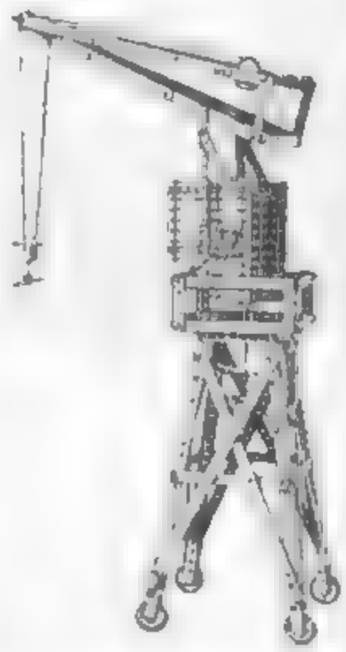


### *Special Note to Parents*

The American Model Builder is a most sensible gift for your boy. It teaches him to use his brain. Develops the inventive powers, and while entertaining them also trains boys in a quiet way for success in life.

**The American Mechanical Toy Co.**
**421 East First Street**
**Dayton, Ohio**

*The American Model Builder is for sale by leading dealers everywhere.*



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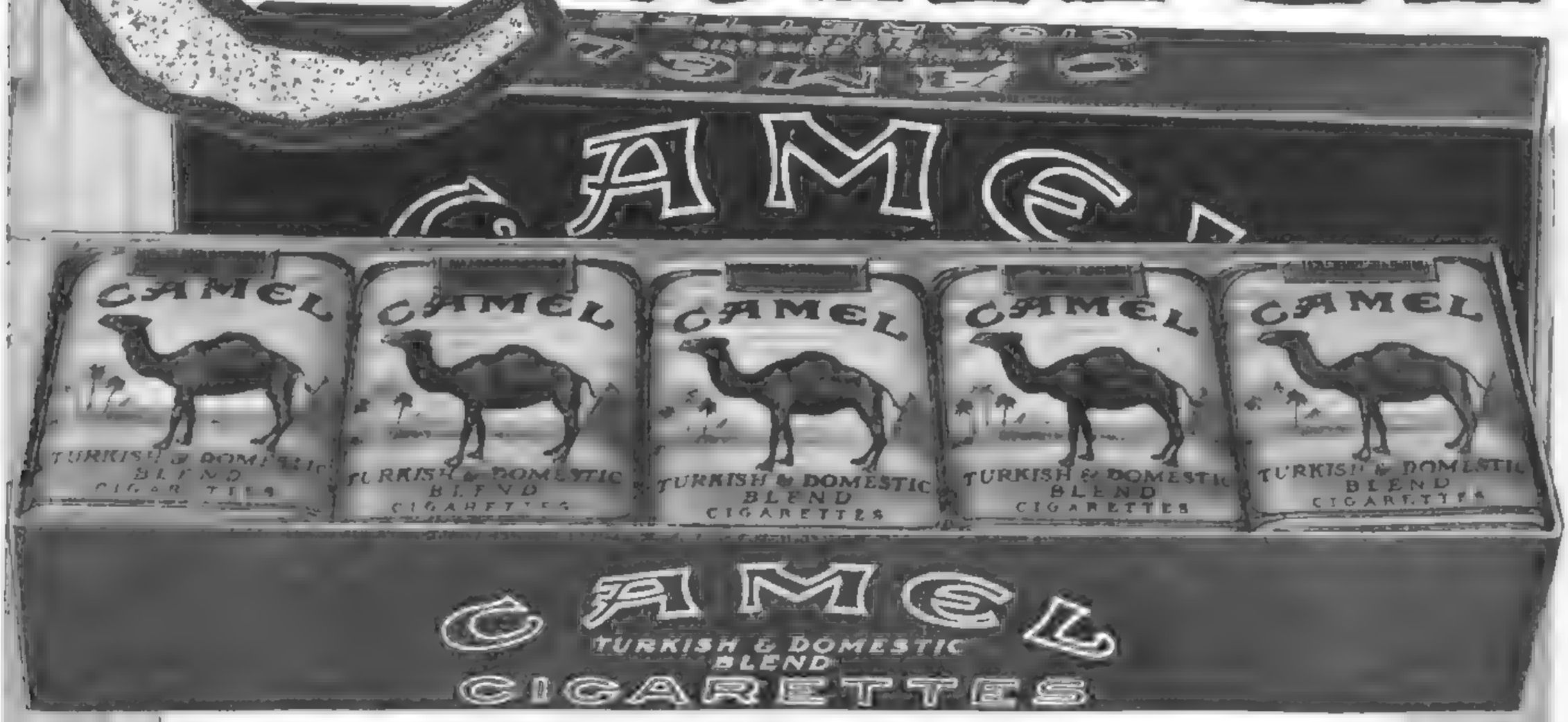


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*Mellow-mildness, backed by just the right "body," assuring every satisfaction.*

*Absence of tongue-bite and throat-parch.*

*And no unpleasant cigaretty after-taste!*

*The blend makes all these delightful features possible.*

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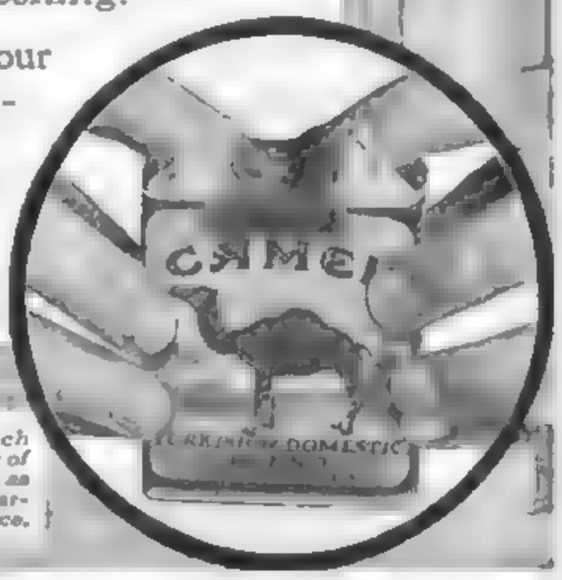


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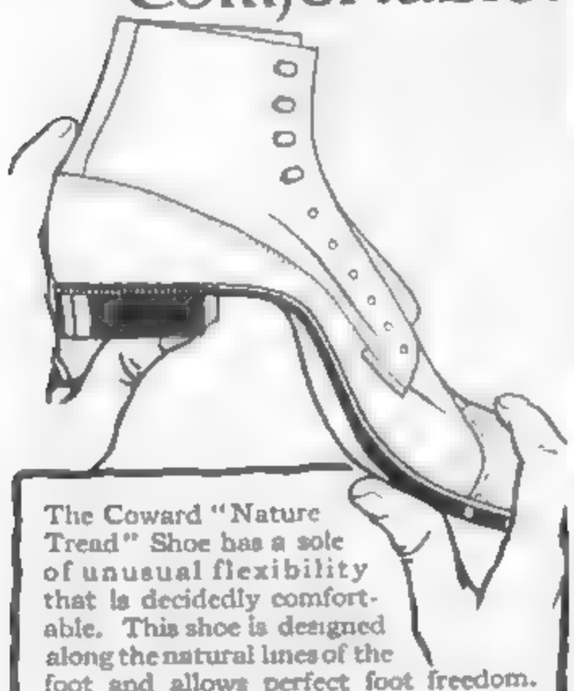

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## THE MAN WHO NEEDED NERVE

*(Continued from Page 11)*

"Mr. Chairman," he piped out, "I wasn't expected to second the deacon's motion, but I'm going to do it just the same. First, though, I have a few remarks to make to the gentlemen here.

"Gentlemen," he cried—and, though his voice was always shrilly pitched, I caught a trembling note in it and knew the strain that Sissy was under—"Gentlemen," he cried, turning to the audience, "two years ago the gun factory elected one of their own men for assessor. What's the result? The factory property isn't taxed for half what it ought to be, and the town and the state are losing that much money every year!"

On the platform the major's gavel began to make a noise like a boiler factory, but Sissy's high voice easily carried above it. If the major had been really popular with his men they would have shouted Sissy down and hustled him out. But, in the first place, though many of them feared the major I think that practically everybody in that meeting was curious to hear what Sissy and the major would say to each other if they were let alone; and, in the second place, Sissy's attack on the Norwich cop and his dive into Deep Hole had made him a hero in the eyes of many of the factory hands, and I think they were secretly betting on him to win.

"Gentlemen," piped Sissy, "last year the factory got control of the Board of Selectmen, and practically all our road money this year has been spent on the streets in front of the company houses. It seems to me they've got us going and coming. And now this same crowd wants to control the school board and close all the little schools throughout the township."

Suddenly Sissy stepped up on his chair and shook his finger at the gavel-pounding chairman.

"Major Grindon," he shouted, "you leave that mallet alone and listen to me! I want to tell you something to your face: You aren't physically fit, you aren't mentally fit, and you aren't morally fit to control the education of the children in this district. I'll give you a chance to answer me in a minute, and you can answer these three questions at the same time:

"Isn't it a fact that you're a grafter when you cheat the town out of its taxes?

"Isn't it a fact that you came home last night so drunk that you couldn't walk when you got out of your car?

"And isn't it a fact that you have been guilty of bribery to-day—that there are men in this town hall at this very minute who received five dollars to come here and vote the way you want them to vote?

"Think for a moment, major. You signed the check at half-past two—it was for two hundred and fifty dollars, and I'll give you the number of it if you say so. You signed it yourself and charged it to Expense. Your bookkeeper went to the bank and got the money for it—got it all in new five-dollar bills." Sissy drew a paper from his pocket and triumphantly waved it in the air. "And on this list," he cried, "I've got the names of those poor hard-working men you have tried to corrupt—good witnesses every one of them, as you'll find out if I have you arrested for bribery!

"Now, major, you can do what you like—you can say what you like. I hope your fifty paid voters will vote your way—and earn your corruption money. I second the motion that Deacon Starling made, naming Abner Green and Telley Payson, and I demand a rising vote, so that every citizen here can see for himself who it was that got those nice, clean five-dollar bills!"

Sissy sat down and it was plain to everybody that the major was puzzled. You see he didn't know just how much the surprising Sissy knew, and that was Sissy's great advantage. When Sissy went into action he did such astonishing things that you couldn't begin to tell what he was going to do next. Suppose, for instance, that while crossing a pasture you met a sheep smoking a cigar, and after the sheep flew over an apple tree it turned round and spoke French to you. What would the sheep do next? Well, the major's problem was a lot like that.

And then, again, it wasn't as though the major had a clear conscience. I can imagine him asking himself all sorts of questions

—for him!

When a man can say of your gift, "Just what I most need," then you've *pleased* him; pleased him immensely.

How about socks? Did you ever know of any man, any time, who didn't need socks? Then why not decide *now* to give him socks (*good* socks, of course)—and have it off your mind!

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**Four pairs, mercerized or wool . $1.00**
**Three pairs, pure thread silk . $1.50**

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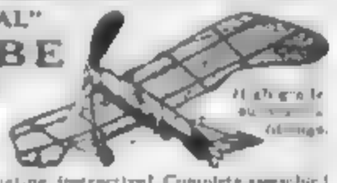

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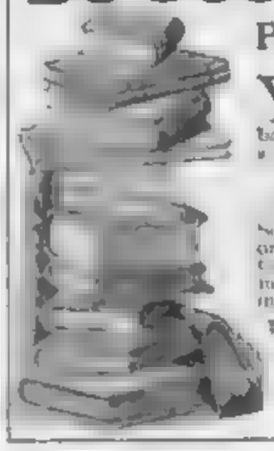

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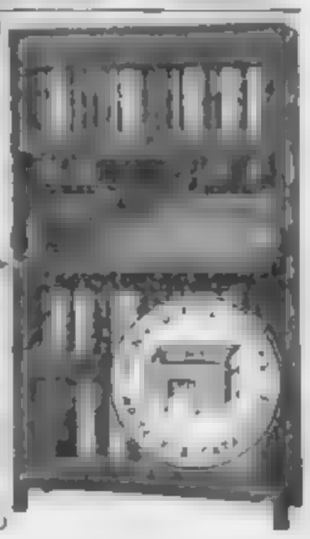

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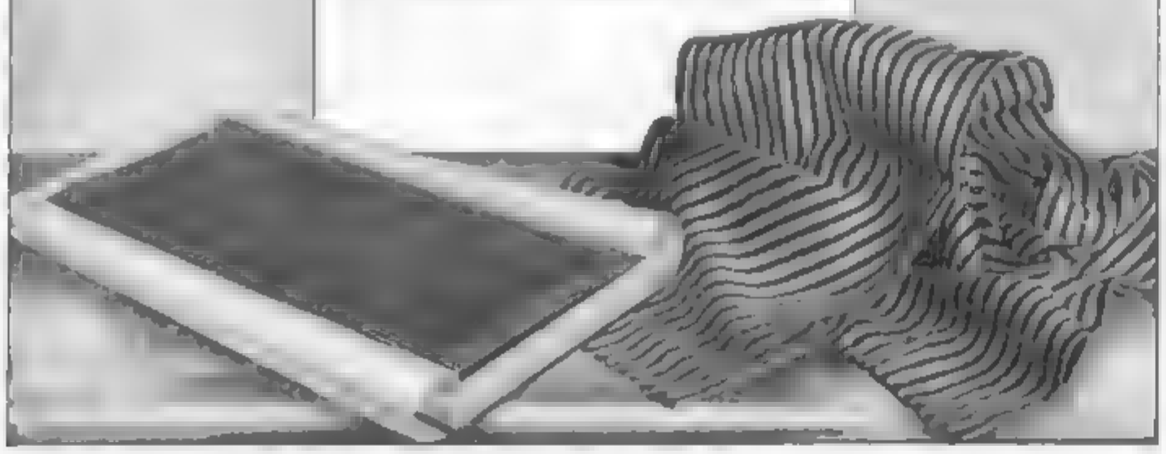

# HAVONE

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HAVONE—the cigarette case that can be taken from the pocket and opened with one hand—cigarettes not tumbling about, broken and mussed—but each standing upright in its own compartment.

**Your jeweler should now be showing Havones for Christmas—Sterling Silverplate, Solid Sterling, 10k. Gold and 14k. Gold—Prices, $3.50 up.**

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as he stood there at the table. Who had been telling on him? What else had they told? What other checks had he drawn recently—checks that wouldn't bear too much examination? And with it all, you know, the major didn't have all night to decide what to do. He had about two seconds. As soon as Sissy sat down it was up to the major.

"Young man," he shouted, "I'll attend to your case later, at the proper time and place! For the present I can only think you are intoxicated. Are there any other nominations?"

And since then Major Grindon hasn't bothered us much politically. His school-board candidates were defeated by a majority of two hundred and twelve, and Sissy was the hero of the hour.

THE next time I saw Sissy his hair was cut and he was wearing a man's shirt. He came to the office one morning and, at first, I hardly knew him.

"Going away for a week or two, doctor," he said. "Thought I'd drop in and say good-by."

I saw then that he had a new suit, suède gloves, kangaroo-leather shoes, and was otherwise radiating prosperity at whatever angle you looked at him.

"What's happened, Perkins?" I asked, curiosity being one of my ruling passions. "Rich uncle died in the East Indies?"

"No, indeed, doctor; better than that! Were you at the caucus last week? Well, next morning Deacon Starling took me a ride in his car. Said he was getting on in life and didn't want to have the responsibility of the store on his shoulders any longer than he could help. Said he'd been watching out for years for the right sort of young man to come along, and—well, he made me a proposition to run the store and take an interest in the business."

"Money in it, boy!" I cried, shaking his hand; and, following the public example, I, too, slapped his back.

"Doctor," he earnestly whispered, "if I don't make ten thousand dollars next year I'll eat my hat; and all thanks to you—every little bit of it!"

"Nonsense!" But, curiosity getting the better of me again, I couldn't help capitalizing on his frame of mind. "Look here," I said; "you can tell me something if you want to. How did you know Major Grindon had been buying votes at five dollars each? You've had me guessing about that."

"Oh, that's easy," he modestly began. "The afternoon before the caucus I was in the bank and the factory bookkeeper was just ahead of me. I saw he had Major Grindon's check for two hundred and fifty dollars, drawn to the order of Expense, and he got it all in new five-dollar bills. I wondered at the time what he wanted it that way for, because the mill doesn't make up its pay roll till Saturday morning.

"Well, just before six o'clock quite a few of the factory hands came into the store to get army shoes—you remember we had a special sale last week of the same sort of shoes the French Army is wearing—and all those men paid for their shoes with one of those new five-dollar bills. So when I went to the town meeting and saw the same men there, all wearing their shoes and voting for the major's candidates—why, then, of course, I put two and two together and it made four."

"And did you have a list of the men?"

Sissy did another surprising thing then. He winked his eye.

"Doctor," he said, "I'll have to go now or we'll miss our train. I don't suppose you've heard the news yet?" he asked; and he blushed a little.

"What news?"

"I married Rosemary Harricot this morning and we're going to Niagara Falls for our honeymoon. You know Rosemary, don't you, doctor? Awfully sweet, pretty girl—a little bit lame—Belle Harricot's daughter. She's waiting for me out here on the porch. Come and shake hands with her, won't you?"

But for a moment I remember I stood stock-still, thinking of the redoubtable Belle and what she had vowed to do to Sissy if he ever so much as laid eyes on her daughter again.

"Belle Harricot's daughter?" I asked, blinking my eyes a bit. "So you—you ——"

Sissy put his hand on my shoulder, his mouth near my ear.

"Sure, I did!" he joyfully whispered. "I've got Belle tamed! That's why I came to you! That's why I needed my nerve!"

## I mustn't forget to buy that box of

# Lenox Chocolates

Round Christmas, sometimes you remember to buy her a box of candy. Why not surprise her one day of each week with a box of those wonderful Lenox Chocolates?

She's bound to enjoy the delightful assortment of nuts, fruits, caramels, nougat and delicately flavored creams, heavily laden with rich chocolate.

Buy her a half-pound, pound or a five-pound box tonight.

*At the best candy shops*

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.

# New Oil Light

**Beats Electricity—Gasoline—Acetylene**

The Wonderful New Aladdin incandescent lamp, burning coal oil (kerosene), gives twice the light of the best round wick, open flame lamp, at *half the oil cost.* This is proved by tests of U.S. Government and 33 leading Universities.

## Loaned You For 10 Days

Find out in your home, at *our expense,* how the Aladdin beats gasoline, acetylene, even the electric Tungsten. *Send no money.* We [illegible] return express if not back. 3,000,000 [illegible] white light. Chosen [illegible] Panama Exposition.

## $100 to $300 Per Month, Men!

Men with rigs make $100 to $300 per month delivering Aladdin lamps on trial. Charles Conrad, a farmer, made $2,000 in two winters during spare time—Hoffer sold eight the first day—Reisha, a new man, sold $98 in two days. *No experience, no capital needed.* Ask for our liberal [illegible] you get your Aladdin [illegible]. Only one in each locality [illegible]

MANTLE LAMP CO., 467 Aladdin Bldg.
*Largest Kerosene [illegible] Lamp [illegible] in the World*
Chicago New York City Portland, Ore.

## WOULD YOU

show this standard high grade 42 key fully visible typewriter to your friends and let them see wherein it excels any other $100 typewriter, if by [illegible] this ad, [illegible] GIVEN YOU [illegible]

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 202, Chicago, Ill.

## Eat and Grow Thin

Thousands have done it safely and comfortably by the instructions in this book. Readable, practical, definite. By Vance Thompson. Price $1 at booksellers or from

E. P. DUTTON & CO.
681 Fifth Avenue New York

# ANSCO
## CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

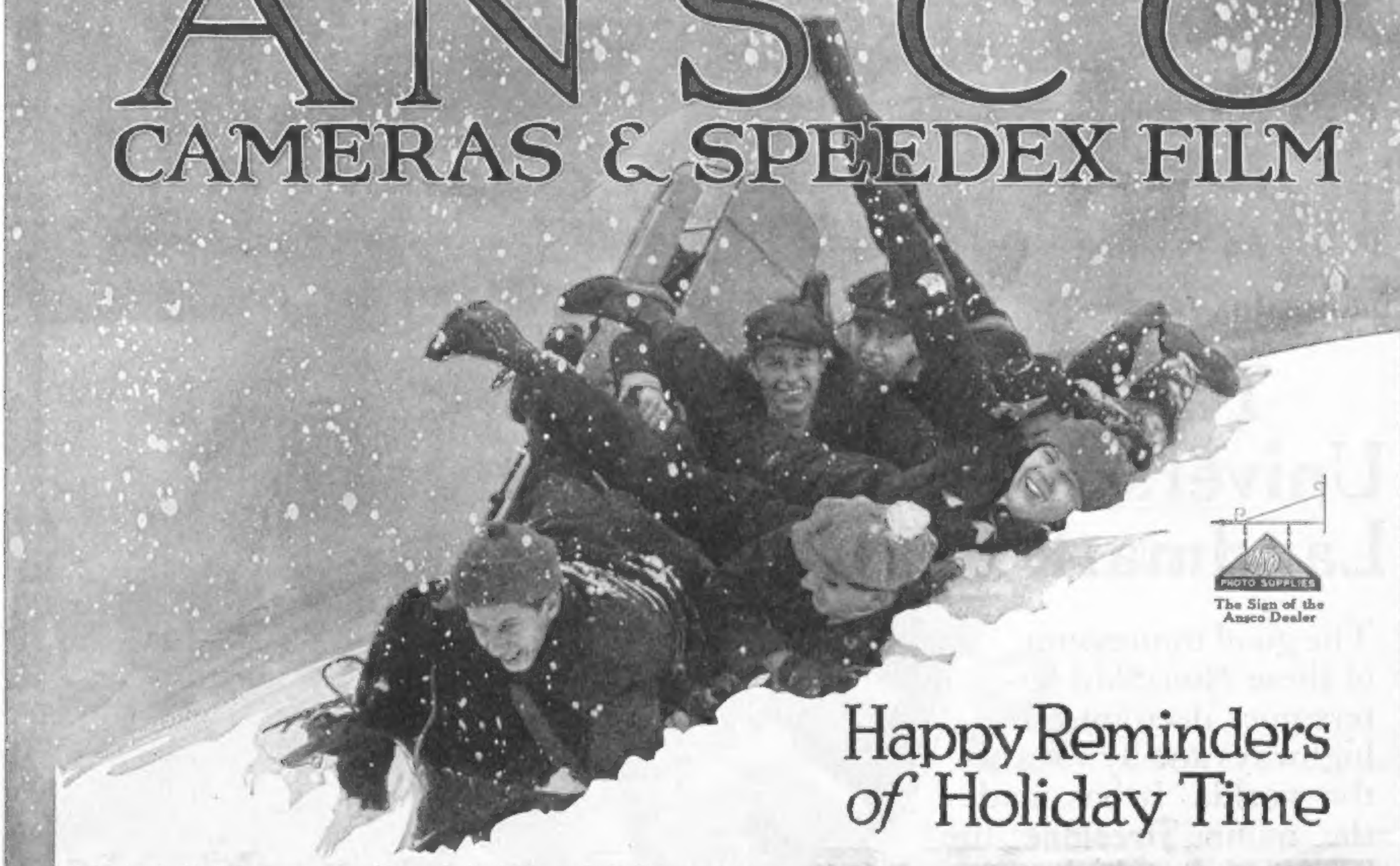


PHOTO SUPPLIES
The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

## Happy Reminders of Holiday Time

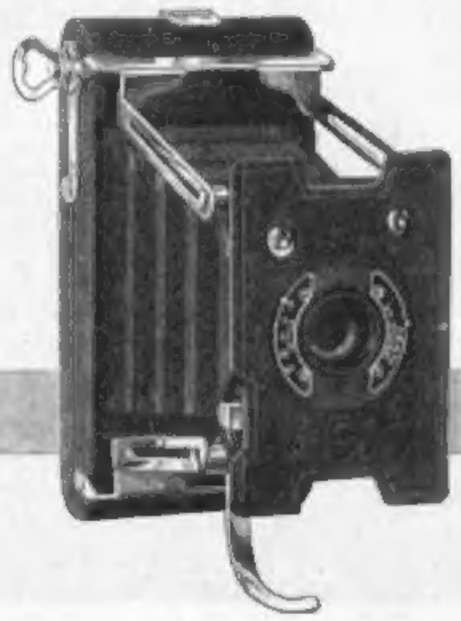
IN the joyous rough and tumble of holiday sports are pleasures to be remembered long and relived often. But memory's tricks are uncertain. Register the incident with an Ansco Vest-Pocket and that hour is yours for all time.

So much enjoyment is housed within its small compass, the Ansco Vest-Pocket is always reckoned among the most desired of gifts for this giving season. For the amateur, it means a new world of pleasure opened. And even those who have larger cameras will find the Ansco Vest-Pocket a necessary supplement. So small and light that it may be an ever-present companion, whose weight is never a burden, carried in a man's pocket or a woman's muff or bag.

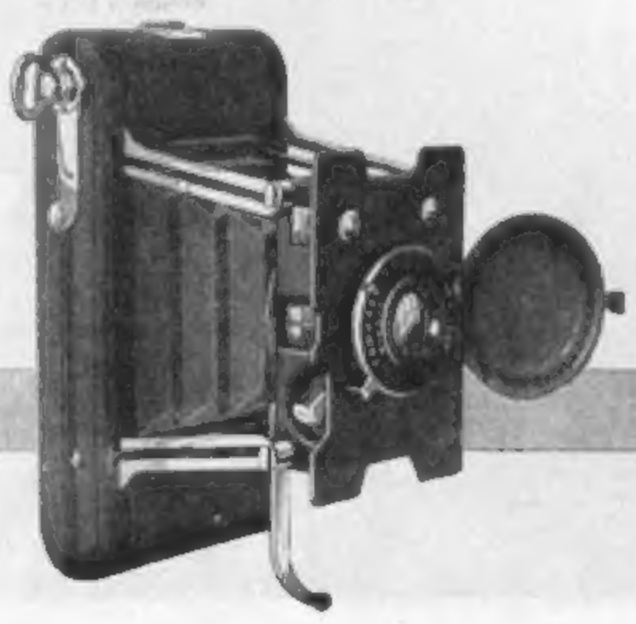
The Ansco Vest-Pocket is a marvel of efficiency. The smallest and lightest camera made that takes a picture 2¼ x 3¼ inches—standard size for film the world over. Made in three styles—Achromatic, Rectilinear, Anastigmatic—fully described in our Christmas book. Write for a copy and then ask your Ansco dealer to demonstrate Ansco models to you. They vary from $2 to $55. For finest results load your Ansco with Speedex Film and see that your pictures are finished on Cyko Paper.

## ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

***Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 1.*** *Weight, 12 ounces. Size of picture, 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Equipped with Single Achromatic Lens, $7.50; with Rapid Rectilinear Lens, $9.*



***Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 2.*** *Weight, 12½ ounces. Size of picture, 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Equipped with Modico Anastigmat Lens, F 7.5, $15; with Ansco Anastigmat Lens, F 6.3, $25.*



***Ansco Vest-Pocket Speedex No. 3.*** *Weight, 16 ounces. Size of picture, 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Equipped with Goerz Celor or Zeiss Tessar Lens, F 4.5, $55.*

# Firestone NON-SKID TIRES

## The Universal Landmark

The good impression of these Non-Skid letters goes deep into the highways and byways of the world. It has made the name **Firestone** the landmark by which motorists know the safe, sure way to travel.

For a deep, clear-cut hold in mud; for a safe ride on oily road or boulevard—specify Firestone

| *Firestone Net Prices to Car Owners* | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Round Tread Case | Non-Skid Case | Grey Tube | Red Tube |
| 30x3 | $ 9.40 | $10.55 | $2.20 | $2.50 |
| 30x3½ | 11.90 | 13.35 | 2.60 | 2.90 |
| 32x3½ | 13.75 | 15.40 | 2.70 | 3.05 |
| 34x4 | 19.90 | 22.30 | 3.90 | 4.40 |
| 34x4½ | 27.30 | 30.55 | 4.80 | 5.40 |
| 36x4½ | 28.70 | 32.15 | 5.00 | 5.65 |
| 37x5 | 35.55 | 39.80 | 5.95 | 6.70 |
| 38x5½ | 46.00 | 51.50 | 6.75 | 7.55 |

## NON-SKID

*The Imprint of Safety*

Your nearest dealer has Firestones or can get them promptly.

**Firestone Tire and Rubber Company**

Akron, Ohio

**Branches and Dealers Everywhere**

*"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"*

# The Boston Post

HAS THE

# Largest Morning Circulation

## IN THE UNITED STATES

Its Net Paid Daily Circulation for the Six Months Ending October 1, 1915, was

# 463,578 Copies Per Day

This was over **70,000** copies per day larger than the Net Paid Daily Circulation of any other Morning Newspaper in the United States. It was also over **58,000** larger than the Net Paid Circulation of any Evening Newspaper in the United States, with one exception and that in New York City.

## PROVEN BY SWORN STATEMENTS OF LEADING NEWSPAPERS

of Net Paid Circulation for the Six Months Ending October 1, 1915, to the United States Postoffice Department as Required by Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| BOSTON POST | 463,578 | New York World | 391,158* | Chicago Tribune | 354,520 | Philadelphia Inquirer | 202,976* |
| Boston Globe (Morn. & Eve.) | 227,523 | New York American | 349,345* | Chicago Examiner | 232,015 | Philadelphia N. American | 171,660* |
| Boston Herald (Morn. & Eve.) | 170,093 | New York Times | 318,274* | Chicago Herald | 191,534 | Philadelphia Record | 161,765* |
| Boston American (Eve.) | 389,944 | New York Herald | 98,651* | Chicago News (Eve.) | 405,375 | Philadelphia Press | 75,247* |
| Baltimore Sun (Morn. & Eve.) | 146,016 | New York Tribune | 82,674* | Chicago American (Eve.) | 378,941 | Philadelphia Public Ledger | 65,607* |
| Baltimore American | 81,982 | New York Sun | 71,749* | Minneapolis Tribune (M.&E.) | 116,798 | Philadelphia Evening Bulletin | 354,140 |
| Baltimore News (Eve.) | 70,916 | New York Evening World | 403,787 | Minneapolis Journal (Eve.) | 98,254 | St. Louis Post-Dispatch (Eve.) | 190,801* |
| San Francisco Examiner | 142,326 | New York Evening Journal | 782,249 | Los Angeles Times | 62,577 | St. Louis Globe-Democrat | 144,371* |
| Cincinnati Times Star (Eve.) | 154,799 | New York Evening Telegram | 225,104 | Kansas City Star (Eve.) | 207,193* | Washington Star (Eve.) | 68,958 |
| Brooklyn Eagle (Eve.) | 44,096 | New York Evening Sun | 155,009 | Denver Post (Eve.) | 74,800 | | |

All of the above daily newspapers sell for one cent retail in the city of publication except as follows: 5c San Francisco Examiner; 3c New York Herald and Brooklyn Eagle; 2c New York Sun, Philadelphia Public Ledger, Denver Post, Los Angeles Times and morning edition of the Boston Globe.

* These figures are average of Daily and Sunday editions combined.

NOTE—"Net Paid Circulation" of the Boston Post given above includes only newspapers paid for by the reading public. Unsold newspapers left in the hands of newsdealers, whether or not they were returnable to the office of publication, are deducted from the Boston Post's "Net Paid," the advertiser being interested only in the number of newspapers sold to actual readers.

## DISPLAY ADVERTISING

In Boston Newspapers having Daily and Sunday Editions for the Ten Months Ending Oct. 31, 1915. Classified Advertising, of which the Boston Post does not make a specialty for business reasons, is NOT INCLUDED in this Comparison. It is proper to state that, including Classified Advertising, the Boston Globe led other Boston Newspapers in Total Advertising for period named by nearly a million lines.

| | Agate Lines Display |
|---|---|
| BOSTON POST - - - | 5,302,189 |
| Boston Globe - - - | 4,127,401 |
| Boston American - - - | 3,448,086 |
| Boston Herald - - - | 2,747,782 |

***AN ADVERTISER CAN "COVER NEW ENGLAND" WITH THE BOSTON POST***

Eastern Advertising Representative
KELLY-SMITH CO., 220 Fifth Ave., New York City

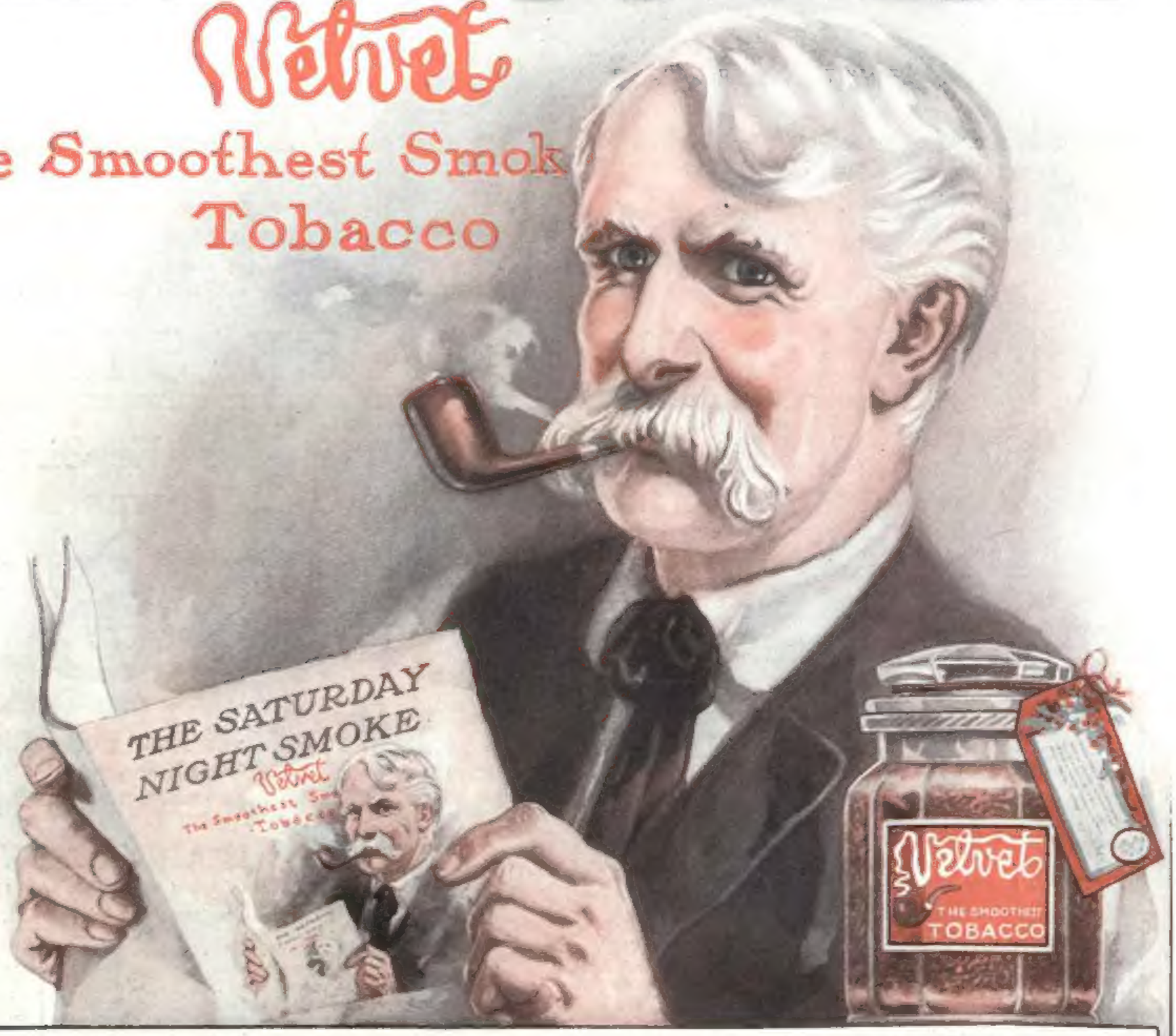
Editor and Publisher
EDWIN A. GROZIER

Western Advertising Representative
C. GEO. KROGNESS, 902 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

# THE SATURDAY NIGHT SMOKE

Velvet

The Smoothest Smoke Tobacco




**Saturday night peace, an' Sunday rest, sweeten the days of labor. But without the toil I reckon the peace an' the rest wouldn't be much to boast about.**

*Velvet Joe*

CARE and worry declare a truce Saturday nights—and there comes that delightful "nothing-to-do-till-Monday" feeling.

VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, in your pipe—how much it helps! With its smoothness, fragrance, full-flavored qualities *mellowed in* during its long two years' ageing—Nature's way.

Buy a tin of VELVET today. Let its cheerful, "homey" qualities make *every night* a Saturday night in calm contentment.

If you are a woman who reads this, try giving the *man you think most of* a humidor jar of VELVET for a Christmas present. It's a chummy thing to do.

A hint: With every humidor jar of VELVET a pleasing Christmas surprise.

5c Metal-lined Bags
10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*